Dedicated to
The Cadott Community
and to
The Kinsfolk of
The Cadotte Family

CHAPTER 1

RESEARCH AND RESPONSES

Cadott Chamber of Commerce

Cadatt. Wisconsin 54727

MAILED TO 48 DIFFERENT ADDRESSES AT WISCONSIN'S VACATION CROSSROADS, HWYS. 27 - 29
IN THE HEART OF AMERICA'S DAIRYLAND
THE "GROWINGEST" VILLAGE IN CHIPPEWA COUNTY

We are seeking certain information concerning Jean Baptiste Cadotte, or Michel Cadotte, after whom our village is named.

In the American Guide Series, "Wisconsin, a Guide to the Badger State," it is stated that Cadott "was perhaps named for the father of Michel Cadotte, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a French-Indian trapper who settled here on the Yellow River in 1838." Local elders avow that it was common knowledge among early pioneers that Jean Baptiste Cadotte, the brother of Michel Cadotte, was buried on the bank of the Yellow River at a certain spot next to the Cadotte Falls, a short distance from the Indian burial grounds. No visible signs remain of these areas.

In the History of the Ojibway Indians by Warren, there are many references to the Cadotte travels on the Chippewa River and tributaries in the pursuit of fur trading in these areas; but there is no specific mention of the Yellow River.

Can you help us to find:

- Early maps, charts, or other references which show the name of Cadott or Cadotte
 Falls at our location on the Yellow River, east of Chippewa Falls, the lower
 falls on the Chippewa River.
- References that may confirm or disprove that one of the Cadotte family did have a Trading Post in this locality.
- 3. References that may confirm or disprove that one of the Cadotte family is buried on the banks of the Yellow River.
- 4. Pictures or artists' drawings of the Cadotte Fur Traders in the common dress of that period.

It is the objective of our Chamber of Commerce to erect, in our park on the Yellow River, a suitable Marker, Plaque, or Statue of the French-Indian Fur Trader "Cadotte"-after whom our village is named, the only such-named municipality in the United States.

We would sincerely appreciate any enlightenment you can provide in this matter.

Very truly yours,

Thomas H. Tobola, President Cadott Chember of Commerce Box 96, Cadott, Wisconsin 54727

Halfway Between the Equator and North Pole

Postscript:

The reality of the Cadotte family presence in our area may be better understood if we mention the names of the Warren Brothers, Truman and Lyman, who at one time had posts at Chippewa City and Brunet Falls (now Cornell), and James Ermatinger, pioneer and fur-trader with the Post at "Jim's Falls." They were married to Cadotte sisters and thereby were brothers-in-law of the Jean Baptiste and Michel with whom we are concerned. The father, Michel Cadotte, Sr., was the "Great Trader," the Agent for the Hudson Bay Post on Madelaine Island.

Mrs. James Ermatinger (nee Charlotte Cadotte) died in 1887 and the obituary in the Chippewa Falls paper notes that the Village of Cadott was named in honor of one of her brothers. Her son, George P. Warren (by her first marriage), a Civil War veteran, retained by President Abe Lincoln in connection with the Indian Bureau, preceded her in death and is also buried in the Chippewa Falls cemetery.

The mention of these names may serve to bring many others to mind and may remind someone of stories told or of letters written by early loggers and settlers that make reference to the information for which we are searching—the "tie" to Cadotte Falls. For instance, among letters filed by Miss Annie Ermatinger, we find a letter written by James to his daughter Alice, at Wheelers Boarding School at La Point, with the notation that it was delivered in person by Jean Baptiste Cadotte (1853).

We have already received much interesting information and hope to add much more to our historical documentation. Again, we would appreciate any item or reference you can provide.

Very truly yours,

Thomas H. John

Thomas H. Tobola, President Cadott Chamber of Commerce Box 96, Cadott, Wisconsin 54727 Dear Mr. Tobola:

I can not help you with the material here. The Villa Louis files mainly concern Dousman and fur traders in Prairie du Chien. Your letter did confuse me, and I shall make some comments on the Cadotte family from memory. In doing this, I hope it will help you obtain the correct information you desire.

The Cadotte family is one of the most prominent and numerous fur trading families in the early history of Wisconsin. There were Cadottes with Henry when he explored Lake Superior. There are references to the different Cadottes of Green Bay and Madeline Island in the late 1600's. From 1755 to 1794 Charles Cadotte and Toussant Cadotte were active fur traders of the Great Lakes. In checking years ago, some of the missionaries moved around to Lake Superior. It seemed that almost 20% of births, deaths, and marriages were in the Cadotte family.

You referred in your note about Michel Cadotte. You can get your information about him at Madeline Island. Michel was a fur trader at the historical fort for about 25 years and made a deed with his sons and sons-in-law to take over the trading spot. Michel, in his older age, started fur trading at LaPointe and is probably buried there. I do not remember how many children he had, but for one son named Michel. Again from memory, I believe this Michel died at a rather early age. Jean Baptiste Cadotte was the father of Michel who was in fur trading at Madeline Island. Madeline Island was named for the wife of Michel Cadotte. Again I will point out in the Cadotte family, such names as Jean and Michel occur again and again. Fur trading was a profession. It was handed down from father to son and was a special way of life. The Cadottes were one of the distinguished families in this profession. It is only fitting that a town in Wisconsin be named for achievements.

Again let me point out that what I say is my private opinion. It was my thought that Cadott was named for the family whose trading was wide spread in Wisconsin. The Cadotte that was buried by Cadott Falls, I believe is a J. Cadotte — but not Jean Baptiste. I have not researched this but Joseph Cadotte III was active in your area about the 1850's and in my notes it is indicated he is buried somewhere in your locality. Joseph III was employed in Prairie du Chien by Joseph Rolette and in the American Fur Trading Company from 1819 to 1820.

In researching the information you desire, I would go to your area research or where the State Historical Society of Wisconsin is in Madison and look in the index of the Wisconsin Historical Collections. I am certain you will find 100 to 200 references to Cadottes. I already mentioned above the material should be available at Madeline Island or LaPointe.

I think a plaque or statue to the Cadottes would be a fine thing. I would suggest that if someone researches the Cadottes in your project, that brochures on your town and the Cadottes would be worhwhile to visitors and help promote your town. Also, that this material be made available to your school. For it always amazes me how little students in Wisconsin schools know about their area.

There is nothing that I know of Rev. Brunson's papers which I have, but a brief mention of Joseph Cadotte III which is of no help to you.

Sincerely,

Don Munson, Curator, Villa Louis

P. S.: Joseph Cadotte III served with the British army in the War of 1812 with distinction and received a pension.

Your letter of November 13, 1972, written to The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, concerning the Cadotte family, has been referred to this office for reply.

However, after a search of our materials, we have not been able to find the information which you would like to have. We have found no mention of the Yellow River in any of the references consulted and I fear that my letter will be a disap-

pointing one for you.

As indicated by the LaPointe Museum at Madelaine Island, we do have in our Archives an account book of Michel Cadotte with entries beginning with 1773 and continuing through 1798. We have xeroxed several of the almost 100 pages in this account book in order to give you an idea of its contents. Several items were found between the pages of this book: the deed, of which we are enclosing a copy and a letter written by a William Flude Knott, dated at Chicago, April 4, 1851 to Maungwaudans telling of Knott's meeting with M. in England some 2 or 3 years ago when M. with his family was making a tour and giving entertainments.

In the archives there are many letters written by Father Frederic Baraga but in the roughly 100 letters which have been calendared there are only two which mention Michel Cadotte. Both are written from LaPointe. One, dated October 11, 1835 and written to Bishop Frederick Rese, tells that Baraga is doing the translation of his prayerbook into Chippewa with the help of a real native of the Saut, Michel Cadotte, fils. The other, dated February 25, 1836, and written to Father Francis Vincent Badin at Detroit, tells of the building which Michel Cadotte had given for a priest's house.

Also, we have on film many letters written by Baraga to the Leopoldine Society and to the Ludwig Mission Society, the Catholic mission associations in Europe, but these letters have not been calendared or cross referenced and so any mention of the Cadottes would be discovered only by reading through these films.

All these are only on the fringe of the definite information that you really need. Since the name of your town is unique and linked with so interesting a personality and family, it opens up the intriguing prospect of collecting any materials pertaining to the Cadottes for the establishment of an archives of your own! You have already had, no doubt, the assistance of your state archives and historical society. We would be glad to help in any way that we can. Please do not desitate to call on us if we can be of any assistance.

Sincerely, (Rev.) Thomas E. Blantz, C.S.C. University Archivist University of Notre Dame (Indiana)

(NOTES HAND WRITTEN ON THE FRONT OF THE PAPER - Ed. note)

George P. Warren Prairie Post November 20, 1848

Presented to Rev. Dr. Goldsmith of Chippewa Falls, Wis. by George Warren grandson of the writer Cadotte Given by Dr. Goldsmith to the Bishops Memorial Hall 9 September 1863 I heard of the Death of Wolf - Sub (?) chief of the Chippewas of Chippewa (?) River (?) supposed to be aged about 65 years

Father Goldsmith has the following entry in the marriage register of the parish: "These certificates on the opposite page, I found among George Warren's papers, which he had willed to me before dying. He got them from his step-father James Ermatinger, after whom Jim Falls, on the Chippewa, fifteen miles up the river from here, is called. Jim Ermatinger was the first justice of the peace in this section and died in 1860. He was married to Charlotte Cadott, a Chippewa woman, whose first husband was Truman Warren, who was killed at La Point on Madeline Island, and who was a New Yorker and father of George Warren, whose papers I inherited.

"Charles F. X. Goldsmith"

(This reference item taken from "History of Notre Dame Parish 1931. - Ed. note)

I was pleased indeed, to learn your Chamber of Commerce is planning erection of a placque or marker commemorating the Fur Trading Post at Cadotte Falls! I have felt for years - it should have a marker!

I am afraid I will have to say it would be best to have your wording on your marker NOT mention either Jean Baptiste or Michel by name; as it seems probable they both spent some time there at the Post, it was a family venture probably. Just say the "probable site of the Cadotte Trading Post around 1832-1838" gave the village its name.

Walt Brovald, in his writings at the time of your Centennial analyzed any sources we have found which mention the Cadotte activities - all these he mentions in the Sentinel Mar. 16, 1965 - April 6, 1965 - April 20, 1965, etc. The footnote in Volume 19 of the Wis. Hist. Soc. Collections seems to be the only mention found; they did not leave diaries or ledgers.

Hamilton Ross, noted historian of Madeline Island, was unable to find any definite information on which was first to build the post - there were so many similar names in succeeding generations, and all in the same business! They paid little attention to locale, were not bound by county lines etc, as we know them!

You asked concerning early maps and charts - I know of none showing that name; if your Francis Gannon has none, then there is none! The same thing holds true for the references you asked for - oral traditions and "common knowledge" die hard - but can't be depended on.

Nor do I know of any pictures, or artist's drawings of the dress of the Cadotte Post operators. You will have to use pictures of similar times for your model - for instance - The Wis. State Hist. Soc. has a fur trading post of Dousman's time on view at Prairie du Chien; they undoubtedly did a lot of research before they dressed the trader there, and would probably send you a picture of their "fur trader" they have behind the counter for you to use as a model!

I am sorry for the delay in answering your letter - I am assembling books and material to compile a history of the Indian Tribes in Wis. at the time of the American Revolution, and I had thought I might find some new references to the Cadottes there - but was not fortunate enough to find any. Sorry also that I cannot furnish you any more information.

I will be much interested to hear how you do in your project, and wish you all the luck in the world. I would be pleased to hear how you progress with your plans.

If I ever get to Cadott to talk with Carmen Filtz as I plan to, I shall drop in your garage to hear how you are doing.

With best wishes for the New Year,

Lois L. Williams, Historian

Chippewa Valley Historical Museum, Inc.

Your request for information on the Cadotte family was of special interest to me, for Michel Cadotte was my great-great-grandfather, and I have done quite a little research on the family the past year. I also have some of the family treasures which were given to me, such as old crucifixes, rosaries, and the like.

There is a wealth of material at LaPointe, Wis., on Madeline Island, for as you probably know, the largest of the Apostle Islands is named after Madeline, the wife

of Michel Cadotte, Sr., the "Great Trader."

I have made up many of the family trees of this family, as well as a little history I have written (for my children only) of items of interest which we would like to have remembered and handed down, so as not to be lost. For sources I used:

1. Sister M. Sirilla, O.S.F.

Gen. Del. Watersmeet, Mich. 49969

(Sister is now busy at the (young age) of 80, in teaching the Indian children at Watersmeet, Mich. the language and culture of the Chippewas, something which has been all but been drowned in the white man's tide of "civilization."

Miss Annie Ermatinger Jim Falls, Wis.

3. Mr. Eldon Marple Hayward, Wis. 54843

Author of "The Visitor who came to Stay." (Mr. Marple says he has a lot of material on this family.)

 Mr. Lawrence Martin 818 C. Eagle Heights Madison, Wis. 53706

Mr. Martin is a member of the Cadott family also, and teaches at the University of Wis. Madison. He has a lot of material lent him by Sister Sirilla, and you may be able to find what you are looking for in these documents.

I hope I have been of some help.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Kermit Benson, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

After teaching school here for 24 years, I retired in June, 1965. One of the gifts at my retirement party was this book: La Pointe Village Outpost by Hamilton Nelson Ross. (He has passed away but there are his books here at: The Craft Shop, % Rev. Glenn Utterbeck, La Pointe, Wis. 54850.) They are about \$8.00. If I had my book now, I would loan it to you, but a certain party asked to read it, left the Island and took my book with him.

This book will answer all your questions. Also shows pictures of various items. We have Michel Cadotte's toombstone here in the Indian cemetery. All I can remember is that he passed away July 8, 1837, aged 72 years. My husband (Joe's) father was a direct descendant of Michel Cadotte.

Well, winter really is here. Ferry stopped crossing Dec. 14th to Bayfield. Then windsled and Ski-Doos crossed, — then northwest wind blew out the ice, but not enough for ferries to cross, so no crossing for four days. Now, ice again, so perhaps soon we will cross with cars.

Best wishes,

Agnes Cadotte, Joe Cadotte, La Pointe, Wis.

Your letter dated Jan. 3, 1973, arrived the other day, it had gotten detoured enroute. It went to Lansing, Michigan. The town I live in is L'Anse, in the Upper peninsula of Michigan. This often happens.

I really don't think that I can be of much assistance to you in regard to Jean B. Cadott. I do know that Michel Cadotte, my great-great grandfather was J. B. Cadott's son, and that he lived at Sault St. Marie, Michigan. He operated a trading post there.

Mary Cadott, daughter of Michel, married Lyman Marcus Warren, my greatgrandfather, brother to Truman Warren. They both traded in furs on the Great Lakes.

Mary and Lyman Marcus Warren had eight children, the youngest of these was my grandmother Sophia, the oldest was William W. Warren, the historian and writer who wrote "History Of The Ojibways".

My exposure to the early history of the family was constant, I heard it from my grandmother Sophia, who made her home with us, and from my aunts and uncles. All of the family had a flare for history. It's an interesting background which has given me pride, and "belonging" with a true sense of Americanism.

I have a cousin living in Grand Portage, Minn. who has written many articles for newspapers and magazines. He did write a booklet entitled "Red Shadows In The Mist" in which you may find excerpts relating to Jean B. Cadott. You could write to him at Grand Portage. Just address your letter to: James B. Hull, Grand Portage, Minn.

Mr. Hull is a fine man, articulate writer, and has studied much about the early history of the Indian, Trader, and life of the peoples of the Upper Great Lakes. He

is our family historian.

I am sorry I cannot be of more help to you, if I should find anything I think

that you can use I will contact you.

I was unaware of a Cadott, Wisc. Perhaps this coming summer I will visit Cadott and may have a chance to visit with you.

Yours sincerely, Lois Warren Olson, L'Anse, Mich.

After reviewing your letter requesting information on the Cadotte family, I find that there is nothing I can add to the material you now have.

Aside from the ledgers and logs of the fur companies, the only historical treatment of the Cadottes and the Wisconsin fur trade appears to be the Warren History of the Ojibways.

I do not mean to imply that further information does not exist. Perhaps some research in the Bayfield-Ashland area and at the State Capitol might bear fruit. I have not had time to follow this line of inquiry even though I do have a deep, personal, family interest in the Cadotte-Warren fur trade period.

I have enclosed a complimentary copy of my "Red Shadows In The Mist" which provides no solution to your problem but which, in other ways, is germane to the kind of thing you plan to do at Cadott.

I would appreciate hearing from you on any new information you may turn up on the Cadottes and Warrens of LaPointe and Wisconsin. Meanwhile, I will be happy to cooperate in any way possible in your efforts to dramatize and memorialize this most colorful of periods and, hopefully, identify your community with its most colorful family.

Sincerely yours,

James Hull, Grand Portage, Minn.

I see where you hvae already had a couple of promising responses to your letter seeking Cadotte information. Tremendous! I have been very interested in reading about your historical project and wish I was on the scene to assist you with it. All of the information I have was published in The Sentinel during the time I was there; much of that was gleaned from the same sources to which you have access and to material supplied Gordon Peterson and me at Madelaine Island, which I am sure he has already transmitted to you.

In your letter (for which I thank you), you mention the Warren family's connection with a St. Paul paper of the 1800s. If you knew which St. Paul paper (and that information may be available, if he was an editor, in Ayer's Directory from those years), then it is possible that the Minnesota State Historical Society would have microfilmed copies of the paper's volumes which could be borrowed and read on the Cadott library's new microfilm reader (perhaps you would have to hire some high school students to scan the microfilm reels if Warren's association with the paper was a long one). I would begin by trying to pin down Warren's position and term with what paper. There were a couple of newspaper directories published in the 1800s, but they wouldn't probably list staff members unless they were editors. You might inquire of the Minn. State Historical Society if they have any data on on newspaper people of the 1800s.

Sorry I can't be of more help. Let me know if you think I can be at any time. Walter H. Brovald, University of Minn.

I know no more concerning the Cadotte family than Annie Ermatinger knows. I received my knowledge from her, therefore I could not tell you any thing else about them.

Respectfully yours, Sister M. Sirilla, O.S.F., Chicago, Ill.

(Sr. Sirilla is very modest in this respect. She later adds a great dimension to our stories. — Ed. note.)

Sure would like to be of some help to you in your search for the naming of Cadott, am sorry I can not be of any help to you.

In going over some old books, I find that a James Ermatinger a native of Canada, who located near Jim Falls, was engaged in Indian trading and logging. He married a Miss Cadott who belonged to the family for whom the Town of Cadott was named after.

I would suggest that you get in touch with Francis Gannon, or Miss Anna Ermatinger at Jim Falls, Wis. They might help you out.

Very truly yours, John Melville, Cadott, Wis.

P.S.: If the Cadott Chamber of Commerce, puts out a book or any other form of information on the Cadott area, I would like to buy a copy. Thank you Thomas.

... "Wisconsin Historical Collections," Vol. 19, edited by Rueben Gold Thwaites, says on page 214, footnote 7, that Jean Baptiste Cadott, called the "Gros Cadotte" to distinguish him from his brother, was probably a fur trader. He was an employee of the American Fur Company in 1819 and lived as late as 1852. "It was perhaps in his honor that the town of Cadott was named in the present Chippewa County, Wis . . .

... I would not let this problem of documentation discourage you. Many markers are put up based on legends and lore of the oral tradition. Your marker could simply say that legend has it that etc, etc, and then add the documentation as to when town had first settler and when platted . . .

Sincerely,

Walker D. Wyman, Prof. of History, University of Wisconsin-River Falls

and (which I learned at the Madeline Island Museum). These papers might well provide you with some of the information you are seeking, especially concerning the burial place of Jean Baptiste Cadotte. I don't know how you might get at these papers, however. You might try letters to the chairman of the history department and the Director of Archives of the University Library at Notre Dame. If possible, perhaps you could send someone to Notre Dame for a few days to examine the papers. If you contemplate doing this, keep in mind that eighteenth century handwriting, most likely in French, and perhaps not terribly good French, would be somewhat difficult to deal with unless someone at Notre Dame would be able to help. Notre Dame is about a five hour drive from Madison, so I suppose about eight hours from Cadott.

The State Historical Society at Madison might well have some information, and would very likely have some maps, pictures of fur traders in the dress of the period, etc. If I could be of any assistance to you as a contact person, I would be willing to do so. Though my time is somewhat limited, I am interested in the business you are looking into. I teach at the University, and the State Historical Society is located on the campus.

I might mention that information I have seems to be somewhat at variance with the information you quote from the guidebook, "Wisconsin, a Guide to the Badger State." According to my information Jean Baptiste Cadotte, the father of Michael Cadotte, died in 1788, so he could hardly have settled near Cadott in 1838. Jean Baptiste Cadot, Junior, however, Michael's brother, supposedly lived on the St. Louis River in Minnesota in 1826, so he may well have died and been buried near Cadotte sometime later. Michael Cadott also had a son named Jean Baptiste, who was born between 1771 and 1837. This is the Jean Baptiste Cadott who I thought lived near present Cadott.

If I can be of any further help, please let me know. Also, I would appreciate hearing the results of your search.

Sincerely.

Lawrence T. Martin, Madison, Wisconsin

Thank you for your letter of January 2 requesting information about Jean Baptiste Cadott who was a brother of my great grandmother Charlotte (Cadott) Ermatinger,

Your letter revealed a wealth of Cadott information much greater than the data

My information came from two sources: my dear aunt Annie Ermatinger of Jim Falls and a rare book "History, Tradition, and Adventure in the Chippewa Valley" by William Bartlett which disappeared from the family library in the late 40s . . .

... I am deeply interested in your project, and I wish you success. When I next return to Wisconsin perhaps we can meet for a bite of conversation.

With best wishes,

Ralph E. Ermatinger

State Director, United States Brewers Assn., Inc., Las Vegas, Nev.

CHAPTER 2

HISTORICAL REFERENCES

"THEY CONSIDERED M. CADOTTE AS THEIR CHIEF"

1763 — Being desirous of visiting the Sault de Sainte-Marie, I (Alexander Henry) left Michilimackinac on the 15th of May, in a canoe. The Sault de Sainte-Marie is distant from Michilimackinac thirty leagues, (94 miles) and lies in the strait which

separates Lake Huron from Lake Superior . . .

. . . On the 19th, I reached the Sault. Here was a stockaded fort in which, under the French government, there was kept a small garrison, commanded by an officer, who was called the governor, but was in fact a clerk, who managed the Indian trade here, on government account. The houses were four in number; of which the first was the governor's, the second the interpreter's, and the other two, which were the smallest, had been used for barracks. The only family was that of M. Cadotte, the interpreter, whose wife was a Chipeway.—(Minnesota Historical Collections, vol. 5, p. 434. The palisade was 110 feet each way and enclosed one house thirty by twenty feet, two houses twenty-five by twenty feet, and redoubt of oak twelve feet square. J. B. Cadotte was placed in charge, and was there when Carver visited it in October, 1767).

. . . The pleasant situation of the fort, and still more the desire of learning the Chipeway language, led me to resolve on wintering in it. In the family of M. Cadotte, no other language than the Chipaway was spoken . . . At one o'clock in the morning of the twenty-second day of December, I was awakened by an alarm of fire, which was actually raging in the houses of the commandant and others. On arriving at the commandant's, I found that this officer was still within side; and, being acquainted with the window of the room in which he slept, I procured it to be broken in, in time for his escape. I was also so fortunate as to save a small quantity of gunpowder, only a few moments before the fire reached all the remainder. A part of the stockade, all the houses, M. Cadotte's alone excepted, all the provisions of the troops, and a considerable part of our fish, were burnt . . .

... The commandant, and all the rest, now lived in one small house, subsisting only byhunting and fishing. The woods afforded us some hares and partridges, and

we took large trout with the spear . . .

. . . By these pursuits, and others of a similar kind, we supported ourselves for two months, that is, until the twentieth of February, when we imagined the lake to be frozen, and Michilimackinac therefore accessible; and, the commandant wishing to go to that fort, M. Cadotte, myself, two Canadians and two Indians, agreed to accompany him. The Canadians and Indians were loaded with some parched maize, some fish, a few pieces of scorched pork, which had been saved from the fire, and a few loaves of bread, made of flour, which was also partly burnt . . .

. . . In their absence, the commandant, M. Cadotte and myself, three persons in number, were left with about two pounds of pork and three of bread, for our subsistence during the three days, and perhaps four, which they would require, for a journey of ninety miles. Being appointed to act the part of commissary, I divided the provisions into four parts, one for each day; and, to our great happiness, at ten o'clock, on the fourth day, our faithful servants returned. Early, in the morning of the fifth, we left our encampment, and proceeded. The weather, this day was exceedingly cold . . .

1764 — Eight days had passed in tranquillity, when there arrived a band of Indians from the Bay of Saguenaum. They had assisted at the siege of Detroit, and

came to muster as many recruits for that service as they could. For my own part, I was soon informed, that as I was the only Englishman in the place, they proposed to kill me, in order to give their friends a mess of English broth, to raise their courage.

This intelligence was not of the most agreeable kind; and in consequence of receiving it, I requested my friend to carry me to the Sault de Sainte-Marie, at which place I knew the Indians to be peaceably inclined, and that M. Cadotte enjoyed a powerful influence over their conduct. They considered M. Cadotte as their chief; and he was not only my friend, but a friend to the English. It was by him that the Chipeways of Lake Superior were prevented from joining Pontiac . . .

. . . At this time, a boy came into the lodge, informing us that the canoe had come from Michilimackinac, and was bound to the Sault de Sainte-Marie. It was manned by three Canadians, and was carrying home Madame Cadotte, the wife of

M. Cadotte, already mentioned.

My hopes of going to Montreal being now dissipated, I resolved on accompanying Madame Cadotte, with her permission, to the Sault. On communicating my wishes to Madame Cadotte, she cheerfully acceded to them. Madame Cadotte, as I have already mentioned, was an Indian woman, of the Chipeway nation; and she was very generally respected . . .

. . . The following day saw us safely landed at the Sault, where I experienced a generous welcome from M. Cadotte. There were thirty warriors at this place, re-

strained from joining in the war only by M. Cadotte's influence.

Here, for five days, I was once more in possession of tranquility; but, on the sixth, a young Indian came into M. Cadotte's saying that a canoe full of warriors had just arrived from Michilimackinac; that they had inquired for me; and that he believed their intentions to be bad. Nearly at the same time, a message came from the good chief of the village, desiring me to conceal myself, until he should discover the views and temper of the strangers.

A garret was a second time my place of refuge; and it was not long before the Indians came to M. Cadotte's. My friend immediately informed Mut'chi'ki'wish, their chief, who was related to his wife, of the design imputed to them, of mischief against myself. Mutchikiwish frankly acknowledged that they had had such a design; but added that if displeasing to M. Cadotte, it should be abandoned. He then further stated, that their errand was to raise a party of warriors to return with them to

Detroit; and that it had been their intention to take me with them.

In regard to the principal of the two objects thus disclosed, M. Cadotte proceeded to assemble all the chiefs and warriors of the village; and these, after deliberating for some time among themselves, sent for the strangers, to whom both M. Cadotte and the chief of the village addressed a speech. In these speeches, after recurring to the designs confessed to have been entertained against myself, who was now declared to be under the immediate protection of all the chiefs, by whom any insult I might sustain would be avenged, the ambassadors were peremptorily told, that they might go back, as they came, none of the young men of this village being foolish enough to join them . . .

1765 — On the 14th of July, 1765, I embarked for the Sault de Sainte-Marie, where, on my arrival, I took into partnership M. Cadotte, whom I have already had frequent occasion to name; and on the 26th I proceeded for my wintering ground, which was to be fixed at Chagouemig . . .

with women and children, who reported that the men of their band were all gone out to war, against the Nadowessies . . .

... The concourse of Indians, already mentioned, with others who came after, all rich in furs, enabled me very speedily to close my traffic for the spring, disposing

of all the goods, which, on taking M. Cadotte into partnership, had been left in my own hands. I found myself in possession of a hundred and fifty packs of beaver, weighing a hundred pounds each, besides twenty-five packs of otter and marten skins; and with this part of the fruits of my adventure, I embarked for Michilimackinac, sailing in company with fifty canoes of Indians, who had still a hundred packs of beaver, which I was unable to purchase . . .

(Take from "Travels And Adventures In Canada And The Indian Territories," by Alexander Henry, 1809.)

"LITTLE CADOTTE IS VERY CLEVER WITH THE TRIBES . . ."

July 9, 1804 I left Fort Kamanaitiquoya at 4 o'clock with an outfit of eleven assorted bales, twenty kegs of rum double strength, four kegs of powder, five bags of shot and bullets, half a bale of kettles, a case of guns, twelve traps and four rolls of tobacco, the whole entrusted to my care by Mr. William MacGillivray to be traded for furs in the department of Montreal River . . .

might have wished for, . . . four hundred pounds of flour, two barrels and a half of pork, forty pounds of biscuits, a keg of shrub (rum), a keg of high-wines, two of sugar, four pounds of tea, a ham, bread, butter, etc. etc. The heavy wind compelled me to land at the entrance of Lake Superior; there I found Corbin, (Identified as Jean Baptiste Corbin in charge of the post at Lac Court Oreille. — Ed. note) one of M' Cadotte's clerks. My toothache got worse . . .

... 13th Friday. My men took up their nets this morning and caught two trout and a white fish. At six o'clock we started after taking a meal. At 11 o'clock the savages of M. Mi(chel) Cadotte caught up to me and told me they have seen Chorette; who had told them one of the three canoe loads was for the Riviere des Sauteux (Chippewa River) one load and a half for the Montreal River, and the other half load for La Pointe . . .

Fort. (Michel Cadotte, Sr.) I decided to spend the remainder of the day there to give the men time to make themselves shoes for crossing the portage. I obtained eighteen white fish from the Savages in exchange for tobacco. I expressly forbade my people to trade their corn for fish . . .

Le Beau, arrived here at six o'clock yesterday evening with their baggage, decided to go on to M' Cadotte's at La Pointe if they had not found another clerk to replace Gauthier . . . How weak they are! . . . I gave each of them a drink of shrub, two double handfuls of flour, and two pounds of pork and they began to eat with such avidity that I was twice obliged to take the dish away from them, and, notwithstanding this, I feared for a long while that injurious consequences would result; fortunately they all escaped with slight twinges of colic . . .

... 3rd Friday. This morning I proposed to Gauthier to go and winter at Latonagane. I told him I would give him a small outfit without rum, but he would not consent because he says there will be too much hardship there. He asked me to send him to the River des Sauteux to work against La Lancette, but I told him he would get no goods from me for that purpose, and that I had other persons to send there. He then told me he would go and winter with his wife's relatives and would obtain goods from Little Mi(chel) Cadotte. (WSHS: Identified as Michel Cadotte, Jr, born at his father's Post above Chippewa Falls. — Ed note) I am to give him a small canoe with food and ammunition to enable him to go there . . .

... 14th Tuesday. Durocher, one of my men, came here at three o'clock in the afternoon with the youngest son of M. Mi(chel) Cadotte, whom I asked of his father at Fort Kamanaitiquoya. He comes to spend the winter with me to learn to read, and serve me as interpreter when necessary. If I teach him French, he will teach me Saulteux in return. His father came himself to bring him to the Portage with M Leon St. Germain, who went on to Latonaganne to get wild rice . . .

... 18th Thursday. I am despatching Durocher to La Pointe to inform M. Cadotte that I cannot send any one to compete against Chorette.. that he must send himself and have him followed step by step and even have him accompanied thus until spring. I am also asking for a two handed saw to replace the sawn lum-

ber of my fort and protect myself against attack another year . . .

. . . 21st Friday. Martineau and Bruno arrived at five o'clock in the evening and brought furs to the value of 24 plus, most of them being beaver skins. George, Durocher and Little Cadotte remained at the lodges. Martineau told me that Lalancette had given a kettle, the first of the nest for two and a half plus; he also gave a new net for twenty muskrat skins and another for the damaged skin of a bear cub. The Savages also ask for provisions, shot and some other small articles . . .

. . . Lalancette was so intoxicated the day before yesterday that he was obliged to sleep on the road and did not reach the lodges until noon; my people had arrived during the night. Martineau swore to me that Lalancete had fallen at least twenty times, and had wandered as much and broken as much underbrush as a moose that

has remained a long times in the same place

. . . 23rd Sunday. At last my people have all arrived and have brought some beaver skins. They say Lalancette spent a four pot keg of rum, double strength, in the lodges without being able to get a single marten skin, and had it not been for his kettle and his two nets, he would have gone back empty-handed, for the Savages

waited a day thinking I would send them some . . .

Little Cadotte is very clever with the Nations (tribes), although he is very young. My men say that he gave himself and extraordinary amount of trouble. He got hold of the greater portion of the Savages' Furs as soon as he saw Lalancette come on the lake, and he said to them before Lalancette himself: "Do not trade with him; he knew you were starving and he did not deign to bring you a single grain of rice; he is a hog; he makes a god of his belly. He would see the Savages die rather than give them a glass of water, etc. etc." I take this opportunity to say the child promises well; his sentiments are very good; he is polite, steady, saving, etc. When he came here in the autumn he did not know a single letter of the alphabet, and could barely pronounce a few words in French, and now he can read as well as a child who has been 4 years at school. He knows his prayers and his catechism; but one step more and he will be a prodigy . . .

all very tired. I shall not start from here before tomorrow to give my people a rest. I was lucky enough to get four sturgeon from the Savages today, which will, I hope, last me to LaPointe, where I left a sack of corn in a cache last autumn. M. Cadotte's eldest son arrived here at three o'clock in the afternoon with a letter from his father informing me of M. Latour's death. (WSHS — Thwaites identifies this son thus: "Jean Baptiste Cadotte III was called 'Gros Cadotte', to distinguish him from his brother 'Petit Cadotte'. He seems to have been in the fur trade with his father, and in 1812 went to the aid of the British and fought in several battles. In the battle of the Thames he was severely wounded and thereafter received a British pension. He was employed by the American Fur Company in 1819 as a voyageur on the upper Mississippi, and was living as late as 1852. IT WAS PERHAPS IN HIS HONOR THAT THE TOWN OF CADOTT WAS NAMED IN THE PRESENT CHIPPEWA COUNTY, WIS.")

... 8th Saturday. I started today from the Montreal River and arrived at La Pointe, M. Cadotte's Fort. While walking beside the lake I found a white fish half eaten by the eagles and half rotten, but not sufficiently so to prevent my eating it after roasting it on a spit . . .

... 10th Monday. I had my canoe prepared yesterday to start in company with the Messieurs Cadotte. Their people came from the Riviere Mauvaise (Bad River) with a canoe load of sturgeon so we could not run short. This did very well, and today at 10 o'clock we left La Pointe to come and camp at the Riviere Ciscaouette in the evening . . .

(Excerpts taken from Wisconsin State Historical Society Coll. vol. XIX. Malhiot was a fur trader for the Northwest Company. His journal covers the 1804-1805 season. - Ed. note)

"OJIBWAYS LEARN TO LOVE THE FRENCH"

Early in the spring of 1671, a large delegation of Objibway Indians proceeded to Ste. Marie to attend the council, and hear the words of the "Great King of the French." Ke-che-ne-zuh-yauh, head chief of the great Crane family, headed this party, and represented the nation of the Ojibways. It is his descendants in the fourth generation, from whom I have obtained the few detached items which are here given respecting this important event.

Michel Cadotte (son of the Mons. M. Cadotte whom we have already had occasion to mention), who is now the oldest man of mixed Ojibway and French blood in the northwest, (1852) states that his great-grandfather, a Mons. Cadeau, on this occasion first came into the Oijibway country in the train of the French envoy Sieur du Lusson. The name has since been spelled Cadotte, and the wide spread family of this name claims their connection with the Ojibway tribe from this period. From this old half-breed, still living at La Pointe, I have obtained much reliable information, corroborating with that obtained from the Indians themselves.

The envoy of the French king asked, in the name of his nation, for permission to trade in the country, and for free passage to and from their villages all times thereafter. He asked that the fires of the French and Ojibway nations might be made one, and everlasting.

He promised the protection of the great French nation against all their enemies, and addressing himself to the Chippeway chieftain from La Pointe, he said: -

"Every morning you will look towards the rising of the sun and you shall see the fire of your French father reflecting towards you, to warm you and your people. If you are in trouble, you the Crane, must arise in the skies and cry with your far sounding' voice, and I will hear you. The fire of your French father shall last forever, and warm his children." At the end of this address a gold medal shaped like a heart was placed on the breast of Ke-che-ne-zuh-yauh, and by this mark of honor he was recognized as the chief of the Lake Superior Ojibways. These words have been handed down from generation to generation, to his present descendants, and it will be readily seen by them that the French had already learned to use the figurative and forcible style of expression of the Ojibways, and understood their division into Totemic clans, with the peculiarities on which each clan prided themselves.

The Ojibways received the "heart" of their French brethren, and accepted their proposals of peace, amity, and mutual support and protection. From this period their country became more free and open to French enterprise, and they learned to term the French king "father." . . .

That portion of the Ojibways, forming by far the main body of the tribe, who occupied the area of Lake Superior, and those bands who had already formed distinct villages on the headwaters of the Mississippi and its principal northeastern tributaries, were not engaged in the bloody transaction of the taking of Fort Michilimackinac, or at most, but a few of the old warriors who have all now fallen into their graves, were noted as having been accidentally present on the occasion of this most important event in the history of their tribe.

It is true that the war-club, tobacco, and wampum belt of war had been carried by the messengers of Pontiac and his lieutenant, the Mackinaw chieftain to La Pointe, and the principal villages of the tribe on Lake Superior, but the Ojibways listened only to the advice and the words of peace of a French trader who resided at Sault Ste. Marie, and from this point (with an influence not even surpassed by that which his contemporary, Sir William Johnson, weilded over the more eastern tribes), he held sway, and guided the councils of the Lake Superior Ojibways, even to their

remotest village.

This man did not stand tamely by, as many of his fellow French traders did, to witness the butchery of British soldiers and subjects, and see the blood of his fellow whites ruthlessly and freely flowing at the hands of the misguided savages. On the contrary, he feared not to take a firm stand against the war, and made noble and effective efforts to prevent the deplorable consequences which their opposition to the British arms, would be sure to entail on the Ojibways. He knew full well that the French nation had withdrawn forever from their possessions in this country, and that their national fire, which was promised would blaze forever with the fire of the Ojibways, was now totally extinguished, and knowing this, he did not foolishly stimulate, as others did, the sanguinary opposition which the Indians continued to make against the predominant Saxon race, by telling them that "the great king of the French had only fallen into a drowse, but would soon awaken, and drive the English back into the great salt water."

On the contrary, he pointed out to the Ojibways, the utter uselessness and impotence of their efforts; and he told them that the war would only tend to thin the ranks of their warriors, causing their women to cover their faces with the black paint of mourning, and keep them miserably poor, for the want of traders to supply their

It is through the humane advice of this French trader, and the unbounded influence which he held over the Lake Superior Ojibways, which prevented them from joining the alliance of Pontiac, in his war against the English, and which has thereby saved them from the almost utter annihilation which has befallen every other tribe who have been induced to fight for one type of the white race against another, and which enables them at this day to assume the position of the most numerous and important branch of the Algic race, and the largest tribe residing east of the Missis-

The name of this man was John Baptiste Cadotte, and he was a son of the Mons. Cadeau, who first appeared in the Ojibway country, as early as in 1671, in the train of the French envoy, Sieur du Lusson, when he treated with the delegates of the northwestern Indian tribes at Sault Ste. Marie.

John Baptiste Cadotte (as his name was spelt by the British, and has been retained to this day) had, early in life, followed the example of the hardy western adventurers who had already found their way to the sources of the Great Lakes and the Great River, Mississppi. He went as a "Marchand voyageur," and visited the remotest villages of the Ojibways on Lake Superior, to supply their wants in exchange for their valuable beaver skins. He became attached to one of their women, belonging to the great clan of A-waus-e, and married her according to the forms of the Catholic religion, of which he was a firm believer.

At the breaking out of the war between France and Great Britain, which resulted in the ending of the French domination in America, Mons. Cadotte made it his permanent residence at Sault Ste. Marie, from which point he eventually wielded the salutary influence which we have mentioned. He is the only French trader of any importance whom the Ojibways tell of having remained with them, when the French people were forced to leave the Lake Superior country. And it is said that though he made several attempts to leave the Ojibway people in company with his departing countrymen, such was the affection which they bore to himself and his half-breed children, that their chiefs threatened to use force to prevent his departure.

His Ojibway wife appears to have been a woman of great energy and force of character, as she is noted to this day for the influence she held over her relations — the principal chiefs of the tribe; and the hardy, fearless manner, in which, accompanied only by Canadian "Coureurs du bois" to propel her canoes, she made long journeys to distant villages of her people to further the interests of her husband.

She bore him two sons, John Baptiste, and Michel, who afterwards succeeded their father in the trade, and became, with their succeeding children of the same name, so linked with the Ojibways, that I shall be forced often to mention their names in the future course of our narrative, although at the evident risk of laying myself open to the charge of egotism, or making them prominent because they happen to be my direct progenitors .

"CADOTTE - HIS EARLY CAREER AS AN INDIAN TRADER"

The great Basin covered with innumerable lakes and streams, from which the Mississippi, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, and Red River, flowing from Hudson's Boy, take their rise, was first fully opened to the enterprise of the old northwestern fur traders, by John Baptiste Cadotte, a son of Mons. Cadotte, who is so often mentioned in the earliest era of the white man's intercourse with the Ojibways, and who figures so prominently in the simple but truthful narrative of Alexander Henry.

John Baptiste Cadotte received a college education at Montreal. He was among the first individuals whose European, or white blood, became intermixed with the blood of the Ojibways. On leaving college, he became possessed of forty thousand francs which had been bequeathed to him by his father, and with this sum as a capital, he immediately launched into the northwestern fur trade. He wintered on the Bay of Shag-a-waum-ik-ong, and made large returns of beaver skins to the market at Montreal. His careless and spendthrift habits, however, and open-handedness and generosity to his Indian relatives, soon caused him to run through with his capital and profits of his trade. Unable to raise an equipment on his own account, he applied for help to Alexander Henry, who had traded in partnership with his deceased father, and who still, from his establishment at Montreal, continued in the fur trade. Henry provided him with a large equipment for an expedition, which Cadotte proposed to make to the headwaters of the Mississippi, where beaver were reported to abound in great plenty.

The ferocity of the Naud-o-wa-se, or Dakotas, who still kept possession of this region of the country, battling stoutly for it against the persevering pressure of the Ojibway hunters, was the theme of every lip at Montreal, Mackinaw, and Sault Ste. Marie, and deterred many an enterprising trader from proceeding to winter on these dangerous grounds. The few enterprising men who had risked these dangers from time to time, had been attacked by the Dakotas, and the pillage of the sick trader by the Ojibways, which has given the distinctive name of Pillagers to an important division of this tribe, also contributed greatly to shut up this, then almost unknown

region of country to the enterprise of the fur trader.

Cadotte, noted for courage and fearlessness, easily formed a large party, consisting of traders, "coureurs du bois," trappers, and a few Iroquois Indians, who had assumed the habits and learned to perform the labor, of Canadian "voyageurs," to accompany him on an expedition to these dangerous regions. Besides his own immediate engagees and servitors, the party consisted of the trader Reyaulm and his men; Pickette, Roberts, and Bell, with their men fully equipped for trading and trapping. Altogether they numbered sixty men, among whom was also a younger brother of Cadotte, named Michel, who managed an outfit on his own account.

This large party started from Sault Ste. Marie late in the summer, in large birch bark canoes, of over a ton burthen each, which were then denominated "Canoe du maitre," and made expressly for the fur trade, they being comparatively light and easily carried across portages on the shoulders of the "coureurs du bois." Cadotte coasted along the southern shores of Lake Superior, and proceeded to Fond du Lac, its extreme head. He entered the St. Louis River, and packing their canoes and equipments over the nine-mile, or "grand portage," which leads around the tremendous rapids and falls of this river, they poled up its rapid current, and proceeded by the old or prairie portage route, into Sandy Lake. From this point, my informants differ as to which route the party took. Some state, that they ascended the Mississippi to Leech Lake, crossed over to Cass Lake by a short portage, proceeded to Red Lake, thence into Red River, up which stream they proceeded a short distance and finally located their winter quarters at "Prairie portage," where they were met by two traders who had come by the Grand Portage, or Rainy Lake route, one of whom was Cameron, noted as being among the earliest pioneers into these then remote northwestern regions. This is the account as given by Mr. Bruce, a half-breed Ojibway who was born at Grand Portage on Lake Superior, and is now seventy-eight years of age, still possessing a perfect and surprising memory. He was a young man at the time of this celebrated expedition, and wintered the same year of its occurrence, as an engagee, at a small trading post on Great Lake, Winnipeg, and made, on a small outfit, the enormous returns of forty-eight packs of beaver skins, showing the great abundance of this valuable animal in those times, in these northern regions.

Madame Cadotte, relict of Michel Cadotte, who is mentioned as having joined this party, and who is now nearly ninety years of age, relates that she, with many other women of the party, were left to winter at Fond du Lac, as their husbands were going into a dangerous region, and did not wish to be encumbered with women. Her son, Michel Cadotte, Jr., now living at La Pointe, and aged sixty-one years, was in his cradle. This old woman's memory is still good, and she gives the following account of the progress and adventures of the party after they reached Sandy Lake:

They proceeded down the Mississippi to the forks or entry of Crow Wing River, which they ascended, and cold weather overtaking them at the mouth of the Leaf River, which empties into the Crow Wing, and discovering here numerous signs of beaver, and it, also, being as far as they dare proceed into the country of the fierce and warlike Dakotas, Mons. Cadotte located his winter quarters, and set his men immediately to work in erecting log huts sufficient to hold his whole party and his winter supplies. The country was then covered with game, such as buffalo, elk, bear, and deer, and the hunters soon collected a sufficient quantity of meat for their winter's consumption. Signs of the vicinity of the much dreaded Dakotas being discovered, Cadotte ordered a log fence or wall to be thrown up around his cabins for a defence against any attack which these people, on whose hunting grounds he was encroaching, might think proper to make on him.

In those days, Leech Lake was considered as the extreme northwestern frontier of the Ojibway country, and but a few hardy and fearless hunters, who had already carned the name of Pillagers, remained permanently located on the islands of the

lake, for greater security against the oft-repeated attacks and incursions of their enemies. Happy to hunt on the rich hunting grounds of the Dakotas, under the protection of such a large party of white traders, the Pillager and Sandy Lake hunters moved in their wake, and lay scattered about in different winter camps, in the vicinity of their winter quarters, carrying on, with the different traders, an active barter of furs for their merchandise.

When all the preparations for passing the winter comfortably and safely had been completed, the trappers were sent out in small parties, to pursue their winter's avocation, wherever they discovered the wigwams of the industrious but fated beaver to abound in the greatest plenty. Cadotte, was left with but a few men at the winter quarters, when early one morning a large party of Dakota warriors made their appearance, arrayed and painted for battle. They approached the wall which surrounded the log cabins, leaping from side to side and yelling their war-whoop, and when arrived within bullet range they discharged a cloud of arrows, and such few as were armed with guns fired upon the white man's defences. Two of Cadotte's men were slightly wounded from the repeated discharges and volleys of the enemy, yet, he desisted from returning their fire, and commanded his exasperated men not to fight. His numbers being feeble, he could not be certain as to the result of a battle, and at the same time being anxious to conciliate and be at peace with the Dakotas, for the sake of their trade, he determined to make a trial to disarm their enmity. He ordered the British flag to be planted on his defences, and hoping that his assailants might understand its import, he hung out a white flag on a pole. His hopes were not disappointed, for as soon as the flags were fully displayed, the enemy ceased firing, and after a short consultation among themselves, a number of their warriors cautiously approached the defences which surrounded the traders' cabins.

Mons. Cadotte, standing in his gateway, informed them, through a "coureur du bois" named Rasle, who could speak the Dakota tongue, that "he had not come into their country to make war on them, but to supply them with necessaries in exchange for their furs." The Dakotas replied to the effect, that, considering them to be a party of Ojibways interloping on their best hunting grounds, they had collected their warriors to destroy them; but as they had now discovered them to be white men, with whom they wished to be friends, they would shake hands with them, and smoke with them from the same pipe, intimating that they wished to enter within his dwelling.

Cadotte, who possessed a perfect knowledge of Indian character, perceived at once the necessity of complying with their request, for the purpose of proving to them that he confided in their words, and to show them that he feared them not. He therefore opened his gate, and allowed the chiefs and principal men to fill his cabin, where he held a short council with them, while his men vigilantly guarded the defences, and keenly watched the movements of the numerous Dakota warriors, who stood outside. He gave the Dakotas presents of tobacco and ammunition, and he distributed amongst them meat sufficient for a meal. In return, they welcomed him with apparent cordiality to their country, and invited him to go back with them to their winter camp, where they told of possessing many beaver skins.

Cadotte, placing confidence in their expressions of goodwill, determined to accept their invitation. Most of his men, who were hunting in the vicinity of his trading house, had now arrived, having heard the report of the Dakota guns, as they made their attack in the morning. The Indians, only, kept aloof for fear of the enemy.

He selected thirty of his best men, well-armed, and, giving them packs of goods to carry, at their head, he accompanied the Dakotas back to their camp, which they reached at the distance of one day's march. They found the camp to number over one hundred lodges, formed of leather. They were well received, and entertained

with the choicest portions of buffalo, elk, and bear meat, which abounded in every lodge. Cadotte was himself installed in the chief's more extensive lodge, where the whole night long he carried on an active trade, as one after the other, warriors, hunters, and women, entered to exchange their furs for such articles as they needed, or such trinkets as struck their fancy. He soon collected as many packs of beaver and other fur as his men could well carry away. Notwithstanding his brisk trade, many of the goods still remained on his hands, and Cadotte could not help but notice the covetous looks which the chief and his warriors cast on these as he ordered his men to bale them into packs in order to carry away.

In the morning, after the Dakotas had again feasted and smoked with them, the trader prepared to depart. The Dakota chief insisted on accompanying him a part of the way with a guard of his warriors, as a mark of honor and respect, and Cadotte, unable to resist his importunities, at last accepted the offer of his company, and together they left the camp. The Dakotas, nearly equal in number to themselves, led the van, and in this order they travelled, occasionally making short halts to smoke and rest, till they reached about half the distance to their trading house, when, just as they were about to enter a heavy clump of trees and thickets, through which winded their path, the Dakota chief and his men suddenly stopped, sat down on the roadside, and prepared to fill their pipes, requesting their white brothers to take their turn and go ahead, while they, being light, would take a smoke, and soon catch up with them.

Mons. Cadotte, perfectly unsuspicious, followed the wishes of the chief, and at the head of his men, he was leading off, when his interpreter, Rasle, approached and remarked to him, that he suspected treachery. He had noticed in the morning when they started to leave the camp, that all the men but those who accompanied them, had disappeared, and also that they had been holding secret councils in different lodges during the whole night. Rasle further intimated that the heavy clump of trees through which they were about to pass, being the only spot on the route adapted to an ambuscade, he suspected that men, who had so early made their disappearance from the camp, had been sent ahead to here lay in wait and surprise them, while the chief, with his pretended guard, would attack in the rear, as his present movement and his request for them to go ahead plainly indicated. The truth of these suspicions flashed through Cadotte's mind, and being of an impulsive nature, he instantly ordered his men to throw down their packs, and prepare for instant action. Then suddenly approaching the chief, who was now quietly smoking his pipe, he cocked his gun, and presented it to his breast, telling Rasle to say to him, that "he saw through his treachery, and that he would be the first to suffer death, unless he ordered his warriors to give up their arms, and also cleared the path he was travelling, of the men whom he had sent ahead to waylay him."

The chief at first stoutly denied the charge, but when he saw Cadotte's men forcibly take the arms out of the hands of chosen warriors, whom they outnumbered, he burst into tears, and begged for his life, and the lives of his men. This being assured in case the ambuscade amongst the trees ahead would disperse, the chief sent one of his disarmed warriors thither, and a few moments after, a large body of painted warriors emerged from the wood, and quietly marched off in single file across the wide prairie towards their camp. The treacherous chief, with his guard, were taken by Cadotte to his post, and kept as hostages, till he could collect and warn his scattered trappers and Pillager hunters, against feeling too secure, in the idea that a firm peace had been effected with the Dakotas. When this had been effected, the post more fully manned, and every man put on his guard, the chieftain with his men were allowed to go home, once more loaded with tobacco and presents, in hopes that his people would appreciate the kindness and forbearance of their white neighbors.

Mons. Cadotte's party remained at this post all winter, and they received no more molestation from the Dakotas, who did not thereafter even make their appearance in the vicinity of their hunting range. In the spring, after the snow had disappeared, and the ice melted on the lakes and rivers, these adventurers evacuated their winter quarters, and proceeding up Leaf River in their canoes, they made a portage into Otter Tail Lake, and descended from thence down the Red River.

The variance in the different accounts which have been given to me of this expedition, lies mostly in different spots being mentioned where the party are said to have wintered, and different routes having been taken to reach these spots. I am disposed to account for these disagreements, in the accounts of persons whose memory and verracity cannot well be questioned, by assuming the ground of the party, consisting of several different traders, each with his own equipment of supplies and men, must have separated at Sandy Lake, and while one party proceeded (as has been mentioned) up the Mississippi to Red Lake, and wintering at Prairie Portage, and at Pembina, the other party under Cadotte in person, took their course down the Mississippi, and underwent the adventures which we have related.

It is stated, that at Prairie Portage, after the traders had all again collected in the spring, the Dakotas in large numbers made demonstrations to fall upon and pillage them, and the only manner in which the whites succeeded in intimidating them to forego their designs, was to heap their remaining powder kegs into a pile in the centre of their camp, and threatening to set fire to them the moment the Dakotas attempted to pillage. At Pembina the party were obliged to make new canoes of elk and buffalo hides, the seams of which, thickly covered with tallow, made them nearly as water-tight as birch bark canoes. In these they descended the current of the Red River, and returned to Lake Superior by the Great Lake Winnipeg, a northern route. At Rainy Lake they made birch-bark canoes, in which, late in the summer, they reached Grand Portage, the principal northwestern depot of the Northwest Company. The accounts which they gave of the country which they had explored, induced this rich company immediately to extend their operations throughout its whole extent, and this portion of their trade became known as the Fond du Lac department. The depot, or collecting point, was built at Fond du Lac, near the entry of the St. Louis River, and this post, or "Fort," was surrounded with strong cedar pickets. The remains of this old establishment are still plainly visible. In 1796, the Northwest Company built a stockaded post at Sandy Lake, and soon after, they located another at Leech Lake. These were the immediate results of Cadotte's expedition, and from that period, now sixty years ago, the Ojibways of the Upper Mississippi River have been constantly supplied with resident traders, and their former periodical visits to Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw ceased almost entirely.

Wa-won-je-gnom, the aged and intelligent chief of the Red Lake band of the Ojibways, states, that from this expedition can be dated the settlement of Red Lake by the Ojibways. He also states that the traders on this occasion, made a minute exploration of the lake and sounded the depth of its waters. In the deepest portions they discovered it to be but eight fathoms.

There is living at Red Lake an aged Indian, whose name is Bow-it-ig-o-win-in, signifying "Sault Ste. Marie man," who first came into the country as an engage to Mons. Cadotte during this voyage, and has remained in it ever since, having married and raised a family of children. So far as I can learn, this old Indian is now the only survivor of the sixty men who are said to have formed the party. An incident is currently related among the northern Ojibways, which is said to have happened while Cadotte's party were wintering on Leaf River. Mr. Bell, one of the traders or clerks associated with him, kept in his employ a gigantic negro, whose name was "Tom." Mr. Bell himself was a small and feebly constituted man, but of very irritable disposition, especially when under the infuence of liquor. One evening he quar-

relled with his negro Tom, and both being somewhat intoxicated, they grappled in mortal strife. The huge negro easily threw his master on the floor, and pressing him forcibly down, he unmercifully and dreadfully beat him with his fists. Mr. Bell's Indian wife was sitting by a table making moccasins, and held in her hand a penknife which she was occasionally using. Seeing the hopeless situation of her husband, she ran to his rescue, and stabbed the negro with her penknife till she killed him.

"AN INCIDENT AT GRAND PORTAGE"

John Baptiste Cadotte returned to Montreal from his northwestern expedition, and soon expended in dissipation the profits on the large return of furs he had made. He became, moreover, so deeply indebted to Alexander Henry, who continued to supply his wants, that at last his credit with this gentleman became impaired, and he was obliged once more to exert himself towards gaining a livilihood. His expedition to the sources of the Mississippi had rendered him known as a man of great fearlessness and hardihood, and his abilities as a clerk and Indian trader were such that it was no difficult matter for him, when so disposed, to find employment. The Northwest Fur Company secured his servivces at once, and he applied himself with so much vigor and energy towards advancing their interests, that he soon obtained the esteem and fullest confidence of all the principal partners of this rich and prosperous firm.

At a dinner given by Mr. Alex. Henry, at Montreal, to the seveeral partners of the Northwest Company, among whom was Sir Alexander McKenzie, Cadotte's name being mentioned in the course of conversation, this gentleman, who was then the principal northern agent of the firm, took occasion to speak of him in the highest terms, praising the courage and fearlessness with which he had pierced amongst the more wild and unruly tribes of the northwestern Indians, and the great tact which he used in obtaining the love and confidence of the Ojibways.

Mr. Henry, perceiving that Cadotte possessed the confidence of his employers, and that his services were held by them in great value, took occasion to make the proposition to Sir Alex. McKenzie, of selling him Mons. Cadotte's indebtedness at a liberal discount. McKenzie informed him that he had discovered Cadotte to be a man extremely careless in his expenditures, and who made it a point to live up fully to his means, whatever amount those means might be, and that it would be extremely difficult to collect from him such an amount of debts as Mr. Henry proposed to transfer to him, and also that he could not assume or buy it, without a consultation with the other partners of the company. Further urging on the part of Mr. Henry at last induced Mr. McKenzie to buy up Mons. Cadotte's debt on his own private account. He paid but three hundred pounds, being less than half of its actual amount. This arrangement was kept secret from Mons. Cadotte, as the partner concerned knew him to be a man of impulsive feelings, and it was uncertain in what light he would consider such a discount being made on his credit, which reflected so strongly on his honor, on which he was known to pride himself. In order to give him an opportunity of retrieving fortunes, and paying his debts, the Northwest Fur Company proposed to give him the entire Fond du Lac department on shares. They agreed to give him such an equipment as he wanted, and this important division of their trade was to be entirely under his management and control.

Mons. Cadotte accepted this fair offer, as it gave him a broad field for the full development of his capacities, and an excellent opportunity to replenish his empty purse. The Fond du Lac department comprised all the country about the sources of the Mississippi, the St. Croix, and Chippeway rivers. The depot was located at Fond du Lac, about two miles within the entry of the St. Louis River, in what is now the State of Wisconsin. A stockaded post had been built the previous year at Sandy

Lake, and smaller posts were located at Leech Lake, on the St. Croix and at Lac Couterille.

Mons. Cadotte procured his outfit of goods for all these posts, at the grand northern depot of the Northwest Company located at Grand Portage, near the mouth of Pigeon River, and within the limits of what is now known as Minnesota Territory. He had busily employed himself all one morning, in loading his canoes, with his outfit of goods, and starting them on ahead towards Fond du Lac, intending to catch up with them in his lighter canoe at the evening encampment, when the following incident occurred, which, to the day of his death the old trader ever spoke of with the deepest emotion.

His canoes had all been sent ahead, and now appeared like mere specks on the bosom of the calm lake towards their destination, and he was preparing to embark himself, in his canoe a liege fully manned, when the book-keeper of the post, coming down to his canoe for a parting shake of the hand, informed him that while he had been engaged in sending off his men and outfit, Sir Alexander McKenzie and other gentlemen of the company had been holding a council with the Indians, and attempting to explain to them the reasons and necessity for evacuating their depot at Grand Portage, which was located within the United States lines, and building a new establishment within the British boundaries, at a spot now known at Fort William. The Indians could not, or would not, understand the necessity of this movement, as they claimed the country as their own, and felt as though they had a right to locate their traders wherever they pleased. They could not be made to understand or acknowledge the right which Great Britain and the United States assumed, in dividing between them the lands which had been left to them by their ancestors, and of which they held actual possession. The book-keeper further informed Mons. Cadotte that the gentlemen of the company were in considerable trouble for want of an efficient interpreter, to explain these matters to the satisfaction of the Indians, and they would have called on him for his services, but were fearful of retarding his movements, and as he was his own master, they could not command him. On hearing this, Mons. Cadotte (who already bore the name of being the best Ojibway interpreter in the northwest), immediately stepped out of his canoe, and walking up to the council room, he offered to act as interpreter between McKenzie and the Indians. His timely and voluntary offer was gladly accepted, and he soon explained the difficult and intricate question of right, which so troubled the minds of the Ojibways, to the entire satisfaction of all patries; and as he once more proceeded to embark in his canoe, which lay at the water-side, waiting for him, the gentlemen of the fur company escorted him to the beach, and as Sir Alex. McKenzie shook his hand at parting, he presented him with a sealed paper, with the remark that it was in payment of the service which he had just now voluntarily rendered them.

When arrived at some distance out on the lake, Mons. Cadotte opened the paper, and was surprised to discover it to be a clear quittance of all his indebtedness to Alexander Henry, which had always been a trouble on his mind, and which he had not been made aware had been brought up by his employers. On the impulse of the moment he ordered his canoe turned about, in order that he might go and express his gratitude to the generous McKenzie, but on second thought he proceeded on his journey, imbued with a firm determination to repay this mark of kindness by attending closely to his business, and endeavoring to make such returns of furs in the spring, as would cause the company not to regret the generosity with which they had treated him. He succeeded to his fullest satisfaction, and the Northwest Company, together with himself, rgeaped this year immense profits from the Fond du Lac department.

It was while Mons. Cadotte had charge of this department, that an occurrence happened, which may be considered as an item in the history of the Ojibways, and

which fully demonstrates the strong influence which the traders of the northwest had already obtained over their minds and conduct, and also the fearlessness with which the pioneer, whom we have made the subject of this chapter, executed justice in the very midst of thousands of the wild and warlike Ojibway hunters.

A Canadian "coureur du bois," employed at the Lac Coutereille post, which was under the immediate charge of a clerk named Mons. Coutouse, was murdered by an Indian on Lac Shatac during the winter. This was a crime which the Ojibways had seldom committed, and Mons. Cadotte, knowing fully the character of the Indians with whom he was dealing, at once became satisfied that a prompt and severe example was necessary, in order that such a deed might not again be committed, and that the Ojibways might learn to have a proper respect for the lives of white men. He took the matter especially in hand, and immediately sent a messenger to Lac Coutereille to inform the Indians that the murderer must be brought to Fond du Lac and delivered into his hands, and should they refuse to comply with his demand, he notified them that no more traders should go amongst them, and their supplies of tobacco, guns, ammunition, and clothing should be entirely stopped.

The war-chief of Lac Coutereille, named Ke-dug-a-be-shew, or "Speckled Lynx," a man of great influence amongst his people, and a firm friend to the white man, seized the offender, and in the spring of the year, when the inland traders returned to the depot at Fond du Lac, with their collection of furs, he went with them, and delivered the murderer into the hands of Mons. Cadotte. The rumor of this event had spread to the different villages of the Ojibways, and an unusual large number of the tribe collected with the return of their different traders, around the post at Fond du Lac, induced mostly from curiosity to witness the punishment which the whites would inflict on one who had spilt their blood.

When all his clerks and men had arrived from their different wintering posts, Mons. Cadotte formed his principal clerks into a council, or jury, to try the Indian murderer. His guilt was fully proved, and the sentence which was passed on him was, that he should suffer death in the same manner as he had inflicted death on his victim — with the stab of a knife. Mons. Coutouse, whose "coureur de bois" had been killed, requested to be the executioner of this sentence.

The relatives of the Indian assembled in council, after having been informed of the fate which their brother was condemned to suffer. They sent for Mons. Cadotte and his principal clerks, and solemnly offered, according to their custom, to buy the life of the culprit with packs of beaver skins. Cadotte himself, who is said to have naturally possessed a kind and charitable heart, became softened by their touching appeals, and expressed a disposition to accept their proposition, but the clerks and especially the "coureur du bois," whose comrade had been killed, were so excited and determined on vengeance, that the offer of the Indians was rejected.

On the morrow after the trial, the execution took place. Mons. Cadotte led the condemned man from the room where he had been confined, and leading him out into the open air, he pointed to the sun, and gave him the first intimation of his approaching death, by bidding him to look well at that bright luminary, for it was the last time he should behold it, for the man whom he had murdered was calling him to the land of the spirits. He then delivered him into the hands of his clerks; the gate was thrown open, and the prisoner was led outside of the post, into the presence of a vast concourse of his people who had assembled to witness his punishment. The fetters were knocked from his wrists, and at a given signal, Coutouse, the executioner, who stood by with his right arm bared to the elbow, and holding an Indian scalping knife, suddenly stabbed him in the back. As he withdrew the knife, a stream of blood spirted up and bespattered the gateway, and the Indian, yelling a last war-whoop, leaped forward, but as he started to run, a clerk named Landre again buried a dirk in his side. The Indian, though fearfully and mortally wounded,

ran with surprising swiftness to the water-side, and for a few rods he continued his course along the sandy beach, when he suddenly leaped up, staggered and fell. Two women, holding each a child in her arms — the Indian wives of John Baptiste Cadotte and Michel Cadotte, who had often plead in vain to their husbands for his life, were the first who approached the body of the dying Indian, and amidst the deep silence of the stricken spectators, these compassionate women bent over him, and with weeping eyes, watched his last feeble death struggle. The wife of Michel, who is still living at an advanced age, often speaks of this occurrence in her early life, and never without a voice trembling with the deepest emotion.

The traders, being uncertain how the Indians would regard this summary mode of punishment, and possessing at the time the double advantage of concentrated numbers and security within the walls of the stockaded post, determined to try their temper to the utmost, before they again scattered throughout their country in small parties, where, if disposed to retaliate, the Indians could easily cut them off in detail.

Mons. Cadotte was himself so closely related to the tribe, and knew the strength of his influence so well, that he felt no apprehension of these general consequences; but, to satisfy his men, as well as to discover if the near relatives of the executed Indian indulged revengeful feelings, he presented a quantity of "eau de vie" to the Indians, knowing that in their intoxication they would reveal any hard feelings or vengeful purposes for the late act, should they actually indulge them.

The Indian camp was that night drowned in a drunken revel, but not a word of displeasure or hatred did they utter against the traders, and their future conduct proved that it was a salutary and good example, for it caused the life of a white

man to be ever after held sacred.

"HIS POST WAS LOCATED IN SUCH A DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD"

... In this chapter we will again return to the Lac Coutereille and Lac du Flambeau divisions, whom we left, in a previous chapter, in possession of the sources of the Wisconsin and Chippeway rivers — two large tributaries of the Mississippi.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century these two bands already numbered one thousand souls. They had located their villages on the beautiful lakes which form the head waters of these rivers, and to some extent they practised the arts of agriculture, raising large quantities of corn and potatoes, the seed for which had been introduced amongst them by their traders on Lake Superior. They also collected each autumn large quantities of wild rice, which abounded in many of their lakes and streams. As game became scarce in the vicinity of their villages, they moved in large hunting camps towards the Mississippi, and on the richer hunting grounds of the Dakotas they reaped rich harvests of meat and furs.

The older and more intelligent men of these bands attribute to this day their steady westward advance, and final possession of the country nearly to the Mississippi, through following the example and footsteps of their first and old pioneer trader, Michel Cadotte, a younger brother of J. B. Cadotte, mentioned in previous chapters.

The memory of this man, the marks of whose wintering posts are pointed out to this day throughout every portion of the Ojibway country, is still dear to the hearts of the few old chiefs and hunters who lived contemporary with him, and received the benefits of his unbounded charitable disposition. Full of courage and untiring enterprise, he is mentioned to this day as having not only placed the weapons into the hands of the Ojibways which enabled them to conquer their enemies, but led them each winter westward and further westward into the rich hunting grounds of the Dakotas, until they learned to consider the country as their own, and caused their enemies to fall back after many a bloody fight west of the "Great River."

He is mentioned as the first trader who wintered amongst the bands who had taken possession of the sources of the Chippeway River. As early as the year 1784, he wintered on the Num-a-ka-gun River, a branch of the St. Croix. The remains of his old post are pointed out a short distance below the portage, which leads towards Lac Coutereille. From this position he secured the trade of both the St. Croix and Chippeway River divisions. From a small outfit of goods which he had procured from the British traders at Michilimackinac, he collected forty packs of beaver skins, with which he returned in the spring by way of La Pointe. A few years after, he wintered on Chippeway River, at a spot known to the Ojibways as Puk-a-wah-on-aun, a short distance above the mouth of Man-e-to-wish River. This region of country was then claimed by the Dakotas, and the enterprise of locating thereon was attended with great danger. Beaver, elk, deer, and bear, were, however, so plenty, that the Indians were induced, though in "fear and trembling," to follow their fearless trader. The Lac Coutereille band in a body floated down the Chippeway River, and pitched their camp by the side of his trading house, and word having been sent to the Lac du Flambeau band, they also, in a body, floated down the Man-e-to-wish, and the two camps joining together, rendered them too strong to fear an accack from their ene-

Having been very successful in his winter's trade, Cadotte again returned the following autumn, intending to pass another winter at his former post. He sent word as before to the Lac du Flambeau band of his purpose and as he passed Lac Coutereille the hunters of this village followed him down the Chippewa River. It was the custom of the traders in those days to take with them to different wintering posts small quantities of "eau de vie," which, when their hunters had all assembled around them, they made a present of to the principal chiefs, for their people to have a grand frolic.

To the inland bands, this great indulgence came around but once a year, and they looked forward to it with the greatest longing. On receiving their liquor, the chief would generally appoint several of his warriors as masters of the approaching debauch. They would first go around, and collecting the guns, axes, knives and other weapons which a drunken man might be apt to use, if at hand, they would hide them away, and act during the frolic as guardians and mediators between such as possessed bad tempers and quarrelled with one another over their cups. When the camp had once more returned to their sober senses, these several warriors would, in turn, have their frolic.

On this occasion, when Michel Cadotte had arrived and camped at his old post, the chief of the Lac Coutereille village called on him, and formally demanded the usual present of fire-water given at the opening of the fall hunts. The trader refused to comply with his request, on the ground that the Lac du Flambeau band had not yet arrived, but being daily expected, he would wait till they had ccamped together, before he gave them their usual present of liquor. The chief went off apparently satisfied, but having waited two whole days in vain for the expected band, his longings for a dram were such that he again paid Mons. Cadotte a visit, and this time he peremptorily demanded the fire-water, using the most threatening language in hopes of intimidating him to do as he wished. The trader, however, firmly refused, and the Indian finally left the lodge in a great rage. His camp lay on the opposite side of the river, about two hundred yards across. He embarked in his canoe, and paddled over, all the time uttering the most abusive and threatening language. Arriving at his water's side, he leaped ashore, and running to his lodge for his gun, he again ran out, and commenced firing at Mons. Cadotte's lodge. He had discharged his gun three times (nearly killing the wife of the trader), when the war-chief of his band ran to him, and wresting the gun out of his hands, he was on the point of breaking the stock over his head, when other Indians interferred. Many of his own people were so enraged at this foolish act of their civil chief, that his life would have been taken, had not Cadotte himself interferred to save him.

When the Lac du Flambeau band (whose chief was a man of decided character, and an uncle of the trader's wife), arrived on the Chippeway River, a few miles below the scene of this occurrence, they were so exasperated that they refused to come up and camp with the Lac Coutereille band, but sent messengers to invite Mons. Cadotte to come and locate himself for the winter in their midst. The trader, to punish the chief who had treated him so badly, though he now showed the deepest contrition, accepted the invitation of his Lac du Flambeau relatives, and proceeding some distance down the river, he wintered with them at the mouth of Jump River.

The following autumn, Michel Cadotte again returned to the Chippeway River, and this time he proceeded with his Indian hunters to the outskirts of the prairies which stretch up this river for about eighty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. In descending the upper falls on this river in their canoes, he lost two of his "coureurs du bois," who were upset in the rapids and drawn into a whirlpool. His post, during this winter, was located in such a dangerous neighborhood to the Dakotas, that he built a wall of logs around his shanty, while his hunters did the same around their camp. (It is very probable that this shanty was located at Cadotte Falls on the Yellow River to provide privacy and protection. — Ed. note)

During the winter the Dakotas gradually approached them in a large camp, and Cadotte, to prevent his hunters from leaving him, determined to try if a temporary peace could not be effected between them. He collected about one hundred men, and, supplying them with plenty of ammunition, he proceeded at their head to the Dakota camp, which lay about half a days march down the river. The Dakotas materially outnumbered them, and they showed every disposition for a fight, as the Ojibways made their appearance with a white flag and pipe of peace. It happened that they, too, had their trader with them, an old pioneer, named La Roque, the father of the respected old gentleman of this name who still resides at the foot of Lake Pepin, and who is well known to all the old settlers on the Upper Mississippi.

The efforts of this man, in conjunction with Mons. Cadotte, effected on this occasion a temporary peace between the two hostile parties, and they passed the remainder of the winter in feasting and hunting with one another. From this time may be dated the terms of temporary peace, which almost each winter, these two camps, being nearly equal in numbers, made with one another, in order that they might pursue their hunts in security. Like other bands of their tribes, however, notwithstanding the winter's peace, hey appeared to consider it an unavoidable duty to pass the summer in destroying one another.

The warfare which this division of the Ojibways waged with the Dakotas of the Wabasha and Red Wing villages, was as bloody and unremitting as the feud which was being carried on by the St. Croix and Upper Mississippi divisions of their tribe with the Kaposia, Warpeton, and Sisseton Dakotas. The country of their present occupation is covered with spots where the warriors of either tribe have met in mortal strife. Almost every bend on Chippeway and Menominee rivers has been the scene of a fight, surprise, or bloody massacre, and one of their chiefs remarked with truth when asked to sell his lands, that "the country was strewn with the bones of their fathers, and enriched with their blood."

From the time we have mentioned, when Cadotte wintered on the outskirts of the western prairies, the Ojibways may be considered as having taken actual possession of the valuable hunting region stretching from Lake Superior nearly three hundred miles to the lower Falls of the Chippeway River, within two days' march of the Mississippi.

Through the efforts and influence of their early traders, peace was occasionally

effected. John Baptiste and Michel Cadotte on the part of the Ojibways, and Mons. La Roque on the part of the Dakotas, are mentioned, and deserve much credit, as often having arrested the blow of the war-club, and changing what would have been scenes of bloodshed and death to those of peace and rejoicing. These terms of peace were generally short and transient, and seldom lasted the full length of a year. For no sooner than spring and summer again came around, the time of pastime and recreation for the red hunters, than a longing desire seized the warriors for blood and renown, or revenge for old injuries, or to wipe away the paint of mourning for the death of some near relative. The villagers of either tribe never considered the pleasures of the general summer season as complete, without the enjoyment of dancing and singing merrily around the scalp lock of an enemy . . .

"THE MARKS OF HIS WINTERING POST"

... Half a century ago, in the Chippeway River district, Yellow Head, of Lac Coutereille, was a noted war-chief, and so also, Ke-dug-e-be-shew (Speckled Lynx), who first founded the village on Lac Shatac. The father of Mah-een-gun (Wolf), at present a chief of Chippeway River, was also a noted chief. These men guided the war and peace movements of their respective villages, and they were prominent actors in all the most important rencontres which occurred between their section of the Ojibways, and the Dakotas.

It was a day of deep mourning amongst their people, when the brave warchiefs, Yellow Head and Wolf's Father, fell fighting side by side, against immense odds of Dakotas. With a small party of their fellows they had been hunting deer by torchlight, during the hot nights of summer, on the Red Cedar River. During the course of their hunt, being both men "not knowing fear," they had approached too near the haunts of the Dakotas, and being discovered, one morning, while engaged in curing meat at the mouth of Hay River, a large party of the enemy stealthily surrounded and suddenly attacked them. The two war-chiefs escaped the first volley of bullets; and bade the young men, who were with them, to save themselves by flight, while they withstood the attack. Fighting against immense odds, they were at last forced into the river, where, in crossing to an island which lay close to the scene of action, Wolf's Father received a bullet through his brains, while Yellow Head, having reached the shelter of the island, sustained the unequal fight til his ammunition failed him, and the Dakotas, after a severe struggle, gloried in the possession of his long much-coveted scalp. The saying of the people, is, that "on their journey to the land of spirits, these two warriors went well attended by Dakotas, whom they slew at the time of their departure (or death)."

After this occurrence, and the usual levying of war parties, and consequent bloody revenge which followed it, no event of any immediate importance occurred in the Chippewa and Wisconsin Rivers till the year 1808, when, under the influence of the excitement which the Shaw-nee prophet, brother of Tecumseh, succeeded in raising, even to the remotest village of the Ojibways, the men of the Lac Coutereille village, pillaged the trading house of Michel Cadott at Lac Coutereille, while under charge of a clerk named John Baptiste Corbin. From the lips of Mons. Corbin, who is still living (1852) at Lac Courereille, at the advanced age of seventy-six years, and who has now been fifty-six years in the Ojibway country, I have obtained a reliable account of this transaction: —

Michel Cadotte, after having fairly opened the resources of the fur trade of the Chippeway River district, and having approved himself as a careful and successful trader, entered into an arrangement with the Northwest Fur Company, who at this time nearly monopolized the fur trade of the Ojibways. Mons. Cadotte located a permanent post or depot on the island of La Pointe, on the spot known at the pres-

ent time as the "Old Fort." He also built a trading post at Lac Coutereille, which in the year 1800, was first placed in charge of J. B. Corbin. To supply these posts, he procured his outfit from the Northwest Company at Grand Portage. It is said that his outfit of goods each year amounted to the sum of forty thousand dollars, which he distributed in different posts on the south shores of Lake Superior, Wisconsin, Chippeway, and St. Croix Rivers. He resided himself at La Pointe, having taken to wife the daughter of White Crane, the hereditary chief of this village. Cadotte, though he continued to winter in different parts of the Ojibway country from this time, always considered La Pointe Island as his home, and here he died in 1836, at the advanced age of seventy-two years.

In the year 1808, during the summer while John B. Corbin had charge of the Lac Coutereille post, messengers, whose faces were painted black, and whose actions appeared strange, arrived at the different principal villages of the Ojibways. In solemn councils they performed certain ceremonies, and told that the Great Spirit had at last condescended to hold communion with the red race, through the medium of a Shawano prophet, and that they had been sent to impart the glad tidings. The Shawano sent them word that the Great Spirit was about to take pity on his red children, whom he had long forsaken for their wickedness. He bade them to return to the primitive usages and customs of their ancestors, to leave off the use of everything which the evil white race had introduced among them. Even the fire-steel must be discarded, and fire made as in ages past, by the friction of two sticks. And this fire, once lighted in their principal villages, must always be kept sacred and burning. He bade them to discard the use of fire-water - to give up lying and stealing and warring with one another. He even struck at some of the roots of the Me-da-we religion, which he asserted had become permeated with many evil medicines, and had lost almost altogether its original uses and purity. He bade the medicine men to throw away their evil and poisonous medicines, and to forget the songs and ceremonies attached thereto, and he introduced new medicines and songs in their place. He prophesied that the day was nigh, when, if the red race listened to and obeyed his words, the Great Spirit would deliver them from their dependence on the whites, and prevent their being finally down-trodden and exterminated by them. The prophet invited the Ojibways to come and meet him at Detroit, where in person, he would explain to them the revelations of the "Great Master of Life." He even claimed the power of causing the dead to arise, and come again to life.

It is astonishing how quickly this new belief obtained possession in the minds of the Ojibways. It spread like wild-fire throughout their entire country, and even reached the remotest northern hunters who had allied themselves with the Crees and Assiniboines. The strongest possible proof which can be adduced of their entire belief, is in their obeying the mandate to throw away their medicine bags, which the Indian holds most sacred and inviolate. It is said that the shores of Sha-ga-waum-ikong were strewed with the remains of medicine bags, which had been committed to the deep. At this place, the Ojibways collected in great numbers. Night and day, the ceremonies of the new religion were performed, till it was at last determined to go in a body to Detroit, to visit the prophet. One hundred and fifty canoes are said to have actually started from Pt. Shag-a-waum-ik-ong for this purpose, and so strong was their belief, that a dead cchild was brought from Lac Coutereille to be taken to the prophet for resuscitation. This large party arrived on their foolish journey, as far as the Pictured Rocks, on Lake Superior, when, meeting with Michel Cadotte, who had been at Sault Ste. Marie for his annual outfit of goods, his influence, together with information of the real motives of the prophet in sending for them, succeeded in turning them back. The few Ojibways who had gone to visit the prophet from the more eastern villages of the tribe, had returned home disappointed, and brought back exaggerated accounts of the suffering through hunger, which the prose-

lytes of the prophet who had gathered at his call, were enduring, and also giving the lie to many of the attributes which he had assumed. It is said that at Detroit he would sometimes leave the camp of the Indians, and be gone, no one knew whither, for three and four days at a time. On his return he would assert that he had been to the spirit land and communed with the master of life. It was, however, soon discovered that he only went and hid himself in a hollow oak which stood behind the hill on which the most beautiful portion of Detroit City is now built. These stories became current among the Ojibways, and each succeeding year developing more fully the fraud and warlike purpose of the Shawano, the excitement gradually died away among the Ojibways, and the medicine men and chiefs who had become such ardent believers hung their heads in shame whenever the Shawano was mentioned. At this day it is almost impossible to procure any information on this subject from the old men who are still living, who were once believers and preached their religion, so anxious are they to conceal the fact of their once having been so egregiously duped. The venerable chiefs Buffalo, of La Pointe, and Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe, of Leech Lake, who have been men of strong minds and unusual intelligence, were not only firm believers of the prophet, but undertook to preach his doctrines.

One essential good resulted to the Ojibways through the Shawano excitement — they drew away from their poinsonous roots and medicines; and poisoning, which was formerly practised by their worst class of medicine men, has since become almost entirely unknown. So much has been written respecting the prophet and the new beliefs which he endeavored to inculcate amongst his red brethren, that we will no longer dwell on the merits or demerits of his pretended mission. It is now evident that he and his brother Tecumseh had in view, and worked to effect, a general alliance of the red race, against the white, and their final extermination from the "Great Island which the great spirit had given as an inheritance to his red children."

In giving an account of the Shawano excitement among the Ojibways, we have digressed somewhat from the course of our narrative. The messengers of the prophet reached the Ojibway village at Lac Coutereille, early in the summer of 1808, and the excitement which they succeeded in raising, tended greatly to embitter the Indians' mind against the white race. There was a considerable quantity of goods stored in Michel Cadotte's storehouse, which was located on the shores of the lake, and some of the most foolish of the Indians, headed by Nig-gig (The Otter) - who is still living - proposed to destroy the trader's goods, in accordance with the prophet's teachings to discard the use of everything which the white man had learned them to want. The influence of the chief Mons-o-ne at first checked the young men, but the least additional spark to their excitement caused his voice to be unheard, and his influence to be without effect. John Baptiste Corbin, a young Canadian of good education, was in charge of the post, and through his indiscretion the flame was lighted which led to the pillage of the post, and caused him to flee for his life, one hundred miles through a pathless wilderness, to the shores of Lake Superior. As was the general custom of the early French traders, he had taken to wife a young woman of the Lac Coutereille village, related to an influential family. During the Shawano excitement, he found occasion to give his wife a severe beating, and to send her away almost naked, from under his roof, to her parents' wigwam. This act exasperated the Indians; and as the tale spread from lodge to lodge, the young men leaped into their canoes and paddling over to the trading house, which stood about one mile opposite their village, they broke open the doors and helped themselves to all which the storehouses contained. Mons. Corbin, during the excitement of the pillage, fled in affright. An Ojibway whom he had befriended, followed his tracks, and catching up with him, gave him his blanket, moccasins, and fire-works, with directions to enable him to reach La Point, Shag-a-waum-ik-ong, on Lake Superior, which he did, after several days of hardship and solitary wandering.

This act, on the part of the Lac Coutereille band, was very much regretted by the rest of the tribe. Keesh-ke-mun, the chief at Lac du Flambeau, was highly enraged against this village, and in open council, he addressed the ringleaders with the most bitter and cutting epithets. It came near being the cause of a bloody family feud, and good-will became eventually restored only through the exertions of the kind-hearted Michel Cadotte, who, by this stroke, became crippled in his means as an Indian trader, and who from this time gradually curtailed his business, till in the year 1823 he sold out all his interests in the Ojibway trade to his two sons-in-law, Lyman M. and Truman A. Warren, and retired to a quiet retreat at La Pointe, after having passed forty years in the arduous, active and dangerous career of a pioneer fur trader. In 1784 we find him wintering with a small outfit of goods on the Numa-ka-gun River, and year after year moving his post further westward, leading the Ojibways into richer, but more dangerous hunting grounds. In 1792 we find him wintering on Leaf River of the Upper Mississippi, and in company with his elder brother, opening a vast area of Indian country, to the enterprise of fur traders.

The marks of his wintering posts are pointed out at Thief River, emptying into Crow Wing, at Leech, Winnipeg, and Cass Lakes, at Pokaguma Falls, and at Oak Point, on the Upper Mississippi, where he is said again to have narrowly escaped the bullets of the wild Indians. At Yellow Lake, Snake River, Poka-guma (in the St. Croix region) and at different points on the Chippeway and Wisconsin Rivers, the marks of this old pioneer are still visible. Like all other traders who have passed their lifetime in the Indian country, possessing a charitable heart and an open hand, ever ready to relieve the poor and suffering Indian, he died poor, but not unlamented. He was known among the Ojibways by the name of Ke-che-me-shane (Great Michel).

"THE PILLAGERS"

About fifty-seven years ago (1795), John Baptiste Cadotte (who has already been mentioned in previous chapters) arrived at Red Cedar, or Cass Lake, late in the fall, with a supply of goods, ammunition, and other nesessaries, intending to pass the winter in trading with the Pillagers and northern Ojibways. The Pillagers, at their village on Leech Lake, were preparing to go on a grand war party against the Dakotas, but being destitute of ammunition, the men repaired in a body to Cass Lake, to procure a supply from the trader who had so opportunely arrived. It being contrary to his interests as a trader, that the Indians should go to war at this season of the year, Mons. Cadotte endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose. He invited them to council, and after stating to them his wishes, he presented some tobacco, and a small keg of liquor to each head, or representative chief, of the several grand clans, or totems, and promised them, that if they would give up their present war-like intentions, and hunt well during the winter, in the spring he would give them all the ammunition he might have on hand, to use against their enemies . . .

"EITHER GO INTO CONFINEMENT OR ACT AS INTERPRETERS"

... Of the Ojibway half-breeds, John Baptiste and Michel, sons of Michel Cadotte, Sr., of La Pointe, were captured or enticed by the British of Isle Drummond, and there given the option, either to go into confinement during the war, or act as interpreters and use their influence to collect the Ojibways. They accepted the latter alternative, and were actors in all the principal Canadian battles, and were present on the occasion of Tecumseh's death. John Baptiste was severely wounded, and is now a pensioner on the British government. Michel is also living, minus one arm, at La Pointe, on Lake Superior.

After the taking of Fort Howard, on the island of Mackinaw, the Ojibways of Lake Superior and the inland country towards the Mississippi, being deprived of their usual resident traders and supplies, congregated in unusual numbers on the island. The British took this occasion again to renew their attempts to induce them to join their arms. They, however, signally failed to make an impression on their minds, as the Ojibways were influenced by one of their principal chiefs, who was noted both for wisdom and firmness of character. His name was Keesh-ke-mun, already mentioned in a previous chapter. On discovery that the councils of this chief was the cause of the failure of their attempts to induce the Ojibways to war against the Americans, the British officers sent for him to come to their council room. The chief obeyed the summons, accompanied by a numerous guard of his warriors. Michel Cadotte, Jr., acted as interpreter, and from his lips have these items and speeches been obtained by the writer.

The British officers, in full uniform, were all collected in the council room, when the Ojibway chieftain and his train entered and silently took the seats allotted to them. Mr. Askin, a British agent, opened the council by stating to the chief that his British father had sent for him, understanding that his councils with his red brethren had shut their ears against his words, and cooled their hearts towards him. "Your British father wishes to know who you are, that you should do these things—that you should dare to measure yourself against him." After an interval of silence, during which the chieftain quietly smoked his pipe, he at last arose, and shaking hands with the British commandant, he answered as follows:—

"Englishman! you ask me who I am. If you wish to know, you must seek me in the clouds. I am a bird who rises from the earth, and flies far up, into the skies, out of human sight; but though not visible to the eye, my voice is heard from afar, and resounds over the earth!

"Englishman! you wish to know who I am. You have never sought me, or you should have found and known me. Others have sought and found me. The old French sought and found me. He placed his heart within my breast. He told me that every morning I should look to the east and I would behold his fire, like the sun reflecting its rays towards me, to warm me and my children. He told me that if troubles assailed me, to arise in the skies and cry to him, and he would hear my voice. He told me that his fire would last forever, to warm me and my children.

"Englishman! you, Englishman, you have put out the fire of my French father. I became cold and needy, and you sought me not. Others have sought me. Yes, the Long Knife has found me. He has placed his heart on my breast. It has entered there and there it will remain!"

The chieftain here pulled out from his decorated tobacco pouch, an American George Washington medal, which had been given him by a former commandant of Fort Howard, and placing it around his neck, it lay on his breast, as he quietly returned to his seat.

Somewhat excited at the vehement address of the chief, and at the act of seeming bravado which closed his harangue, the British officer replied to him: —

"You say true. I have put out the fire of the French men; and in like manner am I now putting out the fire of the Long Knife. With that medal on your breast, you are my enemy. You must give it to me, that I may throw it away, and in its stead I shall give you the heart of your great British father, and you must stand and fight by his side."

Keesh-ke-mun, without arising from his seat, answered:

"Englishman! the heart of the Long Knife, which he placed on my breast, has entered my bosom. You cannot take it from me without taking my life."

The officer, exasperated at the unflinching firmness of the chieftain, now exclaimed, in anger, addressing the interpreter: "Tell him, sir, that he must give up

his medal, or I shall detain him a prisoner within the walls of this fort." This threat, being duly interpreted to him, the chief grasped his medal in his hand, and once more arising from his seat, he addressed the excited officer, himself not show-

ing the least marks of emotion: -

"Englishman! I shall not give up this medal of my own will. If you wish to take it from me, you are stronger than I am. But I tell you, it is but a mere bauble. It is only an emblem of the heart which beats in my bosom; to cut out which you must first kill me! Englishman! you say that you will keep me a prisoner in this your strong house. You are stronger than I am. You can do as you say. But remember that the voice of the Crane echoes afar off, and when he summons his children together, they number like the pebbles on the Great Lake shore!"

After a short consultation between the officers and Mr. Askin, the commandant

again addressed the Chief: -

"Your words are big, but I fear them not. If you refuse to give up the medal of the Long Knives, you are my enemy, and you know I do not allow my enemies

to live."

The chief answered: "Englishman! you are stronger than I am. If you consider me an enemy because I cherish the heart which has been placed on my bosom, you may do so. If you wish to take my life, you can take it. I came into your strong house because you sent for me. You sent for me wishing to set me on to my father the Long Knife, as a hunter sets his dogs on a deer. I cannot do as you wish. I cannot strike my own father. He, the Long Knife, has not yet told us to fight for him. Had he done so, you Englishmen would not now be in this strong house. The Long Knife counsels us to remain quiet. In this do we know that he is our own father, and that he has confidence in the strength of his single arm."

After some further consultation among the officers, who could not help admiring his great firmness, the chief was dismissed. The next morning, Michel Cadotte (his grandson), was again sent to him to call him to council. Keesh-ke-mun, with a score of his warriors again presented themselves. A large pile of goods and tobacco was

placed before him. Mr. Askin addressed him as follows: -

"Your English father has not sent for you to take your life. You have refused to accept the badge of his heart. You have refused to join him in putting out the fire of the Long Knives who are stealing away your country. Yet he will not detain you. He will not hurt a hair of your head. He tells you to return to your village in peace. He gives you wherewith to warm your children for the coming winter. But he says to you, remain quiet — remember if you join the Long Knives, we shall sweep your villages from the earth, as fire eats up dry grass on the prairie."

Keesh-ke-mun, without answering a word, accepted the presents and returned to his village. To his influence may be chiefly attributed the fact that the Ojibways of Lake Superior and Mississippi remained neutral during the progress of the last

war . . .

"ORIGIN OF THE NORTHWEST COMPANY"

Among the first traders who pushed their enterprise to the villages of the Ojibways on Lake Superior, after France had ceded the Canadas to Great Britain, the names of Alexander Henry and the Cadottes appear most conspicuous. The Northwest Fur Company was not formed till the year 1787 . . .

... In the year 1792, immediately after the noted expedition of John Baptiste Cadotte to the Upper Mississippi, the Northwest Company extended their operations over the whole Ojibway country within the limits of the United States, on Lake Superior and the Mississippi. Their trade in these regions was divided into four departments:—

The Fond du Lac department consisted of the country at the head of Lake Superior, and the sources of the St. Louis and Mississippi Rivers. The Folle Avoine department consisted of the country drained by the waters of the St. Croix. The Lac Coutereille department covered the waters of the Chippeway; and the Lac du Flambeau department, the waters of the Wisconsin . . .

of the Northwest Company, and who may be mentioned as contemporary with John Baptiste and Michel Cadotte, are Nolin, Gaulthier, McGillis, St. Germain, Bazille Beauleau, Chabolier, Wm. Morrison, Cotte, Roussain, Bonga, J. B. Corbin, and others. These early pioneer traders all intermarried in the tribe, and have left sons and daughters to perpetuate their names. Wm. Morrison of Montreal, and J. B. Corbin, of Lac Coutereille, are now the only survivors of all these old traders. . . .

... In 1824, Lyman M. Warren, after having traded in opposition to the American Fur Company for six years, in the Lac du Flambeau, Lac Coutereille and St. Croix departments, entered into an arrangement with them, and took charge as a partner, and under a salary of these three departments, making his depot at La Pointe. He continued with the same arrangement till the year 1834 . . .

Truman A. Warren. They first came into the Ojibway country from Vermont, in 1818. They hired the first year in charge of small outfits, to Charles Ermatinger, at the rate of \$500 per annum. They soon took outfits on their own account, and traded with great success in the Lac Coutereille and Lac du Flambeau departments. In 1821, they married each a daughter of the old trader Michel Cadotte, and their trade increasd to such a degree that in 1824, Lyman Warren made an apparently advantageous arrangement with the Astor Fur Company, becoming a partner thereof, besides receiving a handsome salary. Truman died in 1825, on board a vessel bound from Mackinaw to Detroit, from a severe cold caused by the extreme exposure incident to an Indian trader's life. He died much lamented by the Ojibways, who had already learned to love him for his many gentle and good traits of character. (James Ermatinger married the widow and established the post at Jim Falls. — Ed. Note)

La Pointe Island, and continued with slight interruptions and varried success, to trade with the Ojibways till his death in 1847. He lies buried at La Pointe, and his name may now well be mentioned among the early American pioneers of the northwest. Half a century hence, when the scenes of the wild adventures and hardships shall be covered with teeming towns and villages, these slight records of individuals who still live in the memory of the present generation, will be read with far greater interest than at the present day.

"OJIBWAYS AT THE CAPTURE OF MACKINAW ISLAND A. D. 1812"

The President of the United States by the order of Congress on June 19, 1812, declared war against Great Britain. The United States military post on Mackinaw Island was then in command of Porter Hanks, a lieutenant of artillery. About dawn of the morning of the 17th of July, a flotilla from St. Joseph's Island at the mouth of the Ste. Marie River, consisting of a brig of the Northwest Company, ten batteau, and seventy canoes, arrived at Mackinaw Island with British forces. At ten in the morning, a piece of artillery was in a position on a height commanding the American garrison. Lieutenant Hanks was greatly surprised, as he had not received official notice of the declaration of war. His entire force was only 61 persons, and he was obliged to surrender. The British troops were composed of 40 regulars, 260 Canadians, and 432 Indians. Capt. Charles Roberts was in command of the whole, and Robert Dickson was at the head of the Sioux, Folle Avoine, and Winnebago In-

dians, and John Askin was the leader of the Ojibways and Ottawas. Askin, in his report, expressed his indebtedness to his subordinates, Michel Cadotte, Jr., Charles Longlade, and Augustin Nolin. He wrote to his superior officer. "I firmly believe not a soul of them would have been saved," if the Americans had fired a gun, and also, "I never saw so determined a set of people as the Chippeways and Attawas." Among the British traders, in this expedition, were Crawford, John Johnson, Pothier, Armatinger, La Croix, Franks, and Rolette.

(Taken from the "History of the Ojibway Nation" by William Whipple Warren — with kind permission of the Minnesota Historical Society.)

"I HAD LEARNED FROM CADOTTE"

. . . The settlement at the Falls will now claim our attention and as indicating the social condition, and the difficulties under which the early settlers labored, I will quote from a letter just received from Rev. Dr. Alfred Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, he says: "In 1842, I was appointed Indian agent at La Point, Lake Superior, and in going there went up the Chippewa river in a keel boat to the mouth of the Red Cedar. It was in the month of November, and so cold that the floating ice cut a hole in the bow of our boat, and we were compelled to land. The next morning the river was closed with ice, and the snow was a foot deep. Mr. Jean Brunett was in charge of the boat, which was laden with provisions, clothing, etc., for the company's mill at the Falls, to which place Mr. Brunett sent messengers for teams to draw up the freight. But the cattle being out on the Rush bottoms, (Lowe's creek bottoms,) a week passed before the team arrived, and we were two days reaching the Falls. My position as Indian agent made Mr. Warren, (the sub-agent and blacksmith before named) one of my employees, and I went to his house and stayed several weeks waiting for the ice to bridge the rivers, lakes and swamps so that we could make a winter's passage through to La Point, which detained me until nearly Christmas.

Finding an excellent library at Mr. Warren's, I improved my time in reading; and Mrs. Warren, though seven-eights Indian and spoke only the Chippewa language, was an excellent cook and neat house-keeper. Their house was of hewn logs, two stories high, furnished with good beds, and I fared like a prince. The Indians for 40 or 50 miles around hearing that their "Father," the agent, was there came in to see me, and both they and the lumbermen who had troublesome teeth came in to have them extracted, the tools for which I carried with me, as every traveler among them should. In the meantime Mr. Warren fitted out the trains, one for dogs the other a one horse rig. These vehicles are very peculiar, being a thin rock-elm board 10 feet long, and from 12 to 15 inches wide, bent up at the forward end like a runner, and strips of ceder fastened to the edge having holes through them to facilitate binding on their loads. We reached La Point in ten days, five men going ahead on snow-shoes, but I rode on the train."

The following summer Mr. Brunson made another trip, and writes as follows: "On the 24th of May, 1842, I left Prairie du Chien with a company of miners, bound for the newly purchased copper mines of Lake Superior. We had three wagons, nine yoke of oxen, three horses and fourteen men. After the first ten miles we had to look out our own road, bridge some deep narrow streams and ford others. I had learned from Cadot, brother of Mrs. Warren, the previous winter, what the face of the country was between Black river and Chippewa Falls. At the former place we found the Mormons in possession getting out timber for their Nauvoo Temple; to them, and our company, I preached the first Gospel sermon ever delivered in that valley. We ferried over Black river on their keel boats, except the cattle who swam. Trempeleau was crossed high up the valley, and thence over the ridge into the val-

ley of the Eau Claire which we crossed on a raft, the water being too deep to ford, as we judged ten miles from its mouth.

We sighted an elk while ascending the ridge between the Eau Claire and Chippewa, from whence we descried Mr. Warren's barn, for which we steered our course, and struck the Chippewa within twenty rods of the Falls, and ferried over on the company's keel boats fastened together and covered with plank."

"Obtaining a guide from Mr. Warren, and an addition of three or four men to our force, we took the divide between the Chippewa and Red Cedar, crossed the outlet of a lake we called Cedar Lake, fifty yards wide and three feet deep, with a fleet of canoes sailing around us, wondering at our wagons and hungering for provisions."

"The fourth of July found us at Lake Che-tack, with a dozen Indians in our camp, and feeling a glow of patriotism, the men with me must have an oration, and I being the only talker by trade, was selected as the orator of the day, and delivered, I suppose, the first speech of the kind ever pronounced in that vvalley. William Warren, my interpreter, explained my discourse to the Indians present, who said they understood the history of our revolution. Very little game was seen along the route, and that little between Black and Chippewa rivers, that being a kind of neutrally forbidden ground, between the hostile bands."

Messrs. Brunett & Warren were undoubtedly competent men to manage the business of an Indian trading post, but projectors and capitalists who furnished the means to build the new mill, and construct booming works at the Falls, very soon discovered that in order for a successful prosecution of the business, some person more experienced, and possessing greater executive ability, must be placed at the helm. Five years had now passed, and no return for the capital invested had been realized, or seemed likely to accrue, and the company were anxious to find some responsible party to take the property off their hands. The death of Mr. Warren during the winter following the visit of Mr. Brunson, hastened the necessity for prompt action, and accordingly, early in the summer of 1844, the mill, with all their teams, tools, boats and fixtures, was sold to Jacob W. Bass and Benjamin W. Brunson, son and son-in-law of the Rev. Dr. aforesaid. The consideration was \$20,000, payable in annual installments, with interest.

"HE WAS BORN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD"

The Rev. Dr. Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, whose able contributions to the State Historical collections, and other learned treatise mark his efforts as most thorough in research, reliable in statement, and clear in delineation, writes under date of June 26, as follows: "In your history No. 9, you speak of an ancient mound. This reminds me of one I saw in 1842, between the Falls and Mr. Warren's, where Chippewa City now stands, and as it has a bit of history, I venture to give it:

"The mound, as near as I can recollect, was a mile or more south of Mr. Warren's. It was round, or nearly so, some thirty or forty feet in diametre, and four or five feet high. In the centre there was a hole resembling a rifle pit. It was this, that attracted my attention, and led to inquiry. There were a number of smaller ones in the vicinity, but I only examined this one.

"Michael Cadott, a brother of Mrs. Warren, told me that he was born in the neighborhood, his father being a trader, and his post some five miles below Warren on the river. He was then fift-two years old, which would take his birth back to 1790. (The baptismal record and his father's account book states his birthdate to be Sept. 6, 1787. Perhaps the first child born in this area of white parentage. — Ed. note) His father told him in after years, that during his residence there, two years, the Sauks and Foxes came there from below, to make war on the Chippewas, the

Sauks, from Sauk prairie, on the Wisconsin river, and the Foxes from Prairie du Chien — and had their fight on the site of this mound, and the neighboring timber and brush. He said the pit in the large mound, and the pits in the smaller mounds, and some in the open prairie, were digged by the Sauks and Foxes, from which they fought till being repulsed they retreated, and never returned to fight the Chippewas again."

These mounds referred to by the Rev. Doctor, I have frequently examined exteriorly, but am not aware that any excavations have been made into or about them. It may be that the traditionary statements of Mr. Cadott have some foundation in truth, but I was inclined to think that these pits and mounds, and all the earth works, and tumuli found in the State, belong to a period more remote. And in support of my views will quote from the same learned author. Wis. His. Col., vol. 4 p. 225: "Early History of Wisconsin." "The earliest inhabitants of the district now included within this State, of whom we have any knowledge, were the ancestors of the present Indians of this vicinity, and from the best light I have been able to obtain upon the subject from Indian traditions, and from the earliest history of the country, the Dakota, or Sioux, were the occupants and owners of the soil, of what is now our entire State, together with Minnesota, and the northern parts of Illinois and Iowa."

This occupancy we can trace back for about two hundred and fifty years, and if the growth of trees on the mounds which indicate at least four hundred years to the time of the mound builders, be a true index, it is very strange that the Sioux have no traditions of them, as there would have been but one hundred and fifty years between them. This makes it probable that the time of the mound builders was farther back in the world's history than is generally supposed." If the date referred to by Cadott were the period in which these mounds were constructed, we should certainly find in and about them articles of European manufacture, but in scarcely any of them have any such articles been found. Carver always refers to them as the works of an extinct race, who, most likely, cultivated the soil and lived in towns and villages . . .

"WEATHER REPORT - 1846-47"

The winter of 1846-7, was in some respects very remarkable; scarcely any snow fell, and so intensely cold was the weather that the water in the Chippewa, at the Falls, froze to the bottom, forcing it to overflow, in the same manner we frequently see small rivulets rise to the surface and cause a fresh layer of ice every night, and this was continued until every rock, island and tree on the Falls, were submerged with ice, lying solid in many places twenty feet in thickness from the bottom. I have never known this to occur since. This scaracity of snow extended the whole length of the river to its source, and would have proved ruinous to "long hauling" contracts, had there been any at the time, but Messrs. Colton & Moses, on Yellow river, for the Falls company, and the Hoosier Logging company on the Eau Claire, had bank hauling, and managed even without snow to get large stocks of logs for their respective companies. But if the winter was remarkable for want of snow, the spring was still more remarkable for absence of rain, there being scarcely enough to lay the dust through the entire months of April and May, and not a log floated in either the Yellow or Eau Claire rivers during the whole time. But on the evening of the 5th of June, after a foggy morning and a hot windy day, rain commenced falling, accompanied with most fearful thunder and lightning, unlike anything I ever before heard, or witnessed, and continued to pour down in torrents until eight o'clock the next morning, at which time the Chippewa had risen twelve feet, and was covered with logs, drift wood and the debris of piers and booms from the Falls, where

a total wreck of all the costly structures placed in the river during the previous winter, to stop and hold logs, had been made; nothing was left but the mill, and its race and guard locks were completely demolished or filled with gravel.

More than ten thousand logs — the entire stock out of Yellow river was carried away, and the total avails of a winter's operations perished in this flood . . .

"THE DEATH OF WARREN"

A few noteworthy incidents have been omitted. A fatal accident occurred in the hay-meadow on O'Neil's creek, where the two brothers, George and Edward Warren, nephews of Mr. Warren, previously mentioned in these pages, were at work haying; the latter, with a rifle in his hands, was passing through a thicket, and by some means the trigger was caught by a twig, discharging the contents into his body in the region of his heart. He lived a few hours, and was greatly mourned, being highly respected by all who knew him.

(Taken from "History of the Chippewa Valley" by Thomas E. Randall.)

CHAPTER 3

SUMMARY AND NARRATIVE ACCOUNTS

"THE BRITISH REGIME IN WISCONSIN AND THE NORTHWEST"

... In January, 1765, General James Murray issued a proclamation stating that all hostilities having ceased, friendly intercourse with the Indians was now restored. He required all traders to take out a license and to give security to observe the regulations that the Indian office should establish, and to enter into a bond not to trade beyond the garrisoned posts. The Montreal traders February 20 petitioned Murray protesting this proclamation, pointing out the hardships involved in the security and bond demanded. They asserted that if they were not allowed to pass beyond the confines of Mackinac that the French from New Orleans would secure all the trade of the country between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan. Fifty-seven names were signed to this petition, among them both British and French traders, who made headquarters at Montreal. Murray replied that he would submit their case to General Gage and ultimately solicit his majesty to have the restriction removed . . .

. . . Meanwhile, Captain Howard at Mackinac was being besought by the traders who had arrived at his post to grant permission for interior trade. Howard, seeing the necessity for relaxation of the prohibition, allowed a favored few to go into the interior — Henry and Cadotte to Lake Superior, James Stanley Goddard and Henry Bostwick to La Baye. In this action he was not without warrant since Johnson had granted him permission to make exceptions where he deemed it necessary . . .

. . . Rogers' agents found in the spring of 1767 that a large concourse of French and Spanish traders had come up the river to Prairie du Chien, and the Mackinac commandant attempted to overrule this competion in favor of British merchants, many of whom, however, were French traders from Montreal . . .

. . . Rogers' methods will bear summarizing. He began with the Ottawa who dwelt about thirty miles from his post on the east shore of Lake Michigan. To them he sent Madame Cardin, wife of the former royal notary, Louis Cardin. For the Chippewa at Mackinac island and Sault Ste. Marie he employed Alexander Henry and his French partner, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, who by diplomacy abstracted a French flag from the Chippewa, which Rogers replaced with an English one. The Chippewa were in continual enmity with the great Sioux tribe, whom they were pushing out of their best hunting grounds at the headwaters of the Mississippi. Rogers attempted to make peacebetween these warring tribes, and large delegations of western Indians were invited to come to Mackinac. A conference was held in June, 1767, in which all the Wisconsin tribes took part . . .

trade. The two great sources of wealth in the wilderness were furs and mines. It had long been known that the shores of Lake Superior abounded in minerals and more than one attempt had been made to discover and open mines in that region. Robert Rogers, when he was in England preparatory to his command at Mackinac, suggested the possibility of discovering mines. His patron, Honorable Charles Townshend, had apparently commissioned him to make enquiries and on arrival at Mackinac the interest of Henry Bostwick, an early British trader, was enlisted in the enterprise. Bostwick set forth in the spring of 1767 and at the Sault he obtained the services of Jean Baptiste Cadotte, who had been there during the French mining operations and who knew all the Indian traditions and superstitions. Together Bostwick and Cadotte skirted the southern shore of Lake Superior and mounted the Ontonagon river as far as the great copper rock, which had been known to the French. They broke off speci-

mens with hammer and hatchet and Cadotte appeared the Indians' suspicions by the gift of a few presents . . .

. . . Bostwick represented the American partners — Edward Chinn of Montreal, Alexander Henry, and Jean Baptiste Cadotte. A petition was drawn up and presented to the king, asking a grant of all the mineral rights on Lake Superior . . .

. . . The most important preliminary to the campaigns of 1780 and 1781 was the

Spanish declaration of war with Great Britain . . .

Baptiste Cadotte, now a lieutenant in the Indian service, along the south shore of Lake Superior. When Sinclair learned of the intended raid on Spanish Louisiana, he dispatched Cadotte to the great Sioux chief Wabashaw, who although dwelling on Spanish soil was a man of uncommon abilities with a People undebauched, addicted to war and jealously attached to His Majesty's Interests. Wabashaw was ordered to lead his warriors down the Mississippi and to cooperate with any British forces he might find en route. His interpreter, Joseph la Rocque, was to accompany him . . .

. . . Perrault was in great terror all winter, as he was warned by the Menominee that the Chippewa would attack his fort. One day in the spring he looked up the river to see the water covered with Chippewa canoes. He rushed to his fort and barred the door, but when the Indians demanded entrance they gave him a letter from Michel Cadotte, one of the sons of Jean Baptiste, the interpreter. The younger Cadotte was wintering on Lac Court Oreilles, and his message was a warning to his fellow trader that the band of Chippewa intended to take vengeance upon Perrault, whom they thought treacherous, for the killing of their comrade in the Sioux quarrel. This timely warning saved Perrault's life; he paid a ransom for the lost Chippewa and safely got away from his post to Mackinac with twenty-one packs of furs . . .

Sir John Johnson, Indian agent at Montreal, sent West his deputy John Dease to try and arrange a peace. Dease employed Joseph Ainse to visit the upper Mississippi, who gathered at Prairie du Chien a large delegation of Sioux, Chippewa, Menominee, Sauk and Foxes. Perrault describes the ceremonies, by which each group massed in columns and moved across the prairie, forming in three large triangles, each with its orator in the center, holding the pipe of peace. Then to the sound of a chant, the Chippewa leader presented the pipe to the Sioux, all of whom accepted it except one young chief. After he had been pacified, the ceremony continued and completed the peace pact. The chiefs accompanied Ainse and the traders to Mackinac, where in July, 1786, the delegations from the Mississippi and Wisconsin met those from Lake Superior, brought in by Cadotte . . .

. . . The North West company controlled the trade of all northern Wisconsin; in 1797 it removed its offices at the Sault to the British side of the strait, and built a crude canal with locks to take up canoes and beauteaux. Its two centers beyond the Sault were at Fond du Lac of Lake Superior and at La Pointe on Madeline island. These were usually occupied by one of the North West partners. From these centers clerks were sent into the interior with goods to trade with all the northern bands. July 25, 1796, Jean Baptiste Cadotte took a contract for all the region centering at Fond du Lac. His brother Michel Cadotte had charge of the post at La Pointe . . .

... The supremacy of the North West company was challenged in 1798 by the organization of a new company, usually designated as the 'X Y company,' made up of some of the fur trade magnates who had refused to cooperate with the older company. Five years of intense rivalry followed which left its mark on Wisconsin enterprise; then the two concerns were merged, competition dropped, and profits were more increased. For Wisconsin's share in this cutthroat period we have the record of two clerks: one employed by the North West company at Lac du Flambeau; the other an X Y man on Yellow river and lake in St. Croix county . . .

(Reference is made here to Malhiot and Curot journals in Wisconsin State Historical Society Coll. – Ed. note)

(Taken from the British Regime in Wisconsin and the Northwest, Wisconsin State Historical Society, 1935.)

"THE STORY OF CHEQUAMEGON BAY"

the winter of 1765-66 upon the mainland, opposite the island. Henry had obtained from the English commandant at Mackinaw the exclusive trade of Lake Superior, and at Sault Ste. Marie took into partnership with him Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a thrifty Frenchman, who for many years thereafter was one of the most prominent characters on the Upper Lakes. Henry and Cadotte spent everal winters together on Lake Superior, but only one upon the shores of Chequamegon, which Henry styles "the metropolis of the Chippeways."

The next dweller at Chequamegon Bay, of whom we have record, was John Johnston, a Scotch-Irish fur trader of some education. Johnston established himself on Madeline Island, not far from the site of the old French fort; some four miles across the water, on the mainland to the west, near where is now the white town of Bayfield, was a Chippewa village with whose inhabitants he engaged in traffic. Waubojeeg (White Fisher), a forest celebrity in his day, was the village chief at this time, and possessed of a comely daughter whom Johnston soon sought and obtained in marriage. Taking his bride to his island home, Johnston appears to have lived there for a year or two in friendly commerce with the natives, at last retiring to his old station at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mention has been made of Jean Baptiste Cadotte, who was a partner of Alexander Henry in the latter's Lake Superior trade, soon after the middle of the century. Cadotte, whose wife was a Chippewa, after his venture with Henry had returned to Sault Ste. Marie, from which point he conducted an extensive trade through the Northwest. Burdened with advancing years, he retired from the traffic in 1796, and divided the business between his two sons, Jean Baptiste and Michel.

About the opening of the present century, Michel took up his abode on Madelaine Island, and from that time to the present there has been a continuous settlement there. He had been educated at Montreal, marrying Equaysayway, the daughter of White Crane, the village chief of La Pointe, at once became a person of much importance in the Lake Superior country. Upon the old trading site at the southwestern corner of the Island, by this time commonly called La Pointe — borrowing the name, as we have seen, from the original La Pointe, on the mainland, and it in turn from Point Chequamegon, — Cadotte for over a quarter of a century lived at his ease; here he cultivated a "comfortable little farm," commanded a fluctuating, but often farreaching fur trade, first as agent of the Northwest Company and later of Astor's American Fur Company; and reared a considerable family, the sons of which were, as he had been, educated at Montreal, and became the heads of families of Creole traders, interpreters, and voyageurs whom antiquarians now confidently seek when engaged in resurrecting the French and Indian traditions of Lake Superior.

In the year 1818 there came to the Lake Superior country two sturdy, fairly-educated young men, natives of the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, — Lyman Marcus Warren, and his younger brother, Truman Abraham. They were of the purest New England stock, being lineally descended from Richard Warren, one of the "Mayflower" company. Engaging in the fur trade, the brothers soon became popular with the Chippewas, and in 1821 still further entrenched themselves in the affections of the tribesmen by marrying the two half-breed daughters of old Michel Cadotte, — Lyman taking unto himself Mary, while Charlotte became the wife of Truman. At first the War-

rens worked in opposition to the American Fur Company, but John Jacob Astor's lieutenants were shrewd men and understood the art of overcoming commercial rivals. Lyman was made by them a partner in the lake traffic, and in 1824 established himself at La Pointe as the company's agent for the Lac Flambeau, Lac Court Oreille, and St. Croix departments, an arrangement which continued for some fourteen years. The year previous, the brothers had bought out the interests of their father-in-law, who now, much reduced in means, retired to private life after forty years' prosecution of the forest trade.

The brothers Warren were the last of the great La Point fur traders. Truman passed away early in his career, having expired in 1825, while upon a voyage between Mackinaw and Detroit. Lyman lived at La Pointe until 1838, when his connection with the American Fur Company was dissolved; he then became United States sub-agent to the Chippewa reservation on Chippewa River, where he died on the tenth of October, 1847, aged fifty-three years . . .

(Taken from "Wisconsin Historical Collections," vol. 13.)

"A JEAN BAPTISTE CADOTTE ACCOUNT 1760-1810"

Among the fur traders who attained prominence in the Lake Superior region during the British regime, 1760-1812, were Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a French Canadian, and his eldest son, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a half-breed.

Very little is known about the early life of the elder Jean Baptiste Cadotte. It is said that he was the son of Mons. Cadeau, who first came into the Northwest in the train of the French envoy, Sieur de Saint Lusson, when he took possession of the whole region for France at Sault Ste. Marie in 1671; that his early life was spent as a "merchant voyageur" trading with the Ojibway Indians in their villages on Lake Superior, and that in 1751, he was among those employed by the Sieur Chevalier de Repentigmy, commander of the fort at Sault Ste. Marie. Upon the outbreak of the war between France and England which ended in the overthrow of French power in Canada, Repentigmy left the fort in charge of J. B. Cadotte. It was at this post that Alexander Henry, one of the first of the English traders to arrive in the Upper Country after the capitulation of Montreal, found him and his famliy on May 19, 1762. M. Cadotte, who had been interpreter at the fort, was the only French trader of any importance who remained after the war, and his family was the only one left at the stockaded fort. It is said that he desired and had attempted to leave, but the Ojibways who had become very much attached to him and his half-breed children, threatened to use force if he insisted upon going.

His wife was a Chippeway woman to whom he was married in Mackinac by a Catholic priest on October 28, 1756. She was a woman of strong character, energetic, tactful and very "generally respected". According to tradition she exercised great influence over her relatives, among whom were numbered Ojibway chiefs, and she ably assisted her husband in his trading operations by making long journeys to the distant villages of her people accompanied only by the Canadians who manned her canoes. It was upon one of these voyages, in the early summer of 1764 when enroute from Michilinackinac that she helped Alexander Henry to escape from the dangers of hostile Indians by permitting him to accompany her to Sault Ste. Marie.

Although at this time there was great disaffection among the tribes of the West, the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie remained peaceful because of the powerful influence exercised over them by M. Cadotte. They regarded him as their chief. In vain the messengers from Pontiac sought to pursuade the Chippeways of Lake Superior join in the great Indian uprising, Pontiac's conspiracy. When Henry arrived at Sault with Madame Cadotte, he found thirty warriors who had been deterred from entering the war solely through Cadotte's influence. On the sixth day after his

arrival, a canoe full of Indians, hostile to the English, came from Mackinac with the avowed purpose of assembling a party of braves to accompany them to Detroit and of taking Henry with them. But their plans were frustrated by M. Cadotte, who Henry records, "proceeded to assemble all the chiefs and warriors of the village, and there, after deliberating for some time among themselves, sent for the stranger, to whom both M. Cadotte and the chief of the village addressed a speech." In these speeches, the messengers were warned that Henry was under the protection of the chiefs and any injury done him would be avenged and "were peremptorily told that they might go back, as they came, none of the young men of the village being fool-

ish enough to join them".

As further testimony to the salutary influence wielded by Cadotte, who was not only a friend of Henry's, but of the English as well, Henry adds that "A moment after, a report was brought that a canoe had just arrived from Niagara. As this was a place from which everyone was anxious to hear news, a message was sent to these fresh strangers, requesting them to come to the council." The strangers proved to be messengers from Sir William Johnson, the superintendent, of all the affairs of the six Nations and other Northern Indians, inviting the Indians to a great council, to be held at Niagara, where they would be given an opportunity to make peace with the English, a most desirable thing to do if they did not wish to be destroyed by the British Army, which would arrive in Mackinac in the fall. After a brief conference, the Indians decided to send delegates to meet with Sir William

Johnson.

Pontiac's conspiracy had put an end to all attempts by the English to revive the fur trade in the Northwest, which had been abandoned by the French during the French and Indian War, so it was not until after the suppression of the uprising that the trade was resumed in 1765. In July of that year, J. B. Cadotte entered into partnership with his friend, Alexander Henry, who had secured a license from the commandant of Fort Michilimackinac for the exclusive trade of Lake Superior. Outfits were sent the first winter to Chequmegon Bay on the southern shore of Lake Superior, from which point a clerk with a party of Indians was sent with goods to Fond du Lac. During the next few years, their trading operations were carried on from various wintering grounds on Lake Superior. In the meantime, however, the fur trade had grown with great rapidity. Other traders had penetrated into the Northwest to posts formerly occupied by or unknown to the French. After ten years Cadotte and Henry also ventured into the region northwest of Lake Superior, arriving on October 26th, 1775, in company with Peter Pond, Joseph and Thomas Frobisher, and Mr. Patterson at Cumberland House, a post of the Hudson Bay Company, on Cumberland Lake in Saskatchewan. That the winter might be more profitable to themselves, the traders here separated and established themselves at points where they could intercept the Indians with their furs before they arrived at the Hudson Bay Company post. M. Cadotte took four canoes and went to Fort des Prairies.

But Monsieur Cadotte's services in the extension of the Indian fur trade did not consist soley in bartering good for furs. That he was long a prominent character in the Upper Lake Region, enjoying the confidence of British government officials in Canada and business associates in the fur trade, the records bear ample testimony. The estimation in which he was held by Patt Sinclair, governor and Indian superintendent at Michilimackinac, is disclosed in his letter to General Brehm, written October 29, 1779: "I beg to inform the General that I have given a copy of the inclosed instruction to Mr. Jean Baptiste Cadotte of St. Mary's, a man who was much esteemed by Sir William Johnson and paid for several years by the crown. He has always maintained a good character in this country, rendered services in the Indian commotion (d) '63' he has great influence with the Indians and is considered by them as a great Village Orator besides."

During the eighties he served the Indian department in many capacities. Under the title of lieutenant he conducted a war party into the territory of the Sioux south of Lake Superior. For several years he was employed as interpreter at Sault Ste. Marie. When the Chippeways were at war with the Foxes and Nadowessies he was sent with messages to the former, while later in the decade as government agent, he distributed presents among the warring Chippeways in an effort to restore peace. This latter appointment evidences the esteem in which he was held by fellow associates in the fur trade for it was made by Sir John Johnson, the superintendent general of Indians in the province of Quebec, upon the suggestion of a committee of merchants in Montreal.

Despite the numerous demands made upon his attention by the government, he still retained an active interest in the fur trade. Competition had become so keen that far sighted traders saw the necessity for combination. Among the influential merchants who united in 1785 to form the organization known as the General company of Lake Superior and the South for the purpose of regulating the trade of Mackinac and its dependencies was Jean Baptiste Cadotte.

In 1796, broken in health, he transferred his business to his sons, Jean Baptiste and Michel on condition that they would care for him the rest of his life. He lived to be very old. The date of his death which occurred at Sault Ste. Marie is uncer-

tain but is somewhere between 1803 and 1812.

Although Jean Baptiste Cadotte, Sr. was illiterate he did not neglect the education of his children. Both sons, Jean Baptiste and Michel, attended school in Montreal. The elder brother, Jean Baptiste, was a promising youth who at seventeen was at the Seminary in Montreal preparatory to entering the priesthood. Patt Sinclair, the British governor at Mackinac, in the following letter to Gen. Brehm makes a suggestion as to Jean Baptiste's future: "As he is young and may be managed as to principals (under a very honest father) it would be a good policy to send him to our new Establishment and in time might answer other good purposes." As the boy never entered upon a religious life we may surmise that General Brehm acted upon the hint dropped by Sinclair as he wrote that he would.

According to tradition young Jean Baptiste upon leaving college received from his father 40,000 francs and then began his career as a fur trader. He spent a very successful winter on Chequamegon Bay and disposed of his furs in Montreal. Possessing a generous, improvident nature he soon went through his gift and earnings, whereupon, he appealed to Alexander Henry, his father's former partner, for equipment for an expedition which he wished to conduct into the region about the headwaters of the Mississippi. This region, reported rich in fur bearing animals, but which was almost unknown to the fur trader because of the dangers attendant upon entering a territory warmly contested by the Ojibways and Dakotas.

Alexander Henry supplied the equipment, and because of Cadotte's reputation for courage and daring, he experienced little difficulty in forming a party of traders and trappers, comprising in all sixty men, including Michel, his younger brother. They left Sault Ste. Marie in the latter part of the summer of 1792, "coasted along the southern shores of Lake Superior to Fond du Lac, entered the St. Louis River, packed their canoes and equipment over the nine miles or 'Grand Portage', poled up the river and proceeded by the old or prairie portage route into Sandy Lake." Here the company must have separated as there are two versions of the route taken from there on. The widow of Michel Cadotte, when nearly ninety years old, claimed that the rt. taken by the Cadotte's was down the Mississippi to the Crow River which they ascended to the mouth of he Leaf River. Here they encamped for the winter, after seeing evidences of beaver and of the Dakotas. When their preparations for winter were completed and trappers had been dispatched into the surrounding country, J. B. Cadotte and the few men remaining at headquarters were attacked one morning

by a band of Dakotas. Cadotte, who wished to maintain friendly relations with the tribe for the sake of the fur trade, hoisted the British flag and a flag of truce. Understanding the signals, the Dakotas ceased firing and approached the camp where Cadotte explained through an interpreter that they had come to purchase the Indian's furs. The Dakotas in their turn explained that they had thought the intruders were Ojibway hunters, but since they were white men they were welcome. Cadotte, possessing an unusually keen understanding of Indian nature, then acceded to their request to be admitted to his quarters, but while thus openly evincing his confidence in them, did not relax the vigilance of his guard. He distributed presents among them, and received in return a cordial invitation to accompany them to their camp and obtain the furs in their possession. With thirty men he accepted the invitation. After a busy night of trade, he still had not disposed of all his goods which he observed were regarded with coveteous glances by his savage customers. Upon his departure the next morning, the chief insisted upon accompanying him with a band of warriors as a mark of courtesy. When about half the return distance had been covered the Dakotas sat down to smoke and requested the whites to proceed with the assurance that they would shortly overtake them. Cadotte's interpreter here suspected treachery. When warned, Cadotte with characteristic energy ordered his men to action, threatened the chief with death unless he disarmed his followers and dispersed the Indians whom the interpreter suspected of being concealed in the wood ahead. The chief caught in his treachery obeyed. Cadotte held him and his guard as hostages until he could notify his trappers of the danger imminent, then he presented his prisoners with gifts and released them. His treatment of the Indians proved most effective as the trappers were unmolested the rest of the winter.

In the spring the party ascended the Leaf River, made the portage on Otter Tail Lake, and proceeded from there down the Red River to Prairie Portage where the rest of the expedition had wintered. Here the Dakotas were deterred from making a threatened attack by a bit of strategy after which the traders descended the Red River and returned to Lake Superior by a northern route reaching Grand Por-

tage in the late summer of 1793.

To Jean Baptiste Cadotte Jr. is given the credit for completely opening to the fur traders the region about the upper Mississippi. As a result of the expedition the Northwest company sought to get control of the Indian trade in the region explored and for that purpose new trading posts were very soon established. The central depot was built at Fond du Lac near the mouth of the St. Louis River. In 1794 a post was located on Sandy Lake and several years later another was established at Leech Lake. The country served by these posts together with those on the St. Croix and Lac Coutereille constituted what was known as the Fond du Lac department. In a short time, so rapidly did the Northwest Company extend its operations, every Indian village was reached by a trader.

Tradition relates that Cadotte after his journey of exploration, returned to Montreal, squandered his profits and continued to borrow from Alexander Henry until further loans were refused him and it became necessary for him to go to work. Because of his well-known ability as an Indian trader he experienced no difficulty in securing employment with the Northwest Company. An interesting story is told of how Cadotte eventually discharged his indebtedness.

At a dinner in Montreal given by Alexander Henry to several partners of the Northwest Company, Sir Alexander McKenzie was overheard praising Cadotte. Seeing that McKenzie was kindly disposed toward his debtor, Henry tried to induce him to take over Cadotte's indebtedness at a discount. This Alexander Henry hesitated about doing because of Cadotte's well known spendthrift habits and because he could not act for the company without consulting members of the firm. He was finally, however, persuaded to take it over on his private account. The following incident in

connection with the payment of his debt, Cadotte always related in his later years with emotion. He had just dispatched his canoes from Grand Portage with supplies for his post and was about to step into his own canoe when a bookkeeper of the company, who had come to the shore to bid him goodbye, incidentally mentioned the fact that Sir Alexander McKenzie and other members of the company were having difficulty explaining to the Indians the necessity for evacuating the Grand Portage establishment and building a new in Canada. They would have liked to have called upon Cadotte as as interpreter but did not feel at liberty to do so now that he was his own master. At once Cadotte went to the office and shortly succeeded in making the necessary explanations to the Indians. Among the members of the company who returned with him to the shore was McKenzie who, upon parting, placed a sealed envelope in his hands, saying as he did so that it was in payment for the service just rendered. When out upon the lake, Cadotte opened the letter to find to his infinite surprise the cancellation of his debt to Alexander Henry, the purchase of which by McKenzie he had not known. Overcome with emotion and gratitude he made a firm resolve that the Fond du Lac department would that year yield profits which would repay the company for its generosity and his resolution was rewarded.

Mr. Cadotte in the employ of the Northwest Company, probably spent the winter of 1794-5 at Red Lake and the next year at Red Cedar or Cass Lake, while the season following, 1796-7 was passed at Red Lake once more. In 1797 the Northwest Company gave him the management of the Fond du Lac department on shares, thus affording him an excellent opportunity to display his ability and recuperate his shattered fortune, for the department included not only the depot at Fond du Lac but the posts in Minnesota and Wisconsin enumerated above. He was in charge the next winter of the trading house of the Northwest Company located on the Red Lake River on the present site of the town of Red Lake Falls. Here, David Thompson, who had been sent out by the Northwest company to explore the region west of Lake Superior, visited him. Mr. Thompson welcomed this opportunity of meeting so well educated a native for it enabled him to secure information which could not otherwise be obtained. After commenting upon the fact that Cadotte's wife was a "very handsome native woman, also the daughter of a Frenchman," he says that Cadotte "spoke fluently his native language, with Latin, French, and English. I had long wished to meet a well educated native from whom I could derive sound information for I was well aware that neither myself nor any other person I had met with, who was not a native, were sufficiently masters of the Indian languages."

When the Northwest Company was reorganized at the meeting held at Grand Portage, June 30, 1801, Jean Baptiste Cadotte was one of the six persons admitted as partners of the concern with a one forty-sixth share, his interest to commence

with the outfit of the year 1802.

He with others signed an agreement to the effect that expulsion would be the penalty imposed upon any partner "conducting himself in a manner unworthy of his situation." Two years later he was expelled. On July 19, 1803, the proprietors of the Northwest Company held a meeting at Kaminthiquia and the minutes of the meeting for that date record the fact that "Whereas Jean Baptiste Cadotte . . . has conducted himself improperly by neglecting his duty and indulging in drunkeness and riot . . . he is hereby expelled from the Northwest Company and deprived of every share and interest therein as fully and effectually as if he had never been a partner or signed the said agreement."

His career from that time until his death in 1818 seems veiled in obscurity.

During the period which had elapsed since the coming of the first English fur traders into the Lake Superior region to the retirement of the younger Cadotte from the Northwest Company, the fur industry had developed with unpresedented rapidity. Not only to the British merchants who directed the trade, but to such traders

as the Cadotte's is credit due. Both father and son were men of ability, energy and courage. The loyality of both to the British was unquestioned. Their knowledge of the Indians and the Indian language, their sympathetic understanding of Indian character, together with the complete confidence of the Indians themselves rendered their services invaluable in the rapid extension of the fur trade when British influence was paramount in the Northwest.

(From an account by Honora C. McLachlen (1924). Printed with the kind permission of the Minnesota Historical Society. — Ed. note)

THE FRIENDLY FRENCH

It is difficult, if not impossible, to name the first white man to set foot upon the shores of Lake Superior. Although Etienne Brule cruised the lake in 1622, to be followed by the Jesuits and Radisson and Grossielliers, persistent Indian stories indi-

cate the presence of white men as early as 1610.

We may, however, be reasonably sure that this first visitor was a Frenchman who arrived laden with trinkets, rum, and guns to trade for the precious beaver pelts of the Indians. We may assume, also, that this individual, and many more like him, were unlettered men who were not given to keeping journals of their travels and were not intent upon writing their memoirs as did many of the commissioned explorers and Jesuit Missionaries. These "Marchand Voyageurs" were interested only in acquiring their share of the wealth of the frontier and cared little that they were among the first to penetrate a virgin wilderness or that the pages of history would make no mention of their accomplishments.

As a necessary part of the bartering process, these early Frenchmen spared no effort in befriending and humoring the Indians. They respected the Indian laws, customs, and religion. They learned the Indian language. They married Indian women and, in general, they learned to live in peace and harmony with their Red brothers. In consequence, we have mixed Indian and French families on all of our Indian reservations bearing such names as Charette, Beaulieu, LaPlante, Duchene, and many others. In most instances, the ancestral background is lost in antiquity. However; it may safely be said that many of these people are directly descended from the very

earliest Voyageurs Du Nord.

Circumstances sometimes contrived to thrust one of these obscure traders into a position of leadership among the Indians in which he became associated with known historical people and events. This type of reflected glory enables us to know something of the activities of an unassuming, and I suspect, mercenary trader and voya-

geur name John Baptiste Cadotte.

Cadotte was the son of a Monsieur Cadotte, a member of the retinue of the French envoy, Sieur Du Lusson, who negotiated a trade agreement, for King Louis XIV of France, with the Chippewas of Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie in 1671. This treaty granted permission to the French to move freely in Chippewa territory in the pursuit of trade and the establishment of posts. This proved to be a doubtful privilege which had little value for many years due to the dangers coincident with active and continuing warfare between the Chippewas and the Sioux.

John Baptiste, the second of three generations of Cadottes to be closely associated with the fur trade, married a daughter of Chief Nipissing of the ruling clan of A-waus-e in a Catholic ceremony performed by the Jesuit Friar LeFranc at Mackinaw in 1756. From his headquarters at the Sault, Cadotte became one of the first of the French to establish a post for trade with the Indians of Lake Superior. He also became, in the words of no less an authority that Alexander Henry, "a man enjoying a powerful influence over the Indians who considered M. Cadotte as their Chief." Through this influence, Cadotte was instrumental in restraining the powerful

Chippewas from joining Chief Pontiac in his famous conspiracy with most of the tribes east of the Mississippi which, if successful, would have swept the white man eastward to the Atlantic. Being a shrewd man and an accomplished diplomat, Cadotte sensed that the British would triumph in their conflict with the French in the years immediately preceding the American Revolution. In this conviction, he dissuaded the main body of Chippewas from joining France in an ill fated defense which culminated in French defeat on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec.

It was inevitable that certain bands of Chippewas, still supporting the cause of Pontiac, should disregard the counsel of Cadotte and take up arms against the hated British. The memoirs of Alexander Henry recount an incident which occurred during this turbulant period in which he, an Englishman, narrowly escaped with his life in a terrifying flight from hostile Chippewas to the safety of M. Cadotte's home at the Sault.

The massacre of the British garrison at Michillimacinac also occurred at this time and is vividly described by eye-witness Henry in his journal. It may be gathered from his account of the incident that he was again saved through the intervention of a friendly Indian, Wa-wa-tam, and that he thereafter became a partner in the trading activities of Cadotte at the Sault. One senses that this arrangement was necessary to Mr. Henry's continued activity in the Indian country.

Under this partnership, the Cadotte & Henry trading interests were expanded to include some of the earliest trading posts on the Lake. The first of these, on Chequamegon Bay, was abandoned in 1766 in favor of a new location at Grand Portage which marked the beginning of regular trade at that famous site. As a sideline to a trading venture on the Ontonagun River, Cadotte and Henry are said to have been the first to mine copper commercially on Lake Superior.

To this point, the fur trade had been a small scale operation which was carried on by individual voyageurs and traders or small groups who had pooled their assets

in acquiring the necessary trade goods and equipment.

As the frontier moved slowly westward, the vast untapped wealth of the wilderness became apparent and we enter the long era of organized trade under the great fur companys.

"THE GOLDEN ERA"

The year 1750 marked the beginning of what may be termed the time of the "big push". The Chippewas, partially armed with guns, were pushing the Sioux and Fox Indians out of their ancestral homes around the south and west shores of Lake Superior. The newly independent Yankees or "Long Knives" of the infant U.S.A. were pushing inland from Lake Superior toward the rich resources of the interior wilderpushing inland from Lake Superior toward the rich resources of the interior wilderness. It was a time of strife and hardship, lawlessness and bloodshed, frustration and fulfillment, poverty for the many and quick riches for the few.

Organized trading, to this point, had been confined, almost entirely, to the Hudson Bay Company, a firm of Englishmen chartered by the British Crown in 1670 for the importation of furs and skins into Great Britain from North America. With the defeat of the British in the American Revolution, the Hudson Bay Company confined its activities to Canadian territory where it continues to operate to this day.

This event, coupled with the end of French and British domination, resulted in a rush by the agressive Yankees to take over the lucrative fur trade. On the lawless frontier, this created a chaotic situation which culminated in the cold blooded murder of an independent trader at Grand Portage and many other acts of violence. As a move to restore order, a group of the principal traders from the Lake Superior region banded together to form the Northwest Fur Company.

The transition from the old French domination of the trade to the new order becomes apparent when one reads the names of the early members of the new organization. Although Cadotte, Corbin, Beaulieu, and a few other of the French remained, by virtue of their affiliation with the Chippewas, a roster of the Northwest Company, in its early years, included such names as Frobisher, McTavish, Pond, Pangman, and Gregory.

It was through this coalition of Anglo-Saxon business acumen and French friendship with the Indians that the Northwest Company was able to dominate the Amer-

ican fur trade during nearly four decades of the firm's existence.

We will shift, at this point, to the activities of John Baptiste Jr. and Michael Cadotte, the sons of Mons. John B. Cadotte, the friend and business associate of Alexander Henry. In the younger Cadottes, we find two men admirably suited to spearheading the advance of the fur trade into the wild areas west and north of Lake Superior. They possessed all of the skills, courage, and know-how needed for life in the wilderness. They were intimately versed in the tongue and customs of the Indians and had been adequately educated in Montreal.

We are therefore not suprised to find J. B. Cadotte organizing a party of sixty Indians, coureur du bois, and traders at the Sault in the spring of 1791 for an expedition to the areas about the headwaters of the Mississippi. Their mission; to assess the fur potential of the region and explore the possibility of trade with the Indians.

Although no journal was maintained on the trip, it is thought by historian, Warren, who had first hand information from aged Indians, who were members of the party, that Cadotte's route was from the St. Louis River to Sandy Lake, thence, via the Mississippi, to Leech Lake, thence to Cass Lake, thence to Red Lake, thence to the Red River and Lake Winnipeg, and home via the Border Lakes and Grand Portage. The magnitude of this expedition can only be appreciated when it is remembered that the hostile Sioux were still in possession of much of the route which the party used and that it was necessary to build new canoes of both birch bark and buffalo hide in passing from one widely separated waterway to another.

The route and manner of travel lend credence to the theory that Cadotte preceded Schoolcraft to the source of the Mississippi; but their is no documentary evi-

dence to support the claim.

It is known, however, that the occupation of the Red Lake area by the Chippewas dates from this expedition and that the Northwest Company followed closely with posts throughout the Upper Mississippi and Red River regions. The raw courage of the earliest traders to this area becomes apparent when one considers the fact that the well-armed and numerous Cadotte party was twice attacked by the Sioux and that it was necessary for Cadotte to hold a Sioux chief as hostage against attack by his band at a winter camp at Leaf River. It is a tribute to the sagacity and resourcefulness of the man that his group lost none of its members to the Sioux during more than a year among them.

Cadotte's expedition proved that it was profitable and possible to live and trade in the interior. As a result, the year 1793 found the Northwest Company extending its operations under five distinct departments or trading areas. These posts were located at Old Fond du Lac which served the country at the head of Lake Superior and the headwaters of the St. Louis and Mississippi Rivers, Folle Avoine which served the watershed of the St. Croix, Lac Court O' Reilles serving the Chippewa River, Lac du Flambeau, serving the Wisconsin River, and Grand Portage, the central rendezvous for all posts, handling everything north of the Mississippi valley.

In common with many other of the young and adventurous French traders of his time, John B. Cadotte Jr. placed little importance upon the acquisition of wealth. His first act upon returning from his historic trip into the wilderness was to embark for Montreal where his sizeable fur profits were soon depleted in a non-stop round

of revelry. Not content to spend only his cash reserves, he borrowed a considerable sum of money from his father's old friend, Alexander Henry.

Returning to Lake Superior penniless but happy, Cadotte was at once employed by the Northwest Company who recognized his value as a fearless trader and an able manager. His services in these capacities were such as to bring him to the attention of Sir Alexander McKenzie who was then principal northern agent for the Northwest Fur Company.

Northwest Fur Company.

Learning of Cadotte's de

Learning of Cadotte's debt to Alexander Henry, McKenzie offered to acquire it at a discount unknown to Cadotte whose fierce French pride would have been hurt at such an affront to his honor. Later, at a Council in the Great Hall at Grand Portage at which Alexander McKenzie presided, Cadotte was able to explain to the Indians the necessity of moving from Grand Portage to Fort William in British Territory. This was no small accomplishment as the Chippewas were unable or unwilling to understand why the United States and Great Britain could divide between them the lands which they, the Indians, owned by ancestral right and present possession.

In support of Cadotte's persuasive powers, it is a matter of record that the dispute was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Indians moved to Fort William. Alexander McKenzie cancelled Cadotte's indebtedness and placed him in charge of the prosperous Fond du Lac Department of the Northwest Fur Company.

As a trader at Fond du Lac, Cadotte attended closely to business in earning large profits for the Company and himself. It is not clear how long he served in this capacity, but it may be assumed that he remained a valuable if improvident member of the Northwest Company until the spring of 1799.

As an example of frontier justice and the diversity of a trader's duties an incident is recalled at Cadotte's Fond du Lac post which underlines the primitive tenor of the time as well as Mons. Cadotte's keen understanding of the Indian nature.

A French Canadian coureur du bois from the Lac Court O'Reilles Post had been murdered by an Indian. This being a crime not countenanced by the Chippewas and one which demanded punishment for the protection of all other frontier whites, Mons. Cadotte despatched a messenger to the chief of the village where the murderer was known to live. His message demanded that the criminal be delivered forthwith or he (Cadotte) would discontinue trading with the Band. Not wishing to alienate his supply of guns, tobacco, ammunition, and clothing, the Chief, Ke-dug-a-be-shew or Speckled Lynx of Lac Court O'Reilles ordered the fugitive seized and delivered to Mons. Cadotte.

The trial was held in the spring when many Indians, trappers, and traders from lesser posts in the interior were at Fond du Lac bartering furs for supplies. From the assembled throng, Mons. Cadotte selected a jury to try the case. After hearing the evidence, a verdict of guilty was delivered and the killer was sentenced to die by the knife in the same manner in which death had come to his victim. It was further stipulated that a Mons. Coutouse, whose coureur du bois had been killed, would serve as executioner.

On the appointed day, the prisoner was led outside the gates of the Post where a great crowd awaited. Pointing to the sun, Mons. Cadotte admonished the condemned man to look well as it would be his last chance to see its light or feel its warmth until he should reach the "Land of the Spirits" where his victim and further punishment awaited him. Having heard this message of doom, the fetters were struck from the hands of the prisoner and Mons. Coutouse, with his arm bared to the shoulder, plunged a scalping knife into the criminal's back. Screaming a last war whoop, and with an instinctive compulsion to escape, the Indian sprang forward, ran several rods to the lake shore, and fell dead.

Following the execution, many of the traders and coureur du bois expressed fear to Mons. Cadotte that the relatives and friends of the murderer would seek immedi-

ate revenge. With characteristic despatch, Cadotte announced to the throng that a night of revelry was in order and that he would furnish, free of charge, all of the rum and high wine they might care to drink. In the course of the wild evening that followed, Cadotte reasoned that any homicidal tendencies of the criminal's sypathizers would surface and become active. The evening passed without incident. The traders returned to their posts and the Indians to their villages. Thereafter, the murder of white men by Chippewas became rare indeed.

Although the Northwest Fur Company and its traders were highly successful from the first, there were some of the old free lance operators who chose to remain independent. The younger brother of John B. Cadotte, Michael, who operated alone, was probably the first resident trader among the Chippewas in the vast region encompassed by the Chippewas and St. Croix valley. Like his brother, John, Michael enjoyed the utmost confidence and respect of the Indians. Having married E-quay-say-way, the daughter of Chief White Crane of Madeleine Island, he assumed a position of leadership in helping the Chippewas to drive the Sioux from the Wisconsin mainland while providing his tribesmen with the necessary guns and ammunition with which to do it.

Following his military activities, Cadotte established a flourishing trade throughout the Wisconsin area and was able, with the help of the Sioux Trader, La Roque, to affect a truce between the warring tribes which abolished organized warfare during the fall and winter hunts. The traders, however, were not successful in restraining the young men of either tribe from joining the bloody summer war parties which, by now, had become a way of life with both the Sioux and the Chippewa. As one old Wisconsin Chief expressed it: "This ground is strewn with the bones of our fathers and enriched with their blood". Michael Cadotte's success as a free lance trader did not go unnoticed by the Northwest Company which by now had a virtual monopoly in the fur trade. As a final step toward gaining complete control, the Company purchased the Cadotte interests and placed Michael in charge of its Wisconsin Branch with headquarters at La Pointe on Madeleine Island. Here he spent the remainder of his days as a trader and staunch friend of the Chippewas. He died at La Pointe in 1837 at the age of seventy two years.

Although space and time do not permit recounting the many adventures of Cadotte's lusty life as a wilderness trader, one event serves to illustrate Indian resistance to White encroachment and Cadotte's amazing control over the thinking of his Indian friends.

Sensing that the Indians were rapidly losing ground before the westward advance of the American pioneers, Tecumseh, a renowned Shawano orator and Chief, created a prophet in the person of his brother and directed him to go forth among all of the Indians of the land proclaiming the divine birth of a new religion which had, as its principal law, the renunciation of all things which the Indians had acquired from the Whites and a return to the more primitive life of the past.

It is a matter of record that the Shawano's teachings spread like wildfire through large areas of Indian country lying east of the Mississippi and that great numbers of converts converged on the prophet's headquarters near Detroit.

At the time this religious revolution had spread to Cadotte's territory, he had gone to Sault Ste. Marie on his annual trip for trade goods. He knew nothing of the great throng of Indians who had congregated at La Pointe preparing to continue their pilgrimage to Detroit and the home of the Prophet. Fortunately, Cadotte concluded his business at the Sault in time to meet and stop the first contingent of the mass migration which was moving eastward, in one hundred fifty canoes, near the Pictured Rocks on Lake Superior's south shore.

Having acquired further unfavorable knowledge of the Shawano Prophet at Sault Ste. Marie, Cadotte was able to convince the Indians of their folly and of the need to return at once to their homes.

Cadotte himself, however, did not entirely escape the effects of Tecumseh's Holy War. He found, when he arrived at La Pointe, that a group of the Prophet's followers had destroyed the stock of trade goods at his Lac Court O'Reilles Post as a first step in stamping out the white influence.

During this period (1785 to 1819) the great fur companies had not escaped the violence and unrest of the times. Following a quarrel with other members of the firm, Alexander McKenzie had withdrawn from the Northwest Company and organized a competitive concern called the X Y Company which operated successfully until McKenzie's death in 1820, when it was purchased by the Northwest Company.

In the northern reaches of the trade routes, intense rivalry developed between the traders and voyageaurs of the Northwest Company and those of the Hudson Bay Company. In this wilderness war of commerce, Nature's law of survival was the only law and much blood was shed over trading areas and water routes.

The Hudson Bay Company was eventually able to bring the old Northwest Company to its knees and acquired its holdings in 1821. This event marked the end of the golden swashbuckling era of the Border Voyageur, the rollicking, singing canoe brigades, and the summer rendezvous at Grand Portage.

The demise of the Northwest Company did not, however, mean that no more money would be made in the fur business on Lake Superior. We learn, at this time, of a small firm operating a few posts on the south shore of the Lake called the American Fur Company. This concern was owned by the Astor fmaily of New York whose name has since become synonymous with great wealth.

The Astors followed the practice of the Northwest Company in hiring for traders the men they found living at the sites they chose for posts.

It was therefore a matter of policy when the Astors granted a full partnership in their young firm to Lyman Warren, a pioneer from Connecticut, who had taken over the trading business of his father in law, Michael Cadotte of La Pointe, Madeleine Island.

Arriving at La Pointe in 1818, Warren was active in the fur trade, with varying success, until his death in 1847. Being a cultured man, he devoted a great deal of time to promoting education and religion on the frontier and achieved the distinction of having arranged the first permanent school and Protestant church west of Lake Superior in 1830. It is to be suspected that his zeal in these pursuits and his untiring efforts to better the lot of the Indian accounts for his failure to amass a fortune as did his Astor associates.

The time inevitably came when the "inexhaustable" fur resources of the wilderness were gone and the great fur brigades were only a memory. Busy towns were growing where the rugged old traders had once built their wintering posts. Mills were feverishly converting the "inexhaustable" pineries of Wisconsin and Minnesota into lumber. Market hunters were devoting themselves with equal enthusiasm to the task of slaughtering the "inexhaustable" wild life.

Through it all, the Chippewas, conquered without having fired a shot, looked in vain for a spark of the old French compassion and understanding. Beaten at last, they were moved to those islands of hopelessness known as reservations where they soon came to deny their origin, their art,, their music, their dancing, their traditions, and everything of which they might truly be most proud.

(Taken from "Red Shadows In The Mist" by James Hull.)

THE AUTHOR — As an enrolled members of the Minnesota Chippewa Tribe, Mississippi Band, Mr. Hull was a trader and life-long resident of the White Earth Indian Reservation until 1953 when he moved to Grand Portage as trader and business manager for the Grand Portage Band of Chippewa Indians.

He continues to reside and work at this location to the present (1969) as the

latest in a very long family line of Cadottes nad Warrens to live and work with the Indians of Lake Superior

"THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE OF CADOTT AT LEAST SHOULD KNOW AS TO THAT"

. . . As for big Cadotte, the other son of Michel, it is believed that the village of Cadotte, south of Hayward was named after him. Some local historian has perhaps settled that point. The people of the village of Cadotte at least should know as to that.

The Cadottes were not left overs from the long French reign which ended with the French and Indian War in 1763, about 16 years before the Declaration of Independence. It was about 1763, when the French quit at LaPointe, and two years after that, Alexander Henry, the great English fur trader, came to LaPointe with his partner, Jean Baptiste Cadotte. This man, with Henry, established their post on the mainland, probably where Bayfield is now, and he was there about a year. He was a big man in the fur trade, with headquarters at the "Soo." He was the father of Michel and Jean Baptiste the 2nd. Henry was a noted man, but most of his achievements and his history belong elsewhere. Along about the time of the arrival of these two men, John Johnson the Scotch-Irish fur trader arrived, and married the daughter of Chief Waubojeeg.

Senator Vilas, a short time before his death, appeared in a lawsuit at Ashland, and pausing in his plea to the court, he called attention to the fact that one of the witnesses was a descendant of Michel Cadotte, "A great historic character of the Lake Superior region." Cadotte was not a warrior, nor a statesman, and no great deeds of his can be cited, but he was a big man, trusted alike by the Indians and the white men, and a man of integrity.

In 1826, Thomas McKennly visited LaPointe and records the fact that Michel Cadotte had lived there 25 years, "was the owner of a comfortable little farm," and had turned over his business to his sons-in-law, the Warren brothers.

"A DESCENDANT OF THE CADOTTES IN 1927"

The first side road this side of Bayfield, leads straight to Cornucopia, and is favored by such motorists as want a little change, instead of going out over the barrons, from Washburn, or around Bayfield on 13.

This side road leads through "Settlement," where thirteen Indian families live. "Several families moved here," says the head of one of the thirteen families, "as there was good hunting and good fishing here, and an easy time. This was 40 or 50 years ago."

William Cadotte, is the head of one of these thirteen families, one of the descendants of Michel Cadotte, presumably. There are Cadottes on Madeline Island, and always a Cadotte or two at least, around Bayfield, William Cadotte claims that some of the Cadottes are not really Cadottes except by marriage, meaning probably that some Indian marrying a Cadotte girl, may have taken her name, to preserve the name Cadotte.

William Cadotte, who lives at "Settlement," has a good truck garden. On Labor Day, he drove his big car to Bayfield, with fourteen bushel baskets full of string beans, and drove back for another load. There must have been a dozen people picking string beans in his truck garden. He bears a historic name, has some property, and likes Settlement as his place of abode.

"THE BOYD TRAGEDY"

The story told me by the mixed blood, Robert D. Boyd, in 1929, runs away back a hundred years or more. It leads to the city of Washington, and very close to the White House, for on his father's side, this mixed blood Chippewa is a grand nephew of Louise Catherine Adams, wife of the sixth president of the United States, and a great great grand nephew of Thomas Johnson, first governor of Maryland. On his mother's side he is a great grandson of the great half-breed Chippewa, Michel Cadotte. He is the sole surviving son of Robert Dundass Boyd, who was shot and killed at Ashland in 1858, and of Boyd's Chippewa wife, who was one-eighth white, and seven-eighths Chippewa.

Robert Dundass Boyd, a member of a distinguished Maryland family, was shot and killed at Ashland by Joseph H. M. Cross, January 10, 1858. It was the first time that human blood was shed in the new settlement on Chequamegon Bay, and it left an indelible impression on the minds of the pioneers. I have no record of Boyd's coming to LaPointe, but his signature as register of deeds of LaPointe county, dated August 22,1854, shows that he lived on Chequamegon Bay at least four years, and presumably much longer. The story, greatly abridged, has been told many times, but it was generally assumed that he died childless. It was probably thought that even if he had happened to leave a half-breed child or so, it was not important. I now learn (1929), that he left no less than four mixed blood children, two other children having died young. Children of a brilliant white father, with more white blood in their veins than Indian, when their father was killed they were reared among Indians, as Indians, married Indians and are Indians. Nor is the word "Indian," one of reproach, for many prominent men have Indian blood in their veins, and Robert D. Boyd Ir., only surviving son of the man slain at Ashland 71 years ago, has a fine face, is very intelligent and has an altogether likeable personality. He simply didn't have the chance he would have had had not the tragedy occurred here at Ashland a generation or so ago.

It was in the home of this mixed blood son Robert D. Boyd, Jr., in the Indian village of Odanah that I learned some of the story. From the files of an old hearing in an Indian probate case, held several years ago, his story was confirmed by a dozen witnesses. From half a dozen other sourcess, I learned much more, and piecing the fragments together, we have a fairly complete story of the tragedy.

John Quincy Adams, afterwards president, married Louise Catherine, daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, who was at that time a consular agent of the United States. in London. This was in 1797.

George Boyd, of Washington, special and confidential agent of two presidents, married Harriet, another daughter of Joshua Johnson, who with her husband, became prominent figures in the history of the Green Bay region. I have no record of the date of their marriage. One of the sons of this marriage, Robert Dundass Boyd, came to LaPointe, held county offices, married a Chippewa woman, was killed in a brawl at Ashland, leaving four mixed blood children, the sons William and Robert D. Jr., and the daughters Julia who married Edward Gordon of Hayward and Nancy, who married Edward Blanchor or Blanchard.

It is the sole surviving son, Robert D. Boyd, Jr., who tells the story that follows. The father of Louise and Harriet Johnson, was a brother of Thomas Johnson, the first governor of Maryland. The former, it appears, was born in London, and after her marriage to John Quincy Adams, she saw little of her Washington and Maryland relatives for at the time of her marriage to Mr. Adams, he was minister to the Netherlands, afterwards minister to Berlin, later on at London, was United States senator for three years, resigning on account of hostile criticism for supporting his father's old enemy Jefferson, and was a member of the peace commission at Ghent, in 1814 af-

ter the War of 1812. He was secretary of State under Monroe and was elected President in a campaign unlike anything in American history, and then congressman from Massachusetts until his death in 1848. During all of these years, the sisters, Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Adams, appear to have kept in touch with each other and after the death of the former president, it is of record that Mrs. Adams wrote to her sister, Mrs. Boyd, at Green Bay, notifying her of the event. Mrs. Boyd had at that time been a widow two years, George Boyd having died in 1846. The close connection between the Adams and Boyd families is shown in a letter to me from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin dated August 6, 1929, which says: "His mother" (referring to Robert Dundass Boyd of Ashland), "as you state, was a sister of Mrs. John Quincy Adams; her father left \$5,000.00 as a trust fund for her, and there are several letters from Charles Francis Adams, telling of the administration of this fund and directing Mrs. Boyd to draw on him for the interest."

"THE STORY OF ROBERT D. BOYD, JR."

"My name is Robert D. Boyd, and I am a son of Robert Dundass Boyd, who was the first man killed in Ashland.

"My mother was a mixed blood, Julia Cadott by name." (At a hearing in Hayward in 1917, the witness, Edward Gordon, referred to her as Madeline Cadotte.) "She was the daughter of Michel Cadotte, Jr., and his wife, Esther. Michel Cadotte, Jr., was a one armed man. He was called Little Cadotte, Petit Cadott, and Meshons. My mother, therefore, was a granddaughter of the great Michel Cadotte.

"Robert Dundass Boyd and his wife, Julia, had six children. The two girls were Julia, who married Edward Gordon of Hayward, and Nancy, who married Edw. Blanchor or Blanchard. Then there were my brother William and myself, the latter dying in 1916, leaving children at Odanah. There were two younger boys who died young. My brothers and sisters are all dead, and I (1929) am the only living child of Robert Dundass Boyd. I have been twice married, and I have one child living, daughter of my first wife. She was Jennie Boyd. She married Joe Breen of Ashland, but after she left him she married a bank clerk in Detroit by the name of Sais.

"I was born in LaPointe in 1852. I was in the house with my father when he was killed by Henry Cross. I have been told it was in the house where Cross lived.

"I do not remember anything of the killing. I do remember the funeral though. Maybe I was five or six years old. Al Angus said to me, 'Come to the window. There goes the funeral of your father.' I didn't know what a funeral was, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was upstairs playing.

"Then my grandmother, Esther Cadotte, came after me. She took me to La-Pointe, then to Wheeler's at Odanah. Then my grandmother took me to Chippewa (Falls). She wouldn't let me go to school. When I was old enough, I worked on the farms and on the rivers. I was a guide on the Brule River a few years ago, then I came to Odanah. I picked up what I know about reading and writing. I earned my first money as a farm hand, getting fifty cents a week, and with my first money I bought a plug of tobacco and a comb for my grandmother.

"My grandmother, Esther Cadotte, often told me about my father, Robert Dundass Boyd. He traded with the Indians, and there were trading supplies in the house — blankets, calicoes, furs, shawls, nets, and such things when he was killed. Also a trunk, my grandmother told me, locked with a chain and padlock. There was gold and many papers in the trunk." (In the days of wildcat money, everybody who could get gold, did so in preference to paper money.)

"My father was planning on taking me down the lakes somewhere in the spring to place me with his people, in some school. His death changed all of that, for I never heard what became of his effects, nor of land which he owned. I saw a law-

yer about it when I was grown up and he said, 'You have slept too long.'

"The killing of my father changed my life. Had he lived, I would have been educated and brought up as a white man. Not until I grew up did I realize that I was more white than Indian, for my father was white, and my mother was a mixed blood.

"When I realize now what I have missed in life I hate to even speak the word 'Indian.'

"Some story tellers have said that my father, Robert Dundass Boyd, came west on account of some trouble he had had, but my grandmother, who told me everything, never mentioned such a thing."

"DETAILS OF THE BOYD TRAGEDY"

Here is the first newspaper story of the tragedy as published in a Superior paper a week after it occurred.

From LaPointe - A Man Shot

Ashland, Jan. 16, 1858.

Messrs. Editors: -

An affair took place in our village on the evening of the tenth inst. between Robert D. Boyd, well known in this section of country, and Joseph H. M. Cross, a young man recently from Washington, D. C., which resulted in the death of Boyd.

Being under the influence of liquor, no uncommon occurrence with the deceased, he pursued a course of desperation towards all with whom he came in contact, and lastly used threats of extermination against young Cross, who was within his own house, and evidently desired no controversy whatever. For the better information I enclose for publication, a duplicate of the affidavit of Dr. Edwin Ellis, who made a post mortem examination of the body; also a duplicate of the verdict rendered by the jury of inquest.

Yours, ASAPH WHITTLESEY.

Affidavit of Dr. Edwin Ellis and verdict rendered by the jury given in full.

Jury's verdict is that "on the 10th day of January, A.D. 1858, at Ashland in the county of LaPointe, the said Robert D. Boyd came to his death in an affray, by the discharge of a pistol held in the hand of Joseph H. M. Cross, used in self defense."

Names of jurors: J. D. Angus, foreman; D. J. Cooper, A. B. Wheelock, William L. Thanes, Conrad Goeltz, Adam Goeltz.

Katherine Goeltz Ellis, the first person born in Ashland, now living in Calumet, Michigan, says,

"My father, Conrad Goeltz, and his brother served on the coromer's jury. My

parents often told me the story, and this is as they gave it:

"On the afternoon of the day Boyd was shot, he and his little son went to the cabin where Cross and a man named Black lived. While the men were playing cards, the child" (now Robert D. Boyd, Jr., of Odanah), "fell asleep. Cross placed the child on his bed. After awhile Boyd became troublesome and twice approached Cross demanding that Cross should look at the gentleman in black sitting in the corner. Cross replied that there was none there, telling Boyd to sit down and behave himself. The third time Boyd approached Cross, the latter drew a revolver and shot Boyd who lived long enough to beg forgiveness, and asked to see his little boy.

"There had been bad blood between Boyd and Cross for some time because of the fact that Cross, while cutting wood for his cabin, had accidently wounded a dog belonging to Boyd. At the time, Boyd said, 'If my dog dies, you, Cross, will die, too.'

"I have often heard my mother speak of that Sunday evening. My father and

his brother Adam had gone to a neighbor's, and her father, Henry Dritler, was reading the evening prayers. Their attention was attracted hearing a noise like shooting. Then a man came running with a lantern and they said Cross had killed Boyd.

"Boyd had an Indian wife who died some time before he was killed, her death, it was said, caused by his brutal treatment. There were a number of mixed blood children, I don't know how many.

"The Boyds lived in a frame house facing the bay, some distance from the townsite, on the right hand side of the trail that led to Fish Creek.

"The day after the shooting was the day Boyd had planned to start out to trade with the Indians and to take his little boy to the Indian mission school at Odanah, on Bad River."

Delia Whittlesey Chapman, the second person born in Ashland referring to the tragedy in which Boyd "fell over our door sill and died a few minutes later," says, "and I thought how ghastly it must have been to have had the beautiful stillness of that forest log cabin settlement invaded by the crime of murder. My father, Asaph Whittlesey, who conducted the inquest said, referring to Boyd's condition, 'I am glad I never sold a drop of whiskey to any man.'"

While Boyd lived down below the bluffs west of the city on the Fish Creek road, in what was then known as the Indian territory of Equadon, Cross, according to Asaph Whittlesey, lived in the third Whittlesey house and in this third house, Whittlesey says, Boyd was killed.

Boyd's body has never been recovered although frequent attempts have been made to find it. Of this, Mrs. Durfee writes, "I never heard much about the man, Boyd, except that he was killed and buried somewhere under our house, and Whittlesey asked us if his ghost disturbed us." Somewhere near Front Street west, in the neighborhood of 12th Avenue, lies the body of the first man killed in Ashland.

(Taken from "The Lake Superior Country in History and Story" by Guy M. Burnham. Copyrighted 1929 by John B. Chapple.)

Recently republished. Available from Browzer Book and Art Shop, Ashland, Wis. \$7.50 p.p.

"THE CADOTTS"

Of the first families of the early days, that of Cadott stands out. They were related by marriage to other leading families, such as Warren, De Marie, Allen, Ermatinger, and others.

Before the Revolutionary war, Mons. Codeau, whose name became corrupted to Cadotte and Cadott, was engaged in the fur trade with the Indians between Montreal, Canada, and Green Bay. His son, John Baptiste Cadott, was educated at Montreal and married a well-educated Indian maid of the Chippewa tribe. With an inheritance of 40,000 francs he entered the fur trade at Sault Ste. Marie. After the French were forced to give up the Lake Suptrior country, John Baptise Cadott was the only French trader of importance to remain with the Chippewa tribe and his Indian wife. He went native, but insisted on a white education for his children. In the Indian uprising that followed English rule, Cadott preached loyalty to the new rulers and he, more than anyone, maintained peace between the British and the Chippewas.

John and his wife had two sons, John Baptise, Jr., and Michael. Both were educated in Canada and Michael settled in the Chippewa Valley and John, Jr., at the headwaters of the Mississippi, later returning to the Chippewa and joining his brother. They both married educated Chippewa Indian girls. Michael's wife was the daughter of White Crane, a Chippewa chief, and to this union a daughter was born in 1791 at the Falls of the Chippewa, being the first part white child born in the

Valley.

It was John Cadott who ordered the first public execution ever held by whites in the Valley. A Canadian trader had been murdered, by stabbing, by a Chippewa brave. Cadott, realizing that an example must be made to protect those of white blood, ordered the war chief, "Speckled Lynx," to deliver the culprit on the threat of ceasing all trade. He was delivered and an informal jury of whites found him guilty and ordered his death. Cadott wished to spare his life and was willing to have him ransomed for packs of beaver skins as was the Indian custom, but the other whites insisted on a life for a life. In the presence of a large group of whites and Indians he was led out and told to take his last look at the sun, and then stabbed in the back by a friend of the murdered man.

Being uncertain how the Indians would regard this summary punishment, John Cadott himself, closely related to the tribe by birth and marriage, ordered the distribution of fire water, knowing that the Indians if intoxicated would show any vengeful feeling they might have. The Indian camp that night was a drunken revel but no trouble ensued. The execution, in fact, had the effect of causing the life of a white man to be, ever after, held sacred. The name Cadott was respected by the Indians and the Cadott brothers were used as peace embassies between the Sioux and Chippewa tribes. Cadott settled at the village which bore his name and with Robert Marriner, who became the first Chippewa county sheriff, became its first settler.

(Taken from "The Valley Called Chippewa" by Paul H. Raihle)

"WHITE MAN'S BURDEN"

It was murder. Murder by stabbing. The victim was a clerk at the Lac Couterelle trading post on Lake Chetek.

Ordinarily, this murder would have been of small importance — except to the murdered one — for in the early days of the nineteenth century human life was of little value in Northern Wisconsin. The victim had no known relatives. His only friend was Mons. Coutouse who managed the trading post for John Baptise Cadotte, Ir.

But this crime must be punished. For the murdered man had had a trace of white blood, and he had been stabbed by a Chippewa brave during an argument. If white rule were to be maintained, the Indian must respect and fear it. Anyone with even a trace of white blood must never be harmed by a red man.

Mons. Coutouse buried his clerk and made report to John Baptise Cadott, Jr. Now the Cadotts had been important people since before the Revolutionary War. Mons. Codeau, whose name became corrupted to Cadotte and Cadott, was engaged in the fur trade with the Indians between Montreal and Green Bay.

His son, John Baptise Cadott, Sr., was educated at the University at Montreal. There he met a well-educated Indian maid of the Chippewa tribe whom he married.

With an inheritance of forty thousand francs, Cadott moved west and entered the fur trade. He, himself, took to the woods and went native, but he insisted on a good education for his two children, Michael and John Baptise, Jr. They were sent to Montreal for their schooling and he taught them to be proud of their white blood.

Both Michael and John Baptise, Jr., married Indian girls and returned to the Great Lakes region. They established an extensive fur trade in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

At the time of this particular murder, both Michael and John Baptise were living in northern Wisconsin.

John Baptise Cadott, being part Indian himself, knew too well the character of the red men with whom he was dealing. Quick and severe action was indicated. If not, the killing of white men could easily become epidemic.

This murder challenged John Baptise Cadott, Jr.

He sent word to the Indians at Lac Couterelle that the murderer must be delivered to him for trial. If he were not produced quickly, all supplies of tobacco, clothing, guns and ammunition would be withheld from the Indians.

The Chippewas knew that John Baptise Cadott would carry out his threat.

Throughout the winter, word of Cadott's ultimatum had spread through the many tribes of Chippewas. It was discussed and debated in the Indian villages, and in the councils before the campfires.

At length Chief Speckled Lynx seized the killer. When the ice went out in

Spring he delivered the culprit at Cadott's trading post on Lake Superior.

He was followed by hundreds of tribesmen, come to see the working out of

white man's justice.

With the accused before him, John Baptise Cadott chose a jury from among his clerks and traders. Only those with some white blood in their veins were allowed to sit in judgment.

Guilty! This was the verdict.

Death by stabbing! This was the sentence.

Mons. Coutouse, employer of the murdered clerk, volunteered to carry out the sentence.

The Indians were told of the white man's decree. The wailing relatives and friends of the condemned man offred to buy his life, offering — as was the established practice in other murders — great packs of beaver skins. The offer was rejected.

The wives of both Michael and John Baptise Cadott then interceded for their tribesmen. Long and fervently they pleaded with their menfolk to spare him.

In vain. An example was needed.

John Baptise Cadott led the condemned Indian from the hut where he had been confined. His wrists and ankles were unfettered, yet he made no move. He stood there looking from side to side like a frightened animal. The throng around him, too, was silent. But their sullen dark eyes moved restlessly from him to Mons. Coutouse. To Coutouse, who stood just behind the Indian with his right arm bared, his right hand gripping the scalping knife.

"Look well at the sun," John Baptise Cadott admonished the Indian sternly, with a majestic upward gesture of his arm. "It is the last time you will see it. The

spirit of him you murdered is calling you to the land of the spirits."

There was a faint stir of leaves blown about by a vagabond wind. Off to the forest a bird called shrilly.

Mons. Coutouse raised him arm. A tremor ran over the intent throng. The exe-

cutioner's knife flashed downward.

Blood stained the lean brown back. As the doomed redskin gave a queer highpitched cry, another man stabbed him a second time. Mortally wounded, the Indian staggered to the edge of the river and fell forward.

Two Indian women, each with a child in her arms, rushed forward, the first to

reach him. They raised his head, trying to ease his last moments.

They were the wives of Michael and John Baptise Cadott.

As the women carried the body to his weeping family, hundreds of Indian braves stood in ominous silence.

The white men were outnumbered, two to the hundred. The Indians were armed. Most serious of all, they stood within the stockaded walls of the trading post.

John Baptise Cadott appraised the situation.

If trouble were coming, it would be better now than later. He ordered casks of rum tapped and gave it liberally to the Indians, knowing well that in intoxication

they would show any resentment they felt. Would show their intentions.

By nightfall, the Indian camp was a scene of drunken revel.

Throughout the night, John Baptise Cadott walked among the warlike Chippewas - calmly. As one sure of his power.

When the sun began to light the forest, the weary tribesmen departed quietly, carrying the body with hem.

In this mnaner, respect for the life of a white man was taught to the Chippewa Indians.

(Taken from "Forty-Seven Wisconsin Stories" by Mary Gates Muggah, Paul H. Raihle.)

"FUR TRADE LORE OF THE CHIPPEWA VALLEY"

The following account of a meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society at Jim Falls, Wisconsin, in June, 1925, will serve as an introduction to the fur trade story of this valley and Northern Wisconsin.

A considerable number of people from Eau Claire journeyed to Jim Falls on Saturday, June 6th, to attend the meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society. Arrangements for the gathering were perfected by Miss Anna Ermatinger, who is a granddaughter of James Ermatinger, after whom Jim Falls was named. The scene of the meeting was particularly significant since it was near where James Ermatinger established his trading post, and since the purpose of the meeting was to become better acquainted with the history of the fur trading industry.

William W. Bartlett of Eau Claire gave the principal talk of the afternoon. His subject was, "The Early Fur Trading History of the Chippewa Valley." This is probably the first connected account of this story to be compiled locally. The text of his address is herewith given:

We are certainly grateful to you kind people of Jim Falls for making this gathering possible. I am sure that it will result in awakening interest in Chippewa Valley history, and that is the principal reason for our being here today.

A few years ago there was organized in Eau Claire what was designated as the Eau Claire County Historical Society. As it was found neither practicable nor advisable to confine its researches to the boundaries of our own county, the suggestion was made that we change the name to the Chippewa Valley Historical Society and open its membership to all residents of the valley. Action to this effect was taken at the last meeting. At that meeting we had with us your own Miss Anna Ermatinger, and it is largely due to her enthusiasm and effort that this picnic gathering was brought about.

No more fitting place for a meeting of the Chippewa Valley Historical Society could be found than right here at Jim Falls, a locality associated with the early life and activities of the valley to an unusual degree.

As we all know, the one great early day industry of the Upper Chippewa was that of lumbering. Large quantities of the finest of pine timber was to be found at or near Jim Falls, and all the early woods and river men were as well acquainted with the region here about as with their own back yards.

In very recent years, considerable has found its way into print concerning the lumbering history of the valley, but there was another, earlier, and even more primitive industry concerning which little has been gathered and still less put into available form for public use. Although not to be compared in commercial importance with lumbering, nevertheless the fur trade in the Chippewa Valley was no small industry, nor without its own peculiar interest and appeal. In planning the program for this meeting it was thought it would be well to make the fur trade story the main topic.

Meeting, as we are, at the home of the son of an early fur trader with the site of his father's trading post in plain view, we are especially favored. The interesting relics associated with the fur trade and fur traders of this vicinity gathered and preserved by Miss Ermatinger adds much to the occasion.

Of all the names connected with the fur trade in the Chippewa Valley and Northern Wisconsin, I would be inclined to give first place to those of the Cadotte and Warren families, these two being related, as we shall see. To these names may be added those of that fine old pioneer fur trader, Jean Brunet and James Ermatinger,

father of Fred Ermatinger of this village.

The connection of the Cadotte family with the Chippewa or Ojibway fur trade began a hundred years or more before the Revolutionary War. The name originally was Cadeau, but in the second generation as fur traders the name became corrupted to Cadotte, and has so remained. The original Mons. Cadeau had a son, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, an energetic, forceful character, who married an Ojibway woman of very similar nature. They had two sons, Jean Baptiste, Jr., and Michel. The former of these two operated largely in what is now Northern Minnesota, so it is Michel in whom we are particularly interested. Born in 1764, he received a good education, then took up his residence at La Pointe on Lake Superior, where he married the daughter of White Crane, hereditary chief of the village. Although his headquarters were at La Pointe, Michel Cadotte had trading posts in various other places. It is a well established fact that one of these is at our near the present site of Chippewa Falls, where a son,, also named Michel, was born, in 1791.

In the year 1818 two brothers, Truman A. and Lyman M. Warren, came from New York state and entered the employ of Michel Cadotte, Sr. They seem to have been men of high character and considerable education. Within three years, each had married a daughter of Cadotte and his part Ojibway wife. Truman Warren died at Lake Superior, leaving twin sons, Edwin and George, and a daughter, Nancy. They moved down into this region. Thomas Randall, in his history of the Chippewa Valley, records the death of Edwin in a hunting accdient. George engaged in fur trades and later in farming, becoming a capable and reliable farmer. He was chosen chairman of the first Board of Supervisors of Chippewa County after its organization in the early fifties. He later enlisted and served in the Civil War. He died in 1884 at the age of sixty-five. Lyman Warren lived some years after the death of his brother, Truman, and for a considerable period had charge of the fur trade for the American Fur Company, making his home at La Pointe, I lately found at the Historical Building in Madison the report of a Lieutenant Allen, who visited La Pointe in 1832. He describes the Warren buildings and gives a very full account of the location of the various fur trading sections over which Lyman had charge as well as the approximate number of the various kinds of skins obtained in each section, together with their total value. All accounts go to show that Lyman Warren was a capable, high minded man. He was associated with Dousman and Jean Brunet in the erection in 1836 of a sawmill at Chippewa Falls, the first in the valley. He was also, at one time during the 40's, subagent, blacksmith and farmer at a government post a few miles below here on the high ground just beyond Chippewa City. That fine old pioneer Methodist preacher and Indian agent, Father Brunson, writes of visiting Warren's home at Chippewa City during the 40's. He mentions what an excellent housekeeper Warren's part Ojibway wife was, even though she could not speak one word of English.

Lyman Warren's wife died at Chippewa Falls in 1843 and he died about four years later. Both are buried at La Pointe.

Mention has been made of Nancy, George and Edwin Warren, children of Truman Warren, but it is William Whipple Warren, a son of Lyman Warren, to whom I would especially call your attention. To my mind, he is the most interesting product of the fur trade in these parts. Born at La Pointe in 1825, he received part of his

education at a Protestant Mission School there, then attended school in the East. The father of Truman and Lyman Warren in New York state seems to have taken great pains that the part Ojibway children of his fur trader sons should receive a good education. Miss Ermatinger has a number of text books used by the Warren children while at school in the East, and as there include such text books as algebra, geometry, philosophy, etc., they would indicate considerable higher education.

The boy, William Whipple Warren, early showed much interest in the language, history, legends and traditions of his mother's Ojibway ancestry. He spent much time interviewing the chiefs, warriors, medicine men and aged folks of the tribe, recording their recollections. He was a great favorite with all. While still a boy, he acted as official interpreter for the government in its dealings with the Indians. Father Brunson relates that he had himself delivered a 4th of July address to the Indians at the Chetek lakes during the 40's, and that young Warren had acted as his interpreter. Hon. Henry Rice, who represented the government in the making of some of the Indian treaties, writing of Warren said that he was one of the most eloquent speakers he had ever heard, and that his command of the English language was remarkable. In the latter forties, the family moved to Blue Earth, Minnesota, where in 1850 Warren was chosen a member of the territorial legislature. A newspaper man, noting Warren's unusual knowledge of the Ojibways, induced him to furnish some articles for his paper. These proved so interesting that Warren was urged to put the material in book form. Before being able to do this, and while still a young man, he died at the age of twenty-eight. Not long after his death, his manuscript came in the possession of the Minnesota State Historical Society, and was later published. These books are now out of print, and difficult to secure. Our Eau Claire Public Library procured a copy some years ago. I think that we of the Chippewa Valley would do well to honor his memory.

A few months ago, I noted in the Minnesota Historical Bulletin that a Mrs. Julia Spears, a daughter of Lyman Warren, and a sister of William Whipple Warren, had a year or two earlier written a letter to the society. Up to that time William Whipple Warren was the only one of that family I had heard about. In connection with the item about Mrs. Spears was also mentioned the name of a Miss Frances Densmore. As a venture, I wrote to both, hardly expecting to hear from either. In these letters, I enclosed some notes which I had written concerning the Cadotte and Warren families, with the request that they be examined and any necessary corrections made. Within ten days I received replies from both. Miss Densmore wrote that her work had been the gathering of Ojibway songs for the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute, that she knew personally Mrs. Spears, also a surviving sister, and that the latter had acted as her interpreter in her work. She said both of them were remarkable women.

Mrs. Spears, now ninety-two years of age, wrote an interesting letter, which had been copied on the typewriter by her young granddaughter, with a portion in Mrs. Spear's own hand writing. She said my notes were correct and expressed pleasure at what I had said concerning her brother, William. She proved to be a mine of information concerning the Cadotte and Warren families. From her I learned that the widow of her uncle, Truman Warren, was married to James Ermatinger, a fur trader on the Chippewa. This James Ermatinger was the grandfather of Miss Anna Ermatinger, and their trading post was just across the river from here. James Ermatinger died about 1868, but his part Ojibway widow survived him many years, dying in 1887 at the age of nearly ninety years . . .

... Mrs. Spears said that she did not live here while her father was located at Chippewa City, but was at school in the East. She did, however, in 1845 with her cousin Nancy visit the Ermatinger home here.

One of the many letters which Miss Anna Ermatinger has preserved was written

by Nancy Warren to her step-father, James Ermatinger. Her mother did not speak or write English. The letter was written in 1852, at the time that Nancy was making her home with her cousin Julia,now Mrs. Spears. Recently, I forwarded a copy of this letter to Mrs. Spears, who was delighted to read it after nearly seventy-five years. She said Nancy was a favorite cousin of hers. On the back of the last letter received from Mrs. Spears, her married daughter made the notation that this was probably the last letter her mother would write, as she was confined to her bed and very feeble.

Since there are a number of others on the program, I do not wish to make this talk too lengthy. In closing, I trust that what we have heard today may lead to a better understanding of fur trading days and a more intimate acquaintance with its

interesting characters.

Extracts from journal of J. Allen, Lieut. 5th Inf. Visit to La Pointe, in 1832. (Re-

ferred to in Mr. Bartlett's talk.)

Their present trader is Mr. (Lyman) Warren, a gentleman of the American Fur Company, who makes this his residence, and the headquarters of an extensive department and district, embracing the extent of country southwest of La Pointe, between Snake and St. Croix river and Lac Court de Oreilles and the Chippewa river. the value of his trade annually is as follows: At the post of La Pointe, \$2,000, or 250 beaver skins, 400 martens, 50 bears, 1,000 to 1,500 rat and 20 to 50 otters, all of an excellent quality. At the posts on St. Croix, \$4,000, principally rats, bear and otter, with a few martens, racoons, deer-skins, foxes, fishers and beaver. At Snake river post, \$1,000, same fur as at St. Croix river. At Lac Court de Oreilles and Lac Chetac, \$1,500, principally bears, otter, marten, rats, fisher and mink. At Chippewa river and Lake Vassale, \$2,500, same furs as last but more beaver.

The whole posts under Mr. Warren yield annually about \$11,000, but each post requires a clerk and some men and consequent expense, in so much that the trade is

by no means as profitable as it would at first seem to be.

Mr. Warren has lived a number of years at his present residence on the island of La Pointe, and has given to the spot an appearance of civilization. He has built a large and comfortable dwelling, a storehouse and eight or ten other buildings, which with the houses of Cadotte and family and those of the sub-agent, formerly at La Pointe, make almost a village. All the buildings are handsomely situated on a rise of ground about two hundred yards from the lake and immediately back of them are cultivated and enclosed fields, in which oats, peas, beans, potatoes, etc., are growing finely.

CHAPTER 4

SKETCHES - STATEMENTS - TRADITIONS

"THE CADOTTE PRESENCE"

Chippewa County is named after the Chippewa River flowing through it, which in turn bears the name of the Chippewa, Ojibwa, or Odjibweg Indians who once lived in that territory. Perhaps the first white men to come to this region were Radisson and Grosseliers who visited their Huron Indian friends on the headwaters of the Chippewa and Black Rivers sometime between 1659 and 1662. Father Louis Hennepin, French missionary and explorer, ascended the Chippewa 10 or 12 leagues in 1680. The explorer Le Sueur reported that he had taken 60 pounds of copper from a place 10 leagues up the river, in 1700; and in 1751, Sieur Marin was ordered to spare no effort to obtain specimens of copper and to forward them to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Louisiana.

French rule in the Upper Mississippi Valley was replaced by English rule by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and the English rule by that of the United States Government by the Peace of Paris in 1783. In spite of this change of sovereignty, French fur traders were active in establishing winter trading posts on the Chippewa in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Penesha Gegare and Baptiste La Duke had a post below the Falls about 1784, but the hostility of the Indians compelled them to leave shortly after their cabin was built. Michel Cadott, Jr., one of an important family of traders and interpreters, was born at his father's post near the Falls in 1787.

(It is very probable that the birthplace of Michel Cadott, Jr. was the log shanty (trading post) his father had built for privacy and protection at the "near" place later known as "Cadotte Falls." (See Warren's "History of the Ojibway Nation"). It appears to be very clear that this is the first noted birth of a person with white an-

cestry or parentage in Chippewa County.)

With the signing of the treaty of Fort Snelling in 1837, the Chippewa Indians ceded to the Federal Government the lands including the present Chippewa County. Shortly after the signing of this treaty, H. E. Dousman, Colonel Aiken, General Sibley, and Lyman Warren fitted out an expedition to build a saw mill at the Falls. It was headed by Jean Brunett, a prominent citizen of Prairie du Chien, who is generally regarded as the founder of Chippewa Falls. There were French settlements 5 miles above the Falls at Chippewa City before 1837, but the date of the first permanent white settlement in the county is not known.

(Lyman Warren was married to Mary Cadotte - daughter of Michel, Sr.)

Early County Officials. The circuit court minutes for March 1854 gave Judge Hiram Knowlton of the sixth circuit as presiding over the Chippewa County circuit court. As already noted, the first record of a meeting of the county board of supervisors, dated December 29, 1854, with George P. Warren as chairman, and Stephen S. McCann and James Reed, supervisors. James Reed refusing to serve, the other two members of the board appointed Elias A. Galloway in his place. Reed was fined \$10.00 for neglect of duty. Since there are no early election records available, it is not possible to determine the complete results of the 1854 election. An examination of the proceedings of the county board of supervisors indicates that Joel H. Duncan was clerk of the county board of supervisors in 1855, with Samuel Allison acting as deputy clerk in 1854 and 1855; G. P. Warren served as register of deeds and clerk of circuit court in 1855; W. J. Young served as county surveyor in 1855; and H. S. Allen served as county treasurer in 1856. The circuit court minutes in 1854 listed

J. K. French as district attorney.

(Geo. P. Warren was the son of Truman Warren and Charlotte Cadotte - by her first marriage.)

(Taken from "Chippewa County Historical Sketch," Wisconsin Historical Records Survey – WPA-1941.)

"THE CADOTT FAMILY"

The territory which goes to make up the St. Rose Parish, with its mission of St. Anthony's, at Drywood, lies for the most part in the valley of Yellow River, and its tributaries, Big and Little Drywood Creek and Paint Creek. It was originally covered in most places with a heavy growth of pine, mixed in places with hardwood. To the south of the river, west of the present village, the soil is a rather light sandy loam, while the rest of the area is a heavier clay, somewhat stony in places.

As is the case with most of northern Wisconsin, three stages in its history since the advent of the white man may be distinguished, that of the fur industry, that of the lumber industry and that of agriculture. To the first the village owes its name. It was during the second stage that our church was built, while we are today in the

The village derives its name from one John Baptiste Cadotte. He was a trapper of mixed French and Chippewa blood, and his family had played a prominent part in the early history of this part of Wisconsin. The first Jean Baptiste Cadott had come to La Pointe, in the present Bayfield County on Lake Superior, in 1763, the first European to settle permanently in northern Wisconsin. He engaged extensively in the fur business, and married the daughter of a nearby Indian chief. Mr. Cadotte was a very religious man, having at one time thought of becoming a priest before he left France and done some studying along that line, so he sent his half-Chippewa sons back to Quebec, Canada, where they received a good education. One of these sons, Michel Cadotte, like his father a fur trader, wintered as early as 1787 at the mouth of Jump River, above the present Cornell and settled at the present "South Side" of Chippewa Falls as early as 1797, probably the first man of European blood to settle here. A daughter of this Michel Cadotte became the wife of James Ermatinger, after whom the present community of Jim Falls was named.

About the year 1838, John Baptiste Cadott, a son or grandson of the above-named Michel Cadott, built a log cabin along Yellow River on what is now known as the "Old Wilhelm Place", about three quarters of a mile below the present village and now owned by Oscar Schultz. According to the best source of information available it would seem that Cadotte, a trapper, did not remain here long, perhaps only one or two winters, but long enough that the rapids on the river acquired with fur traders and river men the name of "Cadotte's Falls". It may be as well to remark here that it was Mr. Munroe, editor of the first Cadott paper who, many years later, took the "e" out of the name and left it "Cadott".

(Taken from "St. Rose of Lima Golden Jubilee, 1936)

(The location mentioned herein could be either the Emerick property, near the river - or possibly, the Red Woodford property - which was also a "Wilhelm place").

"INDIAN DAYS"

A winding path leading through a wooded section followed the north bank of the Yellow River. Along this path each spring and autumn a band of Chippewa Indians treked by in single file to hunt, fish, and trap in their own carefree manner.

Farther north, as early as the year 1763, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a trapper of mixed French and Chippewa blood, had settled permanently in what is now Bayfield

County, near Lake Superior. He carried on fur trading with nearby Indians and later married the daughter of an Indian chief.

Of this union, a son, Michel Cadotte, who like his father was a fur trader, wintered as early as the year 1787 along the shores of the Chippewa River. Old traces which showed this were later found near what is now the village of Cornell. (From a School Book Project named "Cadott" by Carmen L. Filtz, 1936.)

"THE FIRST SETTLERS"

About the year 1838 Baptiste Cadotte, a son or grandson of the aforesaid Michel Cadotte, built a log cabin along Yellow River about three-quarters of a mile below the present village. According to the best source of information available, it seems that Cadotte, a trapper, did not remain here long, perhaps one or two winters, but long enough that the place was called Cadotte Falls, believed due to the rapids or the natural formation of the rocks which later provided an ideal place for the building of a dam.

This first dam was built in 1865 by Robert Marriner, the descendents of whom still live in the village. Mr. Marriner first came up the Yellow River in 1858 and built a house near the falls, he being the first permanent settler. After serving in the Civil War he returned to the home site where he built the first dam on the river.

At about the same time a bridge was built just below the dam and a tannery was started on the north side of the river. Log dwellings sprang up and in 1869 Mr. Marriner brought his wife to Cadott, she being the first white woman to take up her residence in the present village limits.

A general store was opened in 1875 by S. R. Kaiser and that same year the village was platted. In 1876 a heading mill was started.

(From a School Book Project named "Cadott" by Carmen L. Filtz, 1936.)

"Chief Cadott was buried on the north side of the river in what is now Ted Nelson's back door yard. Every year Indians came and put new strings on his bow and some arrows, and a kettle, as late as 1903."

Mrs. Amel L. Buske, Route 1, Cadott, Wis. (In a note to The Cadott Sentinel October 31, 1955. This location is now the site of the Dr. Haines Memorial Clinic. — Ed. note)

Now that I am the oldest male citizen of Cadott that has lived here all my life, (85 May 10, 1974) I have decided to relate some of the changes and events which have taken place. My father and another young man came to America from Switzerland in 1858 at the age of seventeen. They were tanners by trade and were looking for a place to build a tannery. They made their way to Chippewa Falls and then to Cadott where they built a tannery and were in business only a short time when the tannery burned with all their equipment. His partner went back to Switzerland and father bought a farm and was married to Augusta Schultz whose parents homesteaded on the land now owned by Chas. Kucera.

In the early days there was trapping along Yellow river by the Indians which brought Baptiste to establish a trading post. It was said that when he saw the falls he was so impressed with the sight that he named it Cadott Falls. Father claimed that Baptiste Cadott was buried on the property of Albert Emerson near the old bridge. Later buildings were built near the river. Robert Marriner built a dam and a grist mill. The village started to grow when the logging started and mills were built. From Mills street to Stanley street on the east side of Main street was the large hotel, a jail, a store, dance hall, residence and blacksmith shop. On the west

were store buildings and a saloon. There were business places built west on Mills street. When the logging was in full progress and mills were built, the village started to grow 'till the population was about 1500. The logs along Yellow river were floated down to Chippewa Falls. Many of the men went to work in the woods in the winter and went on the log drive in the spring. It was a sight when the river was full of logs and would jam up on the rocks. As they received more water from the dams up the river it was the job of the drivers to loosen them from the rocks. The drivers camped on the flat east of the old bridge. Sometimes there were 180 men that were in Cadott for several days which caused a lot of excitement. There were at about that time seven saloons and when the railroad was built the business places moved up to the present location. There were four passenger trains that stopped at Cadott daily. There was a large hotel on the corner where Einer's station is. There were horse-drawn buses that took passengers to and from the depot.

Earlier a school was built and since their wasn't any compulsory law, many children went to school only a short time. Few graduated from high school. In my class there were only five of us.

Albert Tannler

My recollections of traditions and legends of Cadott's early history date back to the early 1900's. I was born Alma Bubeck in 1898, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. K. C. Bubeck, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church for 52 years. My father came to this area in 1894 and diligently sought out the settlers throughout the Yellow River area. They had many stories and experiences to relate about the Indians and their leader Jean Baptiste Cadott.

The voyageurs and French trappers in the early 1800's came down from the Lake Superior area to bargain with the redmen. With fur-laden canoes they established trading posts throughout our northern "Ouisconsin." One such post was located on the north bank of the Yellow River. Legend has it that it was founded by the French fur trader, Jean Baptiste Cadott and was called "Cadott Falls." Here the Indians brought their furs, trinkets, crafts, and mementoes, also food to be placed

on the graves of their dead.

An Indian burial ground, so the legend goes, was located on the land (the mound) north above the river. Some of the graves were were marked by small huts where the mementoes and food were placed. One grave of distinction was that of Jean Baptiste Cadotte — the founder of the post. Early settlers pointed with pride to his grave. Such villagers as Mrs. Ferdinand Miller, George Miller's mother, and Carl Schultz told of Cadotte's frequent visits to the trading post, legends handed down to them by their ancestors. Because of his prominence the post was called "Cadotte Falls." It finally came to be called "Cadott" in memory of the leader of the post.

The area possessed a colorful and exciting history of fur trading and pine lumbering. And so was passed on to us a rich heritage of Indian culture and legend, through the leadership and prominence of Jean Baptiste Cadotte whose name for us

goes on into history.

Mrs. Alma Goetz

Clara B. Lindgren (Spaeth) 4th child of Charles F. and Caroline Spaeth, was born in Cadott — which was then the Town of Sigel, Chippewa County on the 22nd of August, 1883.

As a young girl I heard the Olsters talk about the grave of an Indian by the name Cadotte which was located on the north bank of the Yellow River in the area of the Fred Gumz residence.

My name is Norma Lemke. My grandparents, immigrants from Bavaria, on my mother's side, were married at Cassville, Wis., where the Stonefield Village is located. My mother, Catherine Dietrich, came to Cadott with them in about 1868. Here she met Carl Lemke, my father, who had come here from Prussia. They were married in Chippewa Falls. I was born in Cadott on Nov. 2, 1900.

My mother often talked about the migration of the Indians in the spring of the year, and the problem she used to have when the children (my uncle Joe Dietrich and his friends) would play hookey from school and follow the Indians as they left town to the east, after they had placed the maple sugar candies and food on the

graves of their dead.

As I remember, she said these graves were on the north side of the river and east of the old Main street bridge.

In later years, my uncle Joe used to keep his boat in a boat house in the ravine at about the location of the Lacina home and he used to say that this was the area where the Indians brought the gifts for the dead.

I, Matilda Toutant, was born on August 9, 1891, the daughter of Peter and Cornelia Dietzler. My parents were married in 1875 and came to Cadott in 1880. I remember when I was a child, the Indians came to town in the spring or early summer and put up a large tent in the area where the Huettners now live. They came to sell baskets and leather things.

The first Catholic cemetery was on the farm on which I believe the Red Woodfords now live. There was a grave fenced in on what was known as the "Wilhelm grove" toward the river, and my father said it was the grave of the Cadotte for whom the town was named. I remember the grave very well. This area has been

cleared since that time.

I was really a new comer in Chippewa County, so I have little information other than heresay. In 1908 I was up there and met a man named Duncan McKay. He was a big logger, and had bought a farm near Jim Falls; owned lots of land in Anson; and had run a saw mill and shingle mill in Drywood. Drywood was quite a village at the time. He showed me Chippewa City, which he said at one time it was planned to be a big city, but that when the railroad went through "The Falls of the Chippewa" became the big town. Now he thought that Jim Falls would become the big town. (He sold me 160 acres east of Jim Falls.) He drove me through Cadott to show me what Jim Falls would be in a few years. Here he said, was what used to be an Indian trading post, run by a Frenchman by the name of Jean Cadeau. That he was a very smart man, who had a Chippewa wife, and whose mother had been a Chippewa. That he was well liked by the Indians and highly respected by the white men, and knew how to keep up good relations between them. That his name was modified from Cadeau to Cadot and the place where he was located on the Yellow River took on the name of Cadott.

I do not have any verifiable data, only the story told me by Duncan McKay in

1908 when he was trying to sell me some land, which he did.

So all I know is the same hearsay which everyone knows, but this is how it

came to me, about 65 years ago.

I hope you have a good Christmas holiday season. We are planning to go to New Jersey to be with our grand-daughter and her family. So far, the winter has been mild, but lots of rain. Next spring I shall break into your routine, whether you are in Cornell or in the "Trading Post of Jean Cadeau." Do you know where Chippewa City is? It's about half way between Jim and Chippewa Falls.

If I run into any leads Re Cadott will check them. Best wishes from, Pat Elmer, M. C. Elmer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHAPTER 5

GENEALOGICAL REPORTS

CADOT, JEAN BAPTISTE (fl. 1723-1803) was born at Batiscan, Canada, on December 5, 1723, the son of Jean Cadot and Marie-Joseph Proteau. He settled at Sault Ste. Marie before 1751, and he was left in charge of the French fort there when the French troops were withdrawn in 1758. Alexander Henry (q.v.) says that he was "the last governor of the French fort". After the British conquest, he entered in partnership with Alexander Henry; and during the Conspiracy of Pontiac he saved Henry's life from the Indians. Alexander Henry (q.v.) says that he was on the Saskatchewan in 1775; but his name was probably a mistake for that of Blondeau (q.v.). He continued to take part in the fur-trade at Sault Ste. Marie until 1796, when he handed over his business to his sons. He is said to have died about 1803 to 1813 he reiceived an annual pension of 100 pounds from the Company, but in Sault Ste. Marie in 1812. In 1756 he had his marriage with Anastasia, a Nipissing woman, legitimized by the Church; and by her he had two daughters and two sons. An account of his life will be found in J. Tasse, Les Canadiens de l'ouest (2 vols., Montreal, 1878).

CADOT, JEAN BAPTISTE (1761-1818) was born at Sault Ste. Marie on October 25, 1761, the elder son of Jean Baptiste Cadot (q.v.) and his wife Anastasia, a Nipissing woman. He was educated in Lower Canada, and David Thompson, who met him in 1798 says that he "spoke fluently his native language, with Latin, French, and English". He entered the service of the North West Company, and in 1798-9 was a senior clerk in the Fond du Lac department. He was admitted a partner of the North West Company in 1801, but was expelled in 1803 for intemperance. From 1803 to 1813 he received an annual pension of 100 pounds from the Company, but the latter year this pension was discontinued, since about that time he had received an appointment as an interpreter in the Indian department in Upper Canada. He died about 1818. His wife was, like himself, a half-breed; and by her he had four children.

CADOT, MICHEL (fl. 1764-1836) was born at Sault Ste. Marie on July 22,1764, the younger son of the elder Jean Baptiste Cadot (q.v.) and his wife Anastasia. He entered the employ of the North West Company, and in 1798 was in charge of a post on the River Tortue in the Fond du Lac department. In 1804 he is said to have been in charge of a North West Company post on the Montreal River, though he does not appear in the list of the Company's servants for this year printed in L. R. Masson, Les bourgeois de la Cie, du Nord-Ouest, vol. 1 (Quebec, 1889). In any case, he spent most of his life at La Pointe, Madelaine Island, in what is now Wisconsin; and here he died in 1836. He married the daughter of White Crane, a hereditary chief of the Chippewa tribe; and by her he had several daughters, two of whom married in 1821 two New England traders named Warren. Another daughter married Leon St. Germain (q.v.). See note on Michel Cadot in Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. XIX, pp. 69-70.

(Taken from Documents Relating to the Northwest Co. Toronto, Stewart, 1934)

"MACKINAC BAPTISMS"

June 29, 1762, I solemnly baptized in the church of this mission jean baptiste, legimate son of jean Baptiste Cadot and of Athanasie his wife, born at sault Ste. Marie on the 25th of October last. The godfather was Mr. jean baptiste adhemar; and the godmother josephe, wife of Sieur Boyer, voyageur.

P. Du Jaunay, miss. of the society of Jesus.

ADHEMAR; MICHEL BOYER.

August 13, 1764, I solemnly baptized in the church of this mission, michel, legitimate son of jean baptiste Cadot and of Athanasie, his wife, born at sault Ste. Marie on the 22nd of July last. The godfather was jean Baptiste Cauchois; and the godmother Angelique sejourne, his wife.

P. Du Jaunay, miss. of the society of Jesus. JEAN BTE CAUCHOID; ANGELIQUE SEJOURNE CAUCHOID.

(Michel Cadotte became an important Wisconsin trader. With his elder brother, Jean Baptiste, he was early upon the Grand Portage of Lake Superior. By 1784 he was wintering with the Indians at the head of Chippewa River, and had posts on the St. Croix tributaries and upper Mississippi, advancing with the Chippewa, his mother's tribe, in their progress into former Sioux territory. About 1792 he located at La Pointe village, Madelaine Island, whence he frequently went to winter at Lac du Flambeau and Lac Court Oreille, where he had posts. Cadotte was agent for the North West, and later for the American Fur Company. The Chippewa over whom he had great influence, called him Kichemeshane (Great Michel). In 1818 two New England traders named Warren arrived at La Pointe, and in 1821 they married two of Cadotte's daughters. Two years later he sold his trading post to his sons-in-law, and retired from active life, dying at La Pointe village in 1836. He married the daughter of White Crane, hereditary chief of the tribe at this place. His wife survived him for some years. — Ed. note)

July 29, 1768, by us, Vicar-General of Louisiana, was Baptized joseph marie, born In the Course of the month of October, 1767 of the Lawful marriage of Jean Baptiste Cadot And of marie mouet his Wife. The godfather was Sieur Jean Baptiste Chaboiller, trader; And the godmother marie anne Viger, wife of Sieur antoine Beauvais, Who signed with us. The mother, who was present, Declared that she could not sign her name. The father Was absent.

Gibault, Vicar-general.

CHABOILLEZ; MARIANNE VIGE BAUXVES.

July 10, 1799, by us, the undersigned priest, was baptized conditionally Michel, born on September 6, 1787, of Michel Cadot and of a Sauteux woman. The Godfather was Hubert Lacroix; and the godmother Louise Dubois, wife of Ezechiel Solomon, who signed with us.

GABRIEL RICHARD, priest.

D. SOLOMON; H. LA CROIX, fils.

July 10, 1799, by us, the undersigned priest was baptized conditionally Marguerite, born December 15, 1788, of Michel Cadot and of a Sauteux woman. The

Godfather was Nicolas frereau; and the godmother Genevieve Blondeau, wife of Antoine Adhemar, who signed with us.

GABRIEL RICHARD, priest.

NICOLAS FREREAU; BD ADHEMAR.

Francois Cadot, born yesterday of Augustin Cadot and of l'amainbile an otchipwas woman, was baptized by us, the undersigned parish priest of Ste. Anne du Detroit, August 13, 1821, the father being present. The godfather was Francois Paget who signed with us; and the godmother Marguerite Chovret who was unable to sign her name.

GABRIEL RICHARD, priest.

FRANCOIS PAGET.

(Augustin Cadot, here named, was probably a son or brother of Joseph Cadot, who was interpreter at Fort St. Joseph as early as 1808, when he is mentioned by Col. William Claus on the journey of that year for the Indian Department. In 1810 he was highly commended for his conduct — see *Mich. Pion. and Hist. Colls.*, xxiii, pp. 59, 281. Joseph Cadot was lieutenant during the War of 1812-15, and at its close received a lot on Drummond Island, where he settled. Descendants removed eo Penetanguishine, where they were living recently. See *Ontario Historical Society Papers*, iii, p. 152. — Ed. note)

(Taken from "Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. xix.)

"RICHARD WARREN, THE PILGRIM"

Who came to Plymouth in 1620 in the Mayflower and was one of the ten who went in the ship's shallop to find a landing place and settlement for the pilgrim company and landed on Plymouth Rock with Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Standish, Howland, W. J. Tilley, Hopkins and Doty.

Enclosed are copies of pages from the Warren Geneology covering the American period beginning with Richard of the Mayflower and ending with my Mother, Grace E. Warren (1882-1952). You will note that the Cadotte connection began with the marriage of Lyman Warren II to Mary Cadotte in 1821. My Grandmother, Sophia was born of this marriage in 1837. She then married my Grandfather, James Warren (not related) in 1854.

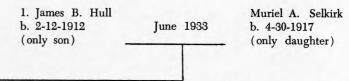
In the event that you do not already have the information, Mary Cadotte was the daughter of Michael Cadotte who was the son of Jean Baptiste Cadotte I who was the son (or grandson) of a Mons. Cadeau, an emissary of King Louis of France to the Lake Superior Indians.

The brothers Jean II and Michael married the daughters of Chief White Crane of La Pointe. I have determined that Michael's wife, my Great, Great Grandmother, was named Equay-say-way.

The continuation of my branch of the line can be picked up from page 16 and is as follows:

Grace E. Warren
b. 11-19-1882
d. 11-3-1952

June 1911
b. 1-15-1885
d. 5-10-1970



1. Virginia Hull (Peterson) b. 5-5-1935 -1005 Ellis Ave., Ashland, Wisconsin

2. Sharon Hull (Jackson) b. 2-6-1937 - Grand Marais, Minn.

3. Robert Hull b. 9-14-1941 - d. Aug. 1971

4. Rene Hull b. 6-10-1953 - Grand Portage, Minn.

If you would wish to contact other Warrens of the Cadotte line still living in the region, they are as follows:

Mrs. Lois Warren (Olson) L'Anse, Michigan

Mrs. Ruth Warren (Beauchampe) White Earth, Minnesota

Mrs. Naomi Warren (LaDue) White Earth, Minnesota.

My Mother and all of her brothers and sisters are long dead. Their descend-

ants, however, are numerous and widely dispersed throughout the U.S.

We will make every effort to attend the events at Cadott on July 14. If it turns out that we are unable to greet you personally, please accept our sincere best wishes for a successful commemoration of a colorful family and its role in a most colorful chapter in American history.

If I can assist you further, do not hesitate to write.

Yours sincerely, Jim Hull, Grand Portage, Minn.

(Addendum To The Genealogy Of The Warren Family)

You may wish to know just where we come in with General Joseph Warren of Bunker Hill fame. General Warren belonged to the Boston Warrens, whose ancestor was Joseph Warren, a brother of Richard Warren, the Pilgrim, who came to America in 1630 in the ship Ann. My grandfather, Lyman Warren, who was four years old when General Warren fell at the battle of Bunker Hill in 1775, and doubtless learned much about General Warren from his father and grandfather, wrote me, when I was in Union Theological Seminary, New York City, a letter dated, "Clarkson, N. Y., July 11, 1849," in which he says:

"General Warren was blood relation of ours, second cousin. My grandfather was a great patriot, was a captain in the Revolution. My father was six years in the Rev-

olution. My brother Stephen served in the war and died at West Point."

Of course it is no little satisfaction and pride to be able to go back so many centuries of unbroken family lines when the average family can go back only to the sixth generation, but let us not forget what Tennyson says of "long descent":

"From yon blue heavens above us bent, The grand old gard'ner and his wife (Adam, Eve)

Smile at the claims of long descent.

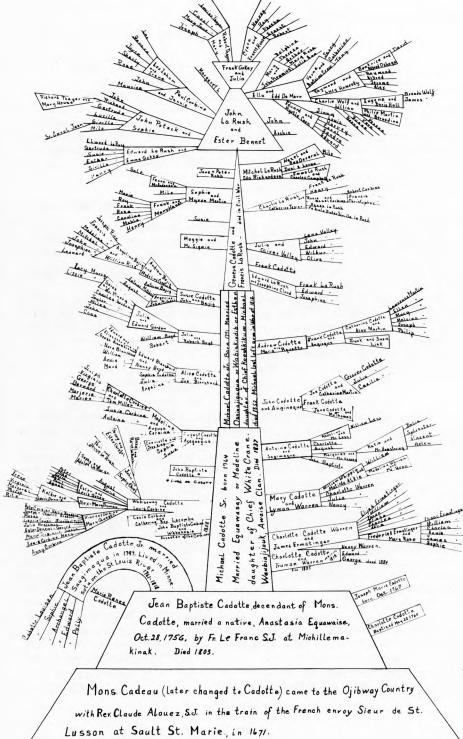
However it be, it seems to me,

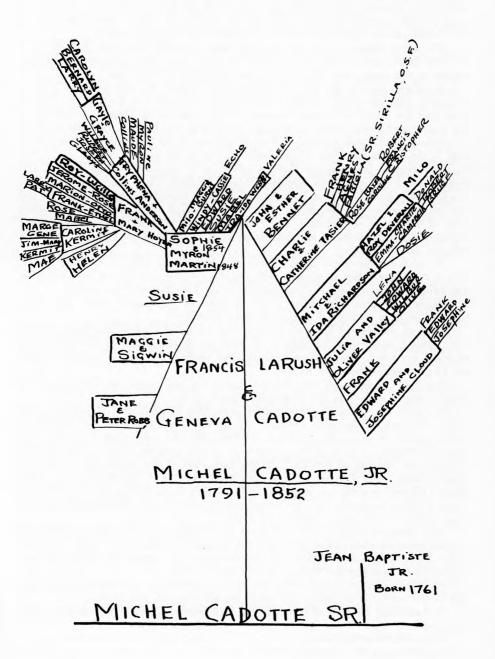
'Tis only noble to be good;

Kind hearts are more than coronets

And simple faith than Norman blood."

The Cadotte Family Tree





"THERE'S A NEW MICHAEL CADOTTE"

By John B. Chapple

There's a new Michael Cadotte, age 7 and the son of Seaman First Class Vincent (Jack) Cadotte, who is right now in the U. S. Navy at Norfolk, Virginia, to carry on into posterity the full name of the French fur trader whose marriage to the Indian princess gave the name of "Madeline" to Madeline Island.

The name Cadotte is the most famous name in north Wisconsin, because it is the only family name, so far as we know, that has come down generation after gen-

eration in this region since long before the United States was born.

It all goes back to the days of Jean Baptiste Cadotte, Sr., and the years 1765—two years after the island we now call Madeline was ceded to England by France. That year the British fur trader Alexander Henry came to the island to establish a fur trading post under British sovereignty. He had as his business associate a young Frenchman named Jean Baptiste Cadotte. They carried on their fur trade on the island in the winter and lived at the Sault the rest of the year.

This original Jean Baptiste Cadotte, whom we'll designate as Jean Baptiste Cadotte Sr., had two sons, Jean Baptiste Jr., and Michael. They took over their father's fur business in 1796. The younger son, Michael, moved to LaPointe in 1802 and married Equay-say-way, the Indian princess daughter of Chief White Crane, ruling chief of this region at that time. The French priest baptized Equay-say-way with the Christian name of Madeline, and her Indian chief father gave her name to the island that was her birthplace.

So much for the origin of the name of which young Michael Cadotte, age 7, who is right now living at Norfolk with his Navy father, his mother, and his sister and baby brother, is the direct namesake, bearing both first and last names.

Down from those days of the 1700's to these of the middle 1900's that name

Cadotte has been maintained generation after generation.

Head of the clan of living Cadottes is Mrs. Margaret Cadotte, the widow of Joseph Cadotte. She lives at Bayfield, is 71 years old, is the mother of 15 children, 12 of whom are living. Her children have families ranging up to nine children. There are 19 great-grandchildren at present.

The name Cadotte has not died out during the past couple of centuries and it

is not going to die out in the foreseeable future either.

We spent two hours Saturday visiting with Mrs. Cadotte, this 71-year-old head of the clan, and her daughter Dorothy, who is now Mrs. John Deragon, wife of a DuPont employee and mother of three children, but who some years ago, when she was still Dorothy Cadotte, appeared officially on the program with Lucille Buffalo, now Mrs. M. Bresette of Red Cliff, at the dedication of the monument erected by "the Squibber," Guy Burnham, C. A. Lamoreux, the late A. W. Burron and others of the Old Settlers club, just west and north of Fish Creek bridge, marking the spot where the first habitation built by white men in what is now Wisconsin is located. That celebration took place October 15, 1931.

Mrs. Margaret Cadotte, the 71-year-old head of the clan, her daughter Dorothy, and her grand-daughter-in-law Mrs. Bernard Beauregard, boatswain's mate first class in the U. S. Coast Guard stationed at Devil's Island here among the Apostle Islands,

assisted us in recording the Cadotte family tree of today.

First thing that impresses one is the number of members of the family in service in the war — in the army, the navy, the coast guard, the marines.

The 12 living children of Mrs. Margaret (Lemieux) Cadotte, 71-year-old-widow of Joseph, and head of the present Cadotte generations, follow:

Alice Cadotte of Bayfield. Donald Cadott, of Bayfield. Dorothy Cadotte, who is now Mrs. John Deragon of Bayfield. She and her husband, who is a powder handler in one of the magazines at the DuPont plant at

Barksdale, have three children - Daniel, 12; Genevieve, 8; and Agnes, 5.

Seaman First Class Vincent (Jack) Cadotte, who is in the U. S. Navy at Norfolk, Virginia. He is married to the former Jane Catlin of Duluth, and his wife and children are living with him at Norfolk. The children are Michael, 7, namesake of his explorer ancestor; Linda, 5, and Gerald, 1. Young Michael Cadotte is now in the first grade in school in Norfolk.

Private First Class Francis Cadotte, single, who has been in service three years

and is stationed in the Philippine Islands.

Joseph Cadotte Jr., who is caretaker of the Nebraska row properties of Frank Woods at LaPointe and whose wife is a LaPointe school teacher and president of the LaPointe P.T.A. They have a son, Kenneth, 17, who is mate on the Woods cabin cruiser.

Julia Cadotte, who is Mrs. Eli LaPointe of Duluth. Her husband right now is doing commercial fishing out of Red Cliff. The LaPointes have two children — Seaman Second Class Leonard LaPointe, single, U. S. Navy, who is in the Philippines; and U. S. Coast Guard Boatswain's Mate First Class Bernard Beauregard, son of Mrs. LaPointe's first husband since deceased. Beauregard, who is married to an Ashtabula, Ohio girl, is stationed at Devil's Island, among our own Apostle Islands, where he and his wife reside. They have one son, Bernard Beauregard Jr., age 3, a great-grandchild of Mrs. Margaret Cadotte.

Charlotte Cadotte, who is Mrs. Francis Rabideaux. She is a widow and lives at home with her mother and daughter Charlotte Lorraine, 17, who has just graduated

from Bayfield high school.

Rose Cadotte, who is Mrs. Isaac Belanger. Her husband is an employe of the power company at Bayfield. They have four children, two boys and two girls. Doris is Mrs. Elmer Nelson of Washburn, and they have two children, Billie, 3, and Lenora, 2, who are great grandchildren of Mrs. Margaret Cadotte. The other Belanger children are Staff Sergeant Donald, single, with the U. S. Marines at Guam; WAVE Frances, who is Mrs. Elmer Smith, and who is serving in the WAVES at Minneapolis while her husband serves in the army; and Private First Class Kenneth, single, who is on Guam.

Elizabeth Cadotte, who is Mrs. J. M. Gordon of Bayfield. The Gordons have nine children. Ethel, who is Mrs. Robert Deragon, is the mother of six children who are great grandchildren of Mrs. Margaret Cadotte. The Robert Deragon children are Grace, 12; Robert Jr., 10; Joseph, 8; William, 6; Larry, 5; and Kenneth, 3. Then there is Rubie Gordon, who is Mrs. Holcombe of Chicago and has a son Jerry, 9. Her husband is dead. Marie Gordon is Mrs. Melvin Johnson of Bayfield. Her husband is in service, is back from Germany, and is right now stationed in Oklahoma. They have one son Bruce, 4, a great grandchild of Mrs. Margaret Cadotte. Then there is James Gordon, married, in the U. S. Coast Guard in New Orleans. They have no children. Then there is Robert Gordon, in the U. S. Coast Guard in Kentucky, married, no children. Then there is Carol Gordon, sinyle, of Chicago; and Betty, Leanne, and Barbara Jeanne.

Delia Cadotte, who is Mrs. Joe Lindvall of Duluth. She was formerly Mrs. Frank Belanger. He is dead. They had two children, Joseph Belanger of Duluth, who has four children, Billie, 5; Joseph, 4; Barbara, 3; and Kathleen, 1, great-grandchildren of Mrs. Margaret Cadotte; and Private First Class William Belanger of Bayfield who is in Europe. His wife is working in Chicago. Their daughter Shirley, 9, is at Bayfield.

Gus Cadotte. He and Mrs. Cadotte, who is the former Mary Belanger, lived at Bayfield and have nine children. These are Elizabeth, who is Mrs. Leonard Gordon of Bayfield. They have no children; Margaret Cadotte is Mrs. Stanley Ujke of Bayfield, and they have two young children, both boys; Jean Cadotte is Mrs. Ed Vanderventer. Mr. Vanderventer is in the U. S. Army in Alabama and previous to that was a welder at the Butler shipbuilding plant at Superior; they have one child, a boy. The other Gus Cadotte children are Mary Jane, single, Bayfield; Bernard, in the Navy in Hawaii; Ronald. single, Bayfield; Frankie, age 17, Bayfield; and Grace and Leonard, who are younger.

While the Cadotte girls of each generation take other family names upon marriage, there are numerous male members of each generation to carry on the name of the rugged old fur trader from Sault Ste. Marie and his son Michael who married the Indian princess and gave her name to Madeline Island, so that, when another history of this region is compiled in another couple of hundred years, doubtless the name of Cadotte will continue to be the oldest and most famous name in our region.

(Taken from the Ashland Daily News, issue of Aug. 9, 1945)

LA POINTE CENSUS

That Michel Cadotte and his descendants did not believe in race suicide is evidenced by the fact that in this census, (1850) out of a total population of four hundred eighty-five, forty were Cadottes. The census, written in a beautiful copperplate hand, shows that there were eighty-two families living in seventy-one dwellings. The same record gives five hundred ninety-five as the total population of La Pointe County which, at that time, embraced all of present Ashland and Bayfield Counties as well as parts of Douglas and Iron Counties. The Odanah enumeration showed the Wheeler family with five children.

(Taken from "La Pointe, Village Outpost. - Ross, 1960)

"SR. SIRILLA"

Truman Warren died at Lake Superior leaving twin boys, Edward and George

and a daughter Nancy.

George engaged himself in fur trading and later in farming. He knew of two orphaned boys Charlie and Mitchel La Rush. They were the youngest of ten children. Their father died during the Civil War and their mother (Wabajiob) nee Geneva Cadotte (a daughter of Michael Cadotte Ir.) soon after. The boys grew up on George's farm. George Warren died in 1884 at the age of 65. His wife was Rosalia Truckey. She had two sisters Mrs. H. W. Allen and Mrs. Trepania.

Charlie La Rush's wife was Catherine Tessier, a French woman from Canada. Their daughter is Fabiola La Rush or Sister M. Sirilla, O.S.F. Several sisters of Sister Sirilla died very young and are buried at the cemetery at Reserve. Henry, a brother of Sister Sirilla, died in August of 1967 and is also buried in the family lot

at Reserve.

Mitchel La Rush married Ida Richardson, they had three children, Emily, Hazel and Dausey who are still all alive. (Taken from Sr. Sirilla's "Pioneer Living.")

CHAPTER 6

TANGIBLE EVIDENCES

FLYLEAF OF MICHEL CADOTTE'S ACCOUNT BOOK RECORDING
THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILDREN

(From the University of Notre Dame Archives)

to de September En 1707 Bit mie Michel Cadette. Lo 18. de (Decem. En 1788 Est ne Marqueritto Cadolto. Le 17 de Decembre En 1790 Cot nis Jos Wo Cadollo (Jean Baptiste) Le & Reman 1794 Et nee Augusten Padotto Le 12 de Man 1796 Le 12 de Mai 1790 Et mei Chienne Cadolle feuil le Vendrich le 19" of Le 19 de Juliet 1990 Woust dans la matini I'll Gt Nee Pulie Cadotto Le 14 de teht. 1800 At me Mane Partotte Mor Le 22 Jutte 1843 Le 18 (D'avril 1803 a La Rivier Sewitte If new Antoine Cadatte Dinenche le 28 finellet 1805. Charlottes Batitlet plante at new joseph Carone - 1807 At the old Catholic burying ground at Sa Pois Who and marked by a ment white stone. May be foundeto who defearted this life July 8th 1837 aged -72

SAMPLE PAGE FROM MICHEL CADOTTE'S ACCOUNT BOOK (From the University of Notre Dame Archives)

Etat Des Pages, adrefrer alle este Blondeau, appartenant à Ma éadot, et Marque à la Marque populare en Marque Savoir.

C.D.

No judgue 21: 21 paquets Descentors poros 85

22 100 Loutest, 15 De cartor

23 400 Martes, 1 presure D'ours

24 conten ant Mine quantité, it qualité

25 45 Loutres, 25 pérands, 8 peaux D'ours

26 19 Remands longel 4 argentel. 13 perhour.

17 presure D'ours

27. 178 State Mudguess. 6 perhoux, 13 Loutres

3 pereands, 5 peaux D'ours

29. 28 3/4 Do cartor en lobes, 61 velons

13 Chall. 13 frence ours

28 fra quets ben conditionnes

29 5 Robed de cartor of Solouta Bot cartos fi. s pean D'oned Starte of youther 5783

WRITTEN ON ONE OF THE PAGES OF MICHEL CADOTTE'S ACCOUNT BOOK

(From the University of Notre Dame Archives)

"THE GIFT IS MADE"

We give, from Michel Cadotte, father; Marie Madelaine, my wife, Native; in this writing here we make our gift to our children living here; the remainder of our land; from this point here, straight North to the coast of the Sager; The other line, borders the Sand River and goes straight North, Also, all this from this point of the loam-meadows. We give this in the year of 1824, on the 5th day of September. We give this to our son, Michel Cadotte; our son, Augustin Cadotte; our son, Antoine Cadotte; our son, Joseph Cadotte and to their sons. This is done and sealed here on the 5th day of September 1824.

Michel Cadotte, father Marie Madelaine, my wife

Le Tonne son faite

how don Non di Mor Michel Carotte peris. Min' madellain Mafamihalife dan cette and sois ici horn fairfon hotre donne por a hossenfan le restter de notre leve de pour nove leve ici Lahigh droite au More, en yag nan du forte du Lager abothe Ligne Latri bonse La Pisier au Sable au Commence au glaifie. La ligne la diste su sore-Nou Von non ceu dan La ne de 1824 Wan he Course to Man Septembre de 5 how on non, a michel but othe fils augustin Enote fit to form carote file Sought work fil, Les frien fan a Mir sien fan faite et pasa en de som Septetembre a 1824 mare madellaine ma famme

A DEED - FROM CHIEF BUFFALO TO JOSEPH CADOTT (1837) Among the papers in Michel Cadotte's account book (From the University of Notre Dame Archives)

(Copied from handwritten paper - sheet No. 1)

Know all men by these Presents that I Gichwiski Chief of the Chippeway tribe living on the south shore of Lake Superior in the territory of Wisconsin inNorth America and we, the principal men of the said tribe of Indians La Locke and Le Grand, in consideration of the natural love and affection, which we have and bear unto Joseph Cadotte son of Magdolen and Michel Cadotte and also in consideration of the relationship existing between us have given, granted, enfeoffed, and confirmed and by these presents do give, grant, alien, enfeoff and confirm unto the said grantee heirs and assigns forever a piece or tract of land lying and being within the boundaries of the territory of which I Gichwiski is the chief, to consist of two sections or twelve hundred and eighty acres, to hold and to have the land above descreibed. To him the said grantee and his heir and assigns forever. It being our wish and intention that in case a treaty shall at any time hereafter beholden between the United States and the said Gichwiski Chief of the said Chippewa tribe of Indians or any other tribe of Indians claiming the above lands that then and in such a case a reservation or grant of the tract of land above mentioned and described shall be made in and by such treaty to the said grantee and his heirs and assigns. And we the said grantors do hereby bind ourselves and our heirs to cause said sections or tracts of land to be granted to said grantee by any treaty hereafter to be holden between said tribe of Indians and said United States.

(Original sheet No. 2)

In wilness whereof we have bounts wit our hends and Suntres and therey served They Anno Nomino willow Sichi waski his cellus Suffals mark In traine of Symon. In From Theone de 8. 0 La Focker his marke to france to the grand t Charles & Rarut the 9 Senta Same Erinatinger Cymes Trence Gange Landon van

"ALICE ERMATINGER GOES TO WHEELER'S SCHOOL"

Beloit, Wis., Aug. 19, 1925

affected my ability to write and I envy those who can write straight along, as smoothly as molasses from the bung. I have photographs and engravings, showing the old Mission residence at La Pointe, as it stood abandoned just before it was purchased by Mr. E. P. Salmon of our city, also pictures of its present condition fixed up as a summer resort with a double row of continuous balconies around it, also of the Mission residence at Odanah, the church and boarding school at the same place all built by my father, who conducted quite an extensive Indian school with a four hun-

dred-acre farm attached for instruction in agriculture . . .

... When my parents first arrived at La Pointe on Madeline Island, they found quite a large community composed mostly of the American Fur Company's forces, consisting of the Warrens as managers of a large business establishment, housed in commodious quarters mostly of logs, the French-Canadian Voyagers and their half breed families living in log houses extending along the shore for over a mile, the Indians occupying wigwams farther back from the lake, and the Mission residence at the south end of the settlement. The Warrens had removed the business from the original Cadotte settlement on the extreme southwest point of the island two miles further to the north, thus leaving the mission residence about half way between. The language was Indian, French and English and a composite of all three, Indian and French largely dominating. The first reader and spelling book I studied had English on one side and a translation into Indian on the other side, the latter being in the French orthography.

"Mr. Lyman Warren died in 1847 and his youngest daughter, Mary, then eleven years old, was taken into our family almost as an adopted daughter, at the dying wish of her father; her mother had died some time previous. The death of Mr. Warren was a great grief to the Mission Colony and particularly to my father between whom and Mr. Warren a very close and personal friendship had grown up. Mr. Warren was the first deacon of the First Mission church when it was organized in 1833, which was the first Congregational church in Wisconsin. It might be well to take a glance at the isolation of that day: A primeval forest, literally a howling wilderness, extended to the south a distance of two hundred miles and north to Hudson Bay and beyond; east and west, from the Mississippi to a point a little north of Detroit, Michigan; Mackinac, Sault St. Marie, Green Bay, Fort William and La Pointe on Lake Superior all were fur trading headquarters and the only settlements of any kind. This wilderness was penetrated by the route of least resistance - the waterway - and still involved a vast amount of hardship to perform insignificant results. We were shut out from the world six months of the year after the water route was closed by ice and for many years within my recollection, not even mail came through for six months.

"To the south, our nearest white neighbor was James Ermatinger, who lived on the Chippewa River about one hundred and eighty miles away. Several members of this family lived at our home some years, attending school. Alice and William Ermatinger, cousins of Mary Warren, were at Odanah after the fur company abandoned La Pointe and the Mission Station and school was removed to Odanah on the Bad River. James Ermatinger was known all through the country as "Jim," pronounced "Jeem" by the Indians. I remember him very well — of medium height, quiet spoken but alert, breaking off from English into French or Indian as the occasion required.

"William Warren, the author, I recall distinctly as he called on my father at

Odanah on his way east to attend to the publication of his book, *History of the Ojibway Nation*, in which my father took a great interest and when a few weeks later the word of his death came through, I recall distinctly the grief of my parents.

"George Warren and Elisha Ermatinger visited us occasionally. Mary Warren remained in our family until her education was completed and thereafter for more than fifty years taught school at various Indian reservations, Odanah, La Pointe, Red Cliff, Red Lake, and White Earth. During this period, she married Mr. English, who subsequently passed away and when superannuated, she retired to White Earth with her relatives there. Her death occurred last Saturday, August 15th, at White Earth, Minn., at the age of 89 . . .

William H. Wheeler

(Taken from "History, Tradition and Adventure in the Chippewa Valley" - Bartlet, 1929)

(Daughter Alice corresponds with her father, James Ermatinger. From the letters in Annie Ermatinger's files.)

"I WISH I HAD SOME MORE (Skins)"

(Wheeler's Mission School)

Bad River, December 9, 1853

Dear Parents:

I think I must write to you this time. I never hear from you or Nancy — perhaps you wish to hear about the payment here the Indians were very much pleased. Mr. Gilbar andMr. Smith, they said they never had such a good payment this is. I got my payment, have your calico dresses, sixteen yards of thick gingham, a blanket, and little cotton shawl, and some thread, and seven dollars in money. I have sold all the skins that mother left here and got the pay for almost all of them. I wish I had some more. The Indians were very glad to buy them. We expect William every day. I wish he would come now to go to school. I am going to school now. I study arithmetic and geography. I like to study arithmetic. Miss Spooner has got a good many scholars this winter, some lange boys and girls. Beson wants to go to school. Mr. Wheeler is making a bedroom for William.

I think I shall stop now, I can't say any more. I send my love to you father

and mother and brothers all.

I wonder why William does not come here. I hope I shall hear from him when Mr. Haskins comes back. I hope I shall have a letter from you.

From affectionate daughter, Alice Ermatinger

P. S. Give my love to all my brothers. Mary also sends her love to you all. She says she should have written to you but she could not have time to. Those little books are for Charley and Freddy. I send the smallest one to Charley and largest one is from Willy Wheeler to Fred.

"AS THAT IS ALL JEAN BTS WILL CARRY"

Chippeway River . . .

My dear Alice, my dear daughter . . . your letter over and over and am you I always have been, and have reason to be always hereafter.

I am glad to hear that you are not home sick and like to go to school. Try and learn all you can and do all you can to please Mr. Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler and

in doing so they will love you and speak well of you which is all I ask of you for

the present.

I woun't give you any news of the people of this place as they all behave too bad. Your brothers George and Isaac have just got home from Du Buke and all of the others are well.

I received a letter from Nancy some time last month and says that she is well,

but wants to come home.

Tell Mr. Wheeler that I will write to him and that your mother and my self send our best respects to them bouth and send one deerskin as that is all Jean Bts will carry, and a small bundle for you . . . one deerskin . . . callico dress, one pen knife, one aul . . . handkerchief to wipe your pretty . . . nose, the deerskin you most divide . . . Mary and tell her that she . . . not to go to the Ontonagon on . . . one word that Defeault and her Aunt Lucey may say and that she most not leave Mr. Wheeler's house as long as he will keep her.

George and Elijah may perhaps pay you a visit early in the spring and your

mother some time early in the summer.

Your mother was ten days getting home. Now this is all my dear I have to write for the present and all join in love to you and Mary. I remain your most

affectionate father, James Ermatinger

P. S.: Tell Mr. Wheeler that George wishes to be remembered to him and family and to Mr. Hall.

(A line of the original letter)

that is Lean to will consunt

(This address on the envelope)

Milites Alice Emetinger

Politeness, J. Bts Cadotte

(Probably the Jean Baptiste Cadotte living at "Cadotte Falls". According to his father's account book he would have been 63 years of age at the time this letter was carried. It appears that he would have been a hunter, trapper, as well as a Trader with the Indians, and may well be the "Baptiste Cadotte" later buried on the north bank of the Yellow River, near the Falls, as Tradition indicates. The Cadotte Family Tree indicates that he may have lived a Bachelor life as he had no progeny. Mrs. James Ermatinger (nee Charlotte Cadotte) would be a sister to him; her Obituary states that "Cadott is named for a brother." It is also very probable that his brother, Michael, had been born at or near "Cadotte Falls" (re: Warren & Randall in Reference Accounts) which event established the family affinity for this location as early as 1787. — Ed. note)

(Copied from the original letters in Annie Ermatinger's files.)

"I EXPECT TO SEND MORE BY COUSIN JOSEPH"

(Wheeler Mission School)

Bad River, June 18, 1854

Dear Father and Mother:

It is but a little while since I wrote to you by Mr. Haskins. I think you have got my letter before this time but Kiji inini (big man) is going to your house so I will write you a few lines again. We are all well. We had a pleasant time at Christmas.

Jan. 19 — I began to write to you the other day to send by Kiji inini but he did not wait for it. I expect to send more by cousin Joseph. At Christmas we had a Christmas tree loaded with candy, nuts, combakls and presents. I had a handkerchief, a book, a comb and some white under sleeves. On new years day we gave cakes to the Indians and the school children had cakes and presents. Perhaps, Father I will send some new years presents to you and the silk handkerchief to Mother. I think I had better not send the money for the deerskins now for I am afraid it will not reach you safely.

I wish father would come after me next summer if Mr. Wheeler don't have any boarding school next winter. I should like to go visit next summer at the Sault, which

my grand mother live.

From your affectionate daughter, Alice Ermatinger

Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Spooner send their love to you.

(Cousin Joseph – Joseph Cadotte (Cadot) the half-breed cousin of Ermatinger in Brunet's Journal. Also in the record of marriages in Notre Dame Church, Chippewa Falls this entry: "Michael Relieux and Margaret Wo-sou-wen-de-ba, married in presence of Bredon Dugalle, Joseph Cadott, Chippewa Falls, May 29, 1855." – Ed. note)

"James Ermatinger, Esq., "Sir:

"You are hereby notified that you were elected 'Justice of the Peace' at the annual town meeting held at Chippewa Falls, on the 3rd day of April, A.D., 1855.

"You are further notified to meet at Chippewa Falls on the fourteenth day of April, A.D., 1855, for the purpose of determining by lot, your term of office.

"J. H. DUNCAN, Town Clerk."

(Taken from History of Notre Dame Church, 1931.)

(Letter from George Warren to his brother, also from the letters in Annie Ermatinger's files.)

Chicago, Oct. 29, 1864

Dear Brother,

Yesterday Evening I went to the American Express & Expressed to your name & in care of Esq. H. R. Whipple the sum of Thirty Dollars (\$30.00) in 3 ten Dollar Bills of "Green Back" money.

They told me that the cost would be one dollar for the expressing. You will

hand the money over to Mother it is You will find enclosed a receipt from the Ex. Co. The moment of course you get the money the receipt is not worth anything.

Do not forget to go to Mr. W. Richardson & see that the matter of that allottment money of Elisha's is correct. If between you & my wife you have not drawn out of the office those "Deeds" which I had left to be recorded you will do so at your earliest convenience apply to Esq. Whipple for them. By the Bye I heard that the 30th. Wis. has been ordered South into Missouri & that Co. K had a brush with the Indians up in Missouri & some of them wounded. The 43d in which was your friend Baltise La Rock have left Milwaukee to go to the South West.

This being Saturday I will not leave till Monday morning. My wounds & health both promise well. I would not wonder if I should go to the front long before I thought I would be able. This is a great busy city, I would like to have you here to show the sights the enormity of commerce that is being carried on here. I have not been able to go around though, for I am yet afraid of crowds, I am afraid of being "squezed". I walked yesterday to the Ex. office & I found that my lungs are greatly affected for my breath was short & painful. I will not forget to put you on the track for that Grave Stone after I get to Washington. I enclose you 4 sewing machine needles which you will please give to my wife with my respects.

Give my Love to My Mother & to the members of your "Surroundings".

(From the original)

Hell, Good Bye to Jon Jon Shaws Le not fail to tale for Atraham Sincoln HR. Whipple Baptized on Feb. 17, 1870 – John Baptiste, son of William Cadotte and Julia Corbin. Born on 21 Nov. 1869. Sponsors – Ambrose Corbin and Selice Corbin. Baptized on 9 Jan. 1875 – Michael Cadotte, son of William Cadotte and Julia Corbin. Born on 28 June 1874. Sponsor – Charlotte Ermatinger. Baptized on 21 July 1876 – Francis, son of Fr. Cadotte and Juliae Cadotte. Born on 20 Feb. 1876. Sponsor – Frank Cadotte. Baptized on 13 June 1878 – Mary, daughter of William Cadotte and Julia Corbyn. Born 31 Jan. 1878. Sponsor – Mary Rose. (Mary Rose was Annie Ermatinger's mother. Edward Rose, Mary's father, was a pilot on the Mississippi. – Ed. note)

10/ Mouria Genovefa. J. B. Cadette Inlie Tosette, Prise. Felia, Maria Aug. 10, 1862 Genovefa Robert Tomenses et 7 dees nata

Charles. J. B. Coedette Gulie Gosette, The Cadelle folyne Rosalie, à ppr. un an Ch. F.

Nov. 25, 1864

Die 10 - Carlottam f. l. framis Cadotte or Julie Vosie les Trapped on Stanchard & Stanchard & Stanchard

Nov. 10, 1871

(From the U. S. Dept. of Commerce listing the Augustin and John Cadott families. — Courtesy Cong. Obey.)

	of	Mic.	D. 12.	, en	um	erated	by me	Point on the	10 *	
lay.	of	Depto	da, 187	0. 1	- 11		: (Ent)	ppera	VALUE OF	REAL EST
Dwalling boases non-bared to the order of variance.	Families, numbered in the order	place of shui	every person who e on the first da , was in this famil	y of	eq.	Color Wute (W.) Black (B.) Mularto (M.) Chi-	or Trade	n. Occupation, of each person, or female.	Value of Real Estate.	Value of Personal Estate
1	2	1.00	3.	, 1,	4	5 6		7	8	9
-	127	Gode	+ Ange	win	80	" "	1	abour	5	2
-	<u> </u>	4	tine	lia	62	3 11	Ho	ise Keep	-	_
-	<u> </u>		Huds	112	35	22 11	Fas	Lubr	21	-
		1 4	Inte	a	28	7 11		14		-
-			Maste	H_	18	11 11	40	1224	-	_
-		Codet			40	22 11	has	2110	-1-8	00
-	-		Indit	11	35-	7 11	1402	we Keep		
-		1	Prati	lda	12	11 11	1	67114	-	-
	-	+4-	gin		7	1 11		//-		
-	-	4	2 oref	1	5	20 11		14		
-	-	1	Wille		3	11 -11		_//		
-	-	1/1/1	1	tin	17	11 11				
-	-	See -	i he	112	23	11 11	1.1			
		B. 1.11	Die Olio	uu A	28	"	X Lav	Die		
		1 Ch	hil.	200	35	3	Hom	we Kings	45	
		1	Lon		7	m 4	1	177214		
		1 9-	Has	1.	5	., .		//		
		No. of dwell	nge, 7 N6	of white	ed mal	14	No. of males, " " female " " blind,	foreign born, _/	2	

(United States Patent on 80 acres of land to Augustus Cadotte by treaty of 1854. By order of Abraham Lincoln, President, May 10, 1861. — From the office of Chippewa County Register of Deeds.)

UNITED STATES PATERT.

Certificate No. 185 TO ALL TO WHO. THESE PRESENT SHALL C "Z, GREETING:

The REAS, by the 7th clause of the second article of the treaty with the CHIPTEMAS of Lake Superior and the Mississippi, dated 30th Teptember, 1854, it is provided that "Each head of a family or single person over twenty-one years of age at the present time of the mixed bloods, belonging to the Chippewas of Lake Superior, shall be entitled to eighty acres of land, to be selected by them under the direction of the PRECIDENT" and whereas there has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States, a certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Eau Claire No. 5, whereby it appears that Chippewa Certificate No. 185 in the name of Augustus Cadotte Senior for eighty acres, issued by the Indian Agent under the aforesaid Treaty, has been located and surrendered by the said Augustus Cadotte Senior in full satisfaction for the South half of the North West quarter of Section Twenty eight in Township thirty North of Range eight West, in the District of lands subject to sale at Eau Claire, Misconsin containing eighty Acres. according to the official plat of the public lands returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the surveyor general, which said Tract has been located by the said Augustus Cadotte Senior

NOW KNOT YE that the United States of America, in consideration of the premises HAVE GIVEN AND GRANTED, and by these presents DO GIVE AND GRANT, unto the said Augustus Cadotte, Senior and to his heirs the said tract above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, together all the rights, priviles, and appurtenances, of whatsoever nature, thereunto belonging, unto the said Augustus Cadott, Senior and to his heirs and assigns forever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I Abraham Lincoln PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, have caused these Letters to be made PATENT, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be heagento affixed.

CIVEN under my hand at the City of Washington, the Tenth day of May in

the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty one and of the Independence of the UNITED STATES the eighty fifth.

BY THE PRESIDENT: Abraham Lincoln

By W. O. Stoddard Secretary

J I. M. Granger Recorder of the General Land Office.

Recorded in Vol. 1 Page 134.

Received for Record 2 day of Apr., A. D. 1924, at 11:25 o'clock A. M.

Oloff Thorpe

Register

CHIPPEWA COUNTY, WISCONSIN.

187

CHIPPEWA COUNTY.

Ja

Place Augustus Cadotte solid leid State Augustus Cadotte solid leid State Augustus Cadotte solid leid State, Source of Cagle Points leaving Certain lands to other property do hereby gray to your honorable Court of the Oro bate for this County, that you appoint an administrator to the Estate to property of the yestus fadotte Died, that you appoint Court of the Such a dimensistrator.

That you appoint leaves I such a dimensistrator.

That and the west of the market with pur man this county to late a 2

Augustus Cadotte Doceased.

A true and perfect inventory of all the real estate, and all the goods, chattels, rights, or dits and estate of said deceased, which have come to the possession or knowledge of the undersigned that the control of the possession of any other person for up to and including this day of day of AD 187.

Real Estate	Appraised	Value
80 = Acres being The South half		
of North West quarter of Vection		
(28) Twenty Eight, in Township thirty		
hand a Range Gight West & cour		
Tomine (80) Eigh acres, more or less,		
and a provised at Ten Dollars per	11	
acre -	800	00
TOTAL VALUE OF REAL ESTATE		

Personal Estate	Appraised Value
pr Coarse book - \$350 - 1 Blot 1 wht hat (old) 25	3.75
prold Stoga Choro 00. 3 old col Hamel under Shirts . I ald col shirt (old flow) 00 2 pinte Got callies with	75
old wood belt differently col -10101d who thek wood ampor	20
about to add ovot packs 120 1 good over Coat 10 mg	11.00
I worn tut while jett Hedlef. 00	# H. 10 116,10
1 jos it ose Chain 32 ft long	.50 .50
Other Personal Property.	
1 Musket, marked, with slamps "A M" + bullet mou	eld 400 4.00
& jest hooks with ines 10° / white pine Cheshwith	Key, 1.00 1.00
2 old Carpet Danks of I pipe & Knife blade -	10
I lay Mill "Sean less Slav Mills, "1" +11,C" !	30
	Idal 1, 22,20
Regarded from O'd chou so fany, 28.1875; for grass cut off or July 1814 ou the confiled Homestine, Silvated where the half of the A. W. 7 and West of Society 25, Fourth	.4.33
half of the A. W & and West of South of Section 25, Townsh Range Twees in Chippena County, this, (4) your tous at \$11. low, Standing,	\$4000 M

"JEAN BRUNET'S TABLET"

"This tablet was erected in 1931, by the Cornell Woman's Club, Cornell, Wis., and serves a two-fold purpose. On the hill side below, unmarked and obliterated, are many Indian graves, of days long past. At a later period this plot became the burial ground of pioneers of white or mixed blood.

"Below this cemetery, near the river bank, can be traced the foundation stones

of the old Brunet home.

"Jean Brunet, the most interesting character in the Chippewa Valley, was born in France in 1791. He came to this valley in 1837, and later built a Fur Traders' Cabin on this spot, the falls below taking his name. This home became the most popular stopping place on the river. It was here that Ezra Cornell made his head-quarters when locating the vast pine lands for Cornell University.

"Jean Brunet died in August, 1877, and is buried at Chippewa Falls, Wis."

(Taken from History of Notre Dame Parish, 1931.)

"THE JEAN BRUNET LEDGER"

When Mr. Brunet died in 1878 the ledger was left with my Grand Father, Francis Gauthier, Mr. Brunet's adopted son. When Mr. Gauthier died in 1880 my Mother Mrs. Gustave Roberts inherited the ledger and when she died in 1946 my Sister Mrs. Arthur Walters gained possession of the ledger. My sister died in 1961 and I then became the owner of the Jean Brunet ledger.

The ledger is in fairly good condition considering the fact the recordings date

from 1862 to 1876.

Very truly yours, Henry A. Roberts

P.S.: My Mother's maiden name was Josephine Gauthier.

(It was said that probably no other volume in existence contains the names of so large a proportion of the early fur traders and pioneer lumbermen of the Chippewa Valley including other localities farther distant. — Ed. note)

"SOME OF THE NAMES IN THE LEDGER"

cited ogusten

(Cadot, Augustin)

michel carot

(Michel Cadot)

Im worden

(L. M. Warren)

muchel caret file

(Michel Cadot, son)

antiene exict pere tak Superious

(Antoine Cadot, Sr. Lake Superior)

Lettel ed well former Buchanne (James Buchanan) cacot josephet mety cousen i ermenten que (Cadot, Joseph, half-breed cousin of Ermatinger) andre cadot octob y pres sus le livre page ge cache (Andre Cadot) pret sur blive page 92 cache (Jean bt Cadot) 7 pres how to lever page 92 (Antoine Cadot, young) teller I zacarie (Taylor, Zachary) comentenger jemet merinois bobe (Marriner, Bob) (Ermatinger, James)

CHAPTER 7 WHAT IS IN A NAME?

Plan of the Village of

CADOTTE FALLS

Surveyed and drawn by John Rumpelly. August 1875.

Scale 1 inch = 200 Feet

Thereby certify that I have surveyed and platted for Robert marriage the Village of Cadottes Falls on a part of the north of court guarter of the South west of the Frust meridian winerum, and also on a part of the bruth west guarter of the bouth west guarter of the street and the dimensions of the both are as shown on the accompanying yelder.

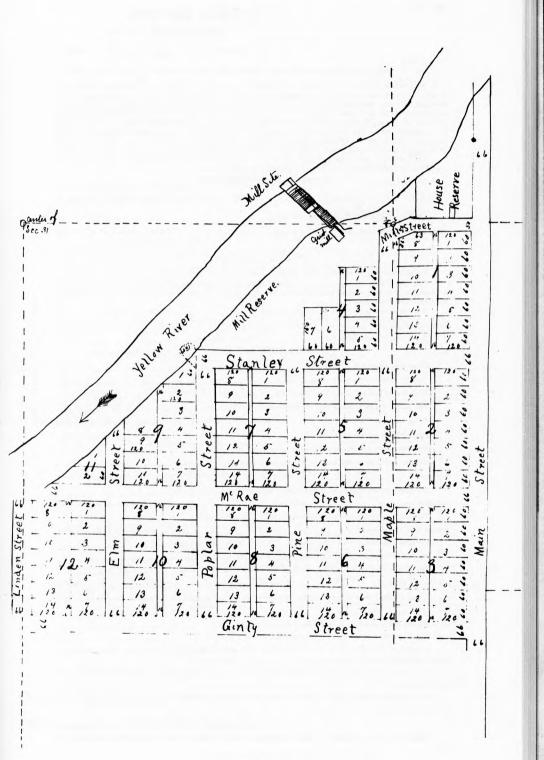
John Pumpelly.

August 310 1875

I the undersigned proprietor and owner of this Village plat of badotte Falls hereto arranged do hereby certify, that I have caused the same to be aurroyed and platted and recorded in the Office of the Register of Oceds of Chepheura levening wisconsum.

Coleanor Marriner (E)

Registers office bhippewa boundy Wis. Advised for record the 31th day of August a. B. 1878 at 5 D dock a. M. said recorded in vol 18 of Deeds on pages, 628, 629 Amfrow Hooffman. Register

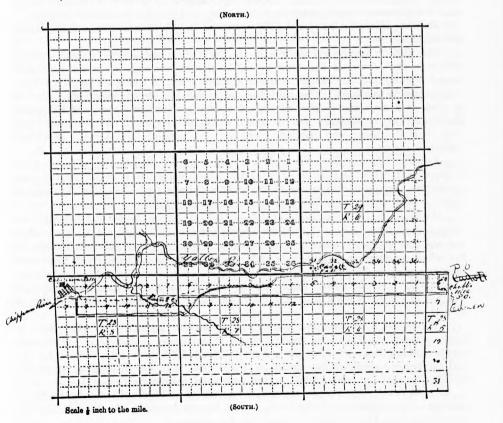


Post Office Department, APPOINTMENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Jul 12, 1873.

at which you are recommended for postmaster he requires that the blanks in the following statement
at which you are recommended for postmaster he requires that the blanks in the following statement
be filled, and the questions carefully and correctly answered, verified by your signature, certified by a
neighboring postmaster, and returned to this Department, addressed to me. The contractor should be
informed of this application; and if the site of the proposed office be off the mail route, you will forward
his certificate as to the practicability of supplying it, and also as to the increase of distance. If the proposed office is not on any route now under contract, it can only be established as a "Special Office,"
to be supplied without expense to Department other than net proceeds.
Be careful to designate the post offices by their true official names; and answer the subjoined
queries fully and accurately, or the case will not be acted upon.
Respectfully, your obedient servant,
JAMES W. MARSHALL,
First Assistant Postmaster General.
To Mr. Stobert Marsness
Care of the Postmaster of Chiffewal Salls, who will please forward to him.
Care of the Postmaster of Cuspication Calls, who will please forward to him.
/ STATEMENT.
The proposed office will be called State. " La dott."
The name of the candidate for postmaster should not be applied as the name of a post office. It is preferable to have some LOGAL
[The name of the candidate for postmaster/should not be applied as the name of a post office. It is preferable to have some LOGAL or PERMANENT name, which must not be the name of any other office in the State; and you should aim to select a name not appropriated
to any office in the United States.]
It will be attuated in the DW quarter of Section 31 Township 29
Range West , in the County of Chippewa , State of Wireonsico
It will be on or near route No, being the route from
to, on which the mail is noy, carried times per week.
The contractor's name is
The contractor's name is
Will it be directly on this route?—Ans. No
If not, how far from and on which side of it !- Ans. I ruile Worth
How much will it INCREASE the travel of the mail one way each trip?—Ans. / mile 9. 1/1
Where will the mail leave the present route to supply the proposed office !- Ans
Where intersect the route again !—Ans.
What post office will be left out by this change 1-Ans. None
What post office will be left out by this change 1—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change 1—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change !—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. Now. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is. Lasan. its distance is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. Now. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is. Lasan its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office on the same route, on the other side, is direction from the proposed office. Its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office.
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. Now. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is. Lasan its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office on the same route, on the other side, is direction from the proposed office. Its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office.
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. Now. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is. Lasan its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office on the same route, on the other side, is direction from the proposed office. Its distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office.
What post office will be left out by this change f-dns. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is the distance is miles, in a direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office on the same route, on the other side, is direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, is direction from the proposed office. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, is direction from the proposed office. The name of the most direct road is miles, in a darsile, direction from the proposed office. The name of the most prominent river near it is direction from the proposed office.
What post office will be left out by this change 1—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is the same route, on the other side, is the same of the nearest office on the same route, on the other side, is the same of the nearest office to the proposed one, is the same of the nearest office to the proposed one, is the same of the most direct road is the same of the most prominent river near it is the same route, is the same r
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change t—Ans. The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change f-Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change 1—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is
What post office will be left out by this change 1—Ans. None The name of the nearest office to the proposed one, on the same route, is

BINGIUM showing the site of the Callott Post Office in Township 29 Brange 6 Nest of the 4 Drincipal - Moridian, Country of Chippena, State of No consin, with the adjacent Townships and Post Offices.

It is requested that the exact site of the proposed, or existing Post_Office, as also the roads to the adjoining offices, and the larger streams or rivers, be marked on this diagram, to be returned as soon as possible to the Post Office Department.



"SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ORIGINS OF THE CADOTTE HISTORY 'PROJECT'"

By Walter H. Brovald

Mr. Tom Tobola has graciously asked me to contribute a brief entry for this commemorative booklet. I am happy to do so, if for no other reason than to take the opportunity to commend him for his continued diligent search for information about the early Cadottes. I know something of the fascination that has seized him. I felt it, too, and feel it still. The history of the Cadottes on this continent goes back just over 300 years, afer all, and touches a host of illustrious names, events and places across that period of time. How signal an honor that Cadott village is among

What has intrigued Tom and myself, and all of those who have been caught up in one or another aspect of this historical endeavor, has been the frustration of trying to document one small incident in the sprawling Cadotte history - the establishment of a trading post near the falls of the Yellow River in the vicinity of what was to become the village of Cadott.

What has kept the endeavor alive is the confidence that sometime, somehow, someone will unearth from an attic or a storeroom the shred of evidence that will prove to be conclusive. Tom's most recent efforts, in conjunction with the planning for the dedication of the Cadotte statue, has resulted in another substantial collection of information. Some "tomorrow" will bring to light the pieces still missing.

For this article, let me just briefly trace the origins of our concentrated search

of Cadott history.

The Cadotte family and its role in the fur-trading activities of middle Canada, Wisconsin and Minnesota had been a familiar topic for themes by school youngsters in and around Cadott. One of these, by Carmen Filtz, provided me with an early introduction to the family. The 1936 Golden Jubilee and Homecoming publication of St. Rose of Lima congregation and at least a couple of written histories of Chippewa County told of the Cadottes and their activity in the region. And, of course, there were those still living who recalled, albeit vaguely, accounts and legends of Cadott traders in the area.

Actually, I first became involved in the "mystery of Cadotte Falls," as I came to describe it, when several of us on Main Street noted an increasing number of community centennial celebrations in the state and began speculating on the date of Cadott's 100th anniversary. This was in the autumn of 1954.

We knew that Robert Marriner had pre-empted 160 acres for his personal development in 1858. But we began to compile other dates associated with Marriner and his early settlement efforts: in 1865, he built the log cabin in which he was to live while constructing a sawmill; in 1866, he buit a permanent home and Mrs. Marriner moved from Chippewa Falls to join him (in a map drawn that year, the future Cadott village was designated "Sigel Settlement"); in 1873, Marriner established (and was put in charge of) the first post office; in 1875, 25 acres were officially platted as part of formal incorporation of the village.

(There was some sentiment among our group for properly observing the village's centenial in 1975, the anniversary of incorporation; a few were in favor of commemorating the post office date; but 1973 and 1975 both seemed very far off and the urge to celebrate was strong, so it was decided to use the date of Marriner's

building his first log cabin, 1865, as the centennial benchmark.)

But in developing this information from available historical sources, we kept running across references to the much earlier history involving the Cadotte family, and before long I was firmly "hooked" on the subject.

References in my editorial column in The Cadott Sentinel to my growing inter-

est in the Cadottes elicited not only friendly inquiries and encouragement, but also bits and pieces of information which I began cataloging. (One of my saddest recollections from this period is of a tattered book which a reader brought in which contained what was said to be a likeness of one of the Cadottes of history; but I failed to record either the title or the name of the owner and, despite repeated later pleas, it was never brought in again.)

One of those who from the first had shared my enthusiasm for uncovering more Cadotte details was Gordon Peterson. It was he who urged that we make a trip to Madelaine Island, where we knew at least one of the Cadotte clan was buried and where historical accounts recorded the family as having headquartered for many years.

Gordon and Georgina Peterson and my wife, Lily, and I, traveled to the island in June 1955. Library work with some of the sources which Tom Tobola cites in the bibliographic section of this book had helped us to prepare a tentative Cadotte "family tree" in anticipation of the trip. One of those sources — a book by Hamilton N. Ross — made the prospect of our trip all the more exciting, because Ross had a summer home on Madelaine and he had invited us to visit with him and to review his extensive notes on the Cadottes.

We learned much from Ross. Especially valuable was a Cadotte "family tree" he himself had developed, which filled in many gaps in the one we had put together, and corrected or supplied many dates for us. At the same time, our visit with Ross suggested something of the difficulties which lay ahead. He told us that despite many years of investigation and research into the history of the Cadottes, he lacked much information because early records, particularly among the Indians, were very scarce.

His interests, anyway, were centered on Cadotte activity on and in the vicinity of Madelaine Island. But he cheered us on and we spent a delightful afternoon consulting his notes freely and talking with him. (Our visit encouraged Ross to write a series of articles on "The Famous Cadotte Family" for a Madelaine publication, The Lighthouse.)

But probably the most important consequence of the trip to Madelaine Island — at least for me — was a confirmation of my interest in the entire chapter of Cadott village's history which pre-dated Marriner's coming. As we stood and gazed at the Madelaine Island grave of Michel Cadotte and as we spent the afternoon hours in earnest conversation with Hamilton Ross, poring over his many notes and records, all of the must historical documents I had read took on deeper meaning. The very island, so much of whose history involved the Cadottes, seemed an encouragement. We walked an island trail, and I think it was in one of those moments that I became determined to try to discover the Cadottes' trail even to Cadotte Falls.

Two years later, I wrote the first draft of a summary of all that had been learned; I published it in The Sentinel in 1956. For the most part it was a record of confusions and contradictions — of errors repeated and compounded from one historian" to another, and of obviously interchanged names and dates.

But it was the basis for a search for additional information which continued sporadically over the years. As close to my leaving Cadott as in 1965, I spent three days in the Wisconsin Historical Society in Madison, poring over its collections, noting numerous Cadotte references (but finding little that Ross had not already found or that seemed pertinent to the Cadottes' work and activities in the Cadott region).

Tom Tobola and several of his friends, including Gordon Peterson, and the Cadott Chamber of Commerce, have in recent years renewed the historical effort in earnest and what they have discovered is presented in this book. So the interest continues; and spreads. It is culminating now in a unique tribute to the Cadottes — a

recognition of what at the very least can be said with certainty, that the village and area is descended from a time when the Cadottes maintained one of the richest and most widespread fur-trading empires ever to exist in North America.

Mr. R. J. Ryan Brainerd, Minnesota 56401 Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a copy of the letter written by Mr. R. C. Ebert to Evan Hart, concerning the "Cadeau-Cadotte" name, about which I talked to you a few days ago. Also talked to Pete Humphrey, and he says he has a copy of the letter in his files.

As stated, we would like to publish the letter in a collection of "Cadotte Family Stories" which our C of C is putting together in a booklet, with the permission of Mrs. Ebert or the family. The Minnesota Historical Society suggests this line: Letter (carbon) in Minnesota Historical Society. Used with the permission of R. C. Ebert and the MHS.

As you suggested, would you please have Mrs. Ebert send us the permission to use the letter? I'll see that she also gets a copy of the booklet when completed.

Thanking you for your cooperation, I am

Very truly yours, Thomas H. Tobola

P. S.: Incidently, the name of the President of our Village is: Walter E. Ebert. (Reply ". . . my husband would have been pleased about this" — Mrs. R. C. Ebert.) Mr. Evan A. Hart 1902 North 49th St.,

Milwaukee 8. Wis.

Dear Mr. Hart:

My deepest thanks for your supplement of September 17th regarding "Cadotte-Cadeau" and the resulting boost to my morale on my first venture into local history.

I may not have made myself clear on the problem and my attempt at a solution. Cadeau changed his name — the question is "Why?"

Warren (at some page I don't have, but Pete does) says approximately, "The name 'Cadeau' seems to have been changed in 1671 to 'Cadotte' without explanation."

A change in the spelling of surnames by others is common (See the 2,000 ways of spelling Shakespeare and you example of Aitkin, etc.) throughout history and we have at least four examples in abstracts of title in this County where the surname is spelled in three different ways by the owners of the names themselves. This is true also of L'Anse, Wisconsin, which Kohl says the English spell according to the English phonics applied to the French pronunciation. Note that these are identical phonetically, within the limits of the written language.

In the same connection, Sherm Holbert of Onamia lived and went to school with Indian children from age 2 and could never figure out why their names did not look on the school blackboard like the English phonetic spelling the teacher was teaching; in other words, the Chippewa names didn't conform to the rules of English spelling and pronunciation. (For this purpose I am ignoring Worchestershire, Greenwich and Reading).

It was not until Holbert took college French that he realized that the spelling of his friends' names was phonetic, but according to French phonics, a result of the work of the early French missionaries who established the phonics of the Chippewas when they wrote the mass and catechism in our alphabet, but with French values.

To sum it up, or perhaps to belabor the obvious, every change, variation and alternative in names, except for slang, colloquialism, etc., always retains the original

phonic base, so far as I know. And such changes were more common in a less liter-

ate age, even if John Dewey had not yet had his say.

Therefore, when the change of the name Cadeau to Cadotte changes the spelling, so as to change the sound, of the name, there must be a good reason for the change. I, therefore, look for an explanation of what Warren calls the inexplicable.

If my recollection is correct, the change was made in about 1670-1671. As I recall, the Caddo tribe or Caddoan Iinguistic group were involved with the French on the lower Mississippi at the same time, on a trading basis if not on a less friendly arrangement.

I assume that the French Government in Paris at the time had some official who was in charge of Indian affairs, and who, like bureaucrats of all times and places, knew little or nothing of the actual field problems of the traders in America. I assume also that, in spite of the distribution of countless flimsy copies of everything, every employee of the department was as uninformed and confused as his counterpart in our State and Federal Governments, and as reluctant to educate himself in the background material.

I picture a flap in the Paris office on the receipt of letter from Lake Superior signed "Cadeau" and the wild rushing about trying to correlate the report with another received from New Orleans reporting the unreasonableness of the Caddo who insisted on a cost of living clause and severance pay of 3 trading axes on reaching age 65. I see poor Cadeau prefacing each report with "I acknowledge receipt of your inquiry of the 8th inst. concerning my demand for severance pay. Please be advised that I did not make any demand for severance pay. My last report dealt only with the problem of heavier blankets for Voyageur Baptiste. Please refer to my letter and reply." etc., etc., etc.

In World War II a friend of mine, Nelson Roberts, served on a ship with one Robert Nelson, an officer of equal rank. As you know, the Navy filed the records of my friend under "ROBERTS, Nelson" and those of his colleague under "NELSON, Robert." The confusion was awe inspiring. Instead of meeting the problem head-on, the Navy cut the Gordian knot and transferred one of the men to another ship; neither is yet certain whether the Captain really meant to transfer him or the other fellow, but the separation was accomplished and each man thereafter drew his own pay, his own rations and went back to his own wife and children.

Had the Navy not swung the sword, I suppose each would gladly have changed his name to Graphmeyer or Smith (though not the same, of course) as a possible solution.

Separated from his superiors by 5,000 miles of water, wilderness and confusion, and able to communicate (I use the word in its most limited sense) only by quill and parchment, I see Cadeau saying "To hell with it!" and changing his name to Cadotte.

I realize this is all most unimportant, but I would like to think that Cadotte (formerly Cadeau) will stalk more easily in the Happy Hunting Ground for knowing that the world at last knows of his past problems and his heroic solution. He lost, it is true, his good name, but, I hope, regained his sanity and never again had to preface his every letter with an explanation.

Yours very truly,

R. C. Ebert

Mr. Walter H. Brovald; Professor School of Journalism 111 Murphy Hall Minneapolis, Minn. 55455

Dear Walt:

I'm sure you can easily be reminded of all the discussions carried on, during the twelve or more years you spent here as our Publisher-Editor, about the omission of the letter "e" in the name "Cadott" for the village. Gordie Peterson still talks about the jaunts with you up to Madelaine Island.

As you know, most accounts fault Mr. Munroe, Editor of the first Cadott paper for taking the letter out. Such authority as St. Rose of Lima states that as a known

fact in its Souvenir History: Golden Jubilee and Homecoming; 1936.

It has again been suggested that for our historical connection with the Cadotte family we petition the Governor: that the letter be officially reinstated. One of the civic groups is considering the action. At one time I was much in favor of it.

However, my gathering of facts and evidence for the dedication reveal documents that point the finger right back at Marriner who first gave the village the name. A xeroxed copy from Dave Dugal of the application for appointment of the Post Office clearly shows the spelling as we now have it. Were you aware of that? Now, the question becomes: Why did Marriner spell it that way?

Further research, evidence and analysis leads me to believe that he did so be-

cause he, too, was confused. Baffled by the spelling. Let me explain.

Most accounts state that he (Robert M.) built a little log cabin; a dam across the river; and gave the name to the village in commemoration of a French-Indian, "Baptiste" Cadotte, who lived down stream. No explanation for his not choosing "Marriner"; or "Marrinerville"; or "Eleanor" or "Eleanorville" (for love of his wife) as others might have done. Such questions come to mind as: Did Baptiste have a better cabin? Did Marriner surmize that some day youthful vandals would carelessly destroy the elegant house he built for her on the high bank? Perhaps, that too, but look at his predicament.

He knew it as Cadotte Falls. Witness the map he drew, and the plat. For certain, one had a trading post in a cabin here, before him. The family had an affinity for the place. Common knowledge among all the river and woodsmen. And that famous Michel, of earlier Fur-Trading days, up at Madelaine, had descendants galore up and down the river; all over the place. Voyageurs, trappers, hunters, woodsmen, soldiers. One of the older ones said he was born "near" this place. Even Ermatinger and Warren were married to a couple of the girls. Solid home-makers, too. And J.

Baptiste had the youngsters baptized at Notre Dame in '62 and '64.

It should be the name for the village. But it was the spelling that must have had him confused. Confounded. The Canadians said the name was at one time "Cadeau"; but for a long time now had it "Cadotte". So that was settled. But the French wrote it "Cadot". Many times he watched Jean Brunet make the entry on his books: ---- Cadot. And Brunet was a learned man. Came directly from France. Cadot or Cadotte? Like a Whoose Who; or Whats whatte! What a predicament.

There is evidence that he attempts to avert the issue by trying another name. Perhaps one more familiar to his contemporaries or the boys in D.C.; like "Sigel". But destiny prevails. "There are numerous 'Sigels' in the States", the reject letter states. Like an admonition, Marriner. Give it the name it deserves! A name that is Singular; no other such in these United States! A name of historical importance in its area. One that some day even its own citizens can do honor two.

But, "Cadot" or "Cadotte". The confusion still remains. And then suddenly, it appears that Marriner sees the light. The obvious solution. And this time he meets the issue smoothly; with compromise; with a "you meet me half-way; I'll meet you half-way" attitude. "Cadotte-Cadot", get to-gether. (The half-way spot.) Take one letter from the one — add one letter to the other. Drop the "e" from the one; add the "t" to the other. He erases the one, and boldly he writes: CADOTT.

Now, I'm not certain about replacing the "e". Maybe this should settle the issue once and for all. We've lived with it for a hundred and more years; can't we live with it for another hundred? Really, I don't believe J. Baptiste or Michel would object.

Walt, I'd like for you to check your notes on the research of the name. Maybe I've missed some link here that proves some other deduction. Give it your penetrating perception. As always, I value highly your studied, elucidating comments on these important matters. And will appreciate them.

We are looking forward to your presence and your address to us and to the throngs assembled on July 14th. Annie Ermatinger, James Hull, J. B. Chapple and many others say they plan to be here. Pete Dugal says he is asking Lucey and Obey. (And bring Lil.)

Sincerely,

Thomas H. Tobola

P.S. I am also enclosing a copy of an interesting letter which presents an analysis on the "Cadeau Cadotte" name exchange. We hope to get it into our Cadott Stories. I don't think Marriner would have had as much of a problem if the name had remained "Cadeau". The French for Cadeau: a gift. We could say: Like the gift of a name. And in essence Marriner has done that, and done it well! P.S. J. B. Chapple says in one of his notes that in another hundred years from now, it will still be carried on, and the most famous name in Northern Wisconsin early history.

CHAPTER 8

PROFILES

"MEMOIR OF WILLIAM WHIPPLE WARREN"

William Whipple Warren, whose work follows, was a descendant of Richard Warren, one of the "Mayflower" pilgrims, who landed at Plymouth in 1620. From this ancestor a large proportion of the persons bearing the name of Warren, in the United States, have descended. General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was the descendant of a collateral line of the family. Abraham Warren, a descendant of Richard, born September 25, 1747, fought in the Revolutionary War, as did also sis son, Stephen. Lyman Warren, son of Abraham, was born in Hartford, Conn., May 25, 1771, and was married in Berkshire, Massachusetts, to Mercy Whipple.

Their son, Lyman Marquis Warren, father of the subject of this memoir, was born at the latter place, Aug. 9, 1794. He came to the Lake Superior region in 1818, with his brother Truman A., younger than himself, to engage in the fur trade. The U. S. government having some time before enacted that no one, not a citizen of the United States, should engage in the fur trade, the British subjects, were were engaged in that trade, employed American clerks to take charge of their posts. The Warren brothers entered the service of Michel Cadotte, an old trader among the Ojibways

at La Pointe, and soon became great favorites with the Ojibways.

In 1821, Lyman M. Warren married Mary, daughter of Michel Cadotte. The ceremony was performed by one of the missionaries at Mackinaw. Rev. A. Brunson, in his work before quoted, says of Mrs. Warren: "She was three-fourths Indian. She was an excellent cook, and a neat housekeeper, though she could not speak a word of English." Mrs. Elizabeth T. Ayer, of Belle Prairie, Minn., widow of Rev. Frederic Ayer, the missionary, states that "she was a woman of fine natural abilities, a good mother, though without the advantages of any education. They raised a large family. The children had, added to more than common intelligence, a large amount of go-ahead-ativeness." Mrs. Warren was a believer in the Catholic faith. Mr. Warren, however, was an adherent of the common evangelical belief, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Wm. T. Boutwell, the first missionary at Leech Lake, still living in Washington County, Minnesota, near Stillwater, says: "I knew him as a good Christian man, and as one desirous of giving his children the benefits of a Christian education." Mrs. Ayer says: "He was among the first to invite American missionaries into the region of Lake Superior, and he assisted them as he had opportunity, not only by his influence, but sometimes by his purse. He united with the mission church at Mackinaw, where he was married." Rev. Mr. Brunson, who visited him in 1843, says: "Mr. Warren had a large and select library, an unexpected sight in an Indian country, containing some books that I had never before seen."

After dissolving his connection with the American Fur Company, probably about the year 1838, he removed to the Chippewa River, Wisconsin, where he had been appointed as farmer, blacksmith, and sub-agent to the Ojibways, in that reservation. He located his post at a point a few miles above Chippewa Falls, at a place now known as Chippewa City. Here, in connection with Jean Brunett, he built a saw-mill and opened a farm, and was soon furnished with commodious buildings. His wife died there July 21, 1843, and the following winter he took her remains to La Pointe for interment. Mr. Warren died at La Pointe, Oct. 10, 1847. Of the eight children born to them, two died in infancy. Truman A. is now interpreter at White Earth Agency, Minn., and Mary, now Mrs. English, is a teacher at the Red Lake Mission School. Charlotte, Julia, and Sophia are married, and live on White Earth Reservation. Of

William, their oldesst son, we now propose to give a brief memoir.

William Whipple Warren was born at La Pointe, May 27, 1825. In his very earliest childhood, he learned to talk the Ojibway language, from playing with the Indian children. His father took every means to give him a good English education. Rev. Mr. Boutwell says: "In the winter of 1832, he was a pupil at my Indian Scchool at La Pointe." He subsequently attended, for awhile, the mission school at Mackinaw, when he was only eight years old. In the summer of 1836, his grandfather, Lyman Warren, of New York, visited La Pointe, and on his return home took William with him to Clarkson, New York, where he attended school for two years, and afterwards, from 1838 to 1841, attended the Oneida Institute at Whitesborough, near Utica, a school then in charge of Rev. Beriah Green, a man noted for his anti-slavery views. William remained there until 1841, when he was sixteen years of age, and acquired a good scholastic training. He was then, and always subsequently, greatly devoted to reading, and read everything which he could get, with avidity. "While at school" (says one who knew him well) "he was greatly beloved for his amiable disposition, and genial, happy manners. He was always full of life, cheerfulness, and sociability, and insensibly attracted all who associated with him."

During his absence from home, he had, by disuse, forgotten some of the Ojibway tongue, but soon became again familiar with it, and acquired a remarkable command of it. Speaking it fluently, and being connected with influential families in the tribe, he was always a welcome and petted guest at their lodge-fire circles, and it was here that his taste and fondness for the legends and traditions of the Ojibways were fostered. He speaks in his work of his love for the "lodge stories and legends of my Indian grandfathers, around whose lodge-fires I have passed many a winter evening, listening with parted lips and open ears to their interesting and most forcibly told tales." He was fond, too, of telling to the Indians stories which he had learned in his reading, and would for hours translate to them narratives from the Bible, and Arabian Nights, fairy stories, and other tales calculated to interest them. In return for this, they would narrate the legends of their race, and thus he obtained those traditions which he has, with such skill, woven into his book. He was always a great favorite with the Indians, not only on account of his relationship with them, but from his amiable and obliging disposition to them, and his interest in their welfare, being always anxious to help them in any way that he could.

His familiarity with the Ojibway tongue, and his popularity with that people, probably led him to adopt the profession of interpreter. When Rev. Alfred Brunson visited the Indians at La Pointe in the winter of 1842-3, on an embassy from the government, he selected young Warren, then seventeen years of age, as interpreter, and found him very ready and skillful. Hon. Henry M. Rice writes: "In the treaty of Fond du Lac, made by Gen. Isaac Verplank and myself in 1847, William was our interpreter. (See Statutes at Large.) He was one of the most eloquent and fluent speakers I have ever heard. The Indians said he understood their language better than themselves. His command of the English language, also, was remarkable —

in fact, musical."

In the summer of 1842, in his eighteenth year, Mr. Warren was married to Miss Matilda Aitkin, daughter of Wm. A. Aitkin, the well-known Indian trader, who had been educated at the Mackinaw Mission School. It was during his interpretership under I. P. Hays in 1844-45, his relatives say, that his health began to fail. Frequent exposures, long and severe winter expeditions, connected with the Indian service at that time, brought on those lung troubles, which subsequently ended his life so prematurely, after several years of suffering.

Warren came to what is now Minnesota, with his family, in the fall of 1845, first living at Crow Wing and Gull Lake, where he was employed as farmer and interpreter, by Major J. E. Fletcher, Winnebago agent, then also in charge of the Mis-

sissippi Ojibways. He was also employed as interpreter in the attempted removal of the Lake Superior Indians under J. S. Watrous — an act which he did not, however, approve of. After a year or two he established a home at Two Rivers, now in Morrison Co. In the fall of 1850, he was nominated and elected as a member of the Legislature from the district in which he lived — a district embracing more than one-half the present area of the State. In January following (1851), he appeared at St. Paul, and took his seat as a member of the House of Representatives. Up to this time he had been quite unknown to the public men and pioneers of the Territory, but by his engaging manners, and frank, candid disposition, soon won a large circle of friends.

Col. D. A. Robertson, of St. Paul, contributes the following reminiscence of Mr. Warren at this period: "I became acquainted with young Warren in the fall of 1850. I had shortly before established in St. Paul 'The Minnesota Democrat' newspaper. At the date mentioned, some one introduced Mr. Warren to me, and wishing to learn what I could regarding the customs, belief, and history of the Ojibways, I questioned him on these points, and he very lucidly and eloquently gave me the desired information. I was much pleased with him, and talked with him a great deal, and at other times, on the subject. I was amazed at his information in regard to the Ojibway myths, as well as pleased with his style of narrative, so clear and graphic, which, with his musical voice, made his recitals really engrossing. I asked him, how did you get these myths?' He replied, from the old men to the tribe, and that he would go considerable distances sometimes to see them - that they always liked to talk with him about those matters, and that he would make notes of the principal points. He said this was a favorite pastime and pursuit of his. He had not at this time, it seems, attempted to write out anything connected, and the matt which he had written down was not much more than notes, or memoranda.

"In January, 1851, Mr. Warren took his seat as a member of the Legislature, and I then said to him, write me out some articles on this subject, to which he consented, and began to do so during his leisure moments, when not engaged in the Legislature. He had up to that time, probably had little or no practice in writing such things, but soon acquired a good style. The first of his papers, or articles, was printed in the Democrat, Feb. 25, 1851, an article of several columns, entitled, 'a brief history of the Ojibways in Minnesota, as obtained from their old men.' This was followed by other chapters during the same year. These sketches took well, and seemed to please all who read them. I finally suggested to him that if he would gather them up, and with the other material which he had, work them into a book it would sell readily, and possibly secure him some profits. The idea seemed to please him, and I am certain it never occurred to him before. He at once set about it, and from time to time when I saw him during the next two years, he assured me he was making good progress. At this period he was in poor health and much discouraged at times, suffering from occasional hemorrhages, as well as from financial straitness.

"During all my intercourse with Mr. Warren, for two or three years, I never saw the least blemish in his character. His habits were scrupulously correct, and his morals seemed unsullied. He appeared candid and truthful in everything, and of a most amiable disposition. Though about that time he was bitterly assailed by some whose schemes regarding the Indians he had opposed, he never spoke of them with any bitterness, but kindly, gently, and forgivingly. In fact, I never heard him speak ill of any one.

Mr. Warren's widow, now Mrs. Fontaine, of White Earth, states that when he had once set about writing his projected book, he pursued his work with an ardor that rapidly undermined his already feeble health. He read, studied, and wrote early and late, whenever his official duties or absence from home did not prevent, and

even when suffering from pain and debility. During this period, a correspondent of "The Minnesota Democrat," who visited Mr. Warren, writes thus under date March 17, 1852:—

"I write you from a most lovely spot, the residence of my friend, Hon. W. W. Warren. Mr. Warren's house stands directly opposite the mouths of the two small rivers which empty into the Mississippi on the western side, a short distance apart, and hence the name, 'Two Rivers.' Opposite this point, in the river, is an island of great beauty of appearance. Near by are countless sugar trees from which, last spring, Mr. Warren manufactured upwards of one thousand pounds of fine sugar. During my short sojourn here, I have been the attentive listener to many legendary traditions connected with the Chippewas, which Mr. Warren has, at my request, been kind enough to relate. They have been to me intensely interesting. He appears to be perfectly familiar with the history of these noted Indians from time immemorial . . . Their language is his own, and I am informed that he speaks it with even more correctness and precision than they do themselves. This is doubtless true. . . . As I write, he is conversing with Esh-ke-bug-e-coshe, or Flat Mouth, the far-famed old chief of the Pillagers. This old chief and warrior, now 78 years of age, has performed his long journey from Leech Lake, to visit 'his grandson,' as he calls Mr. Warren."

Much interest was felt at this period among Mr. Warren's personal friends, especially among such as had devoted any attention to the study of the Indian races, regarding his proposed publication, and he had the good wishes of all who knew him for its success, as well as their sympathies on account of his health and his pecuniary straits. In the preparation of his book, also (and he mentions this fact in his preface), he was much embarrassed for want of the works of other authors to refer to, for there were no public libraries in Minnesota at that time, while his lack of means prevented him from purchasing the desired books himself. It is gratifying to be able to state however, that some of his friends who felt an interest in him and his proposed work, generously aided him at this juncture. Among these should be prominently mentioned Hon. Henry M. Rice, to whose liberal help is probably owing the completion of the work, and into whose hands it subsequently passed, to be by him ultimately donated to this Society.

In the winter of 1852-53, Mr. Warren completed his manuscript, and in the latter part of the winter, proceeded to New York, in hopes of getting the work published there. He had also another object, to secure medical treatment for his rapidly failing health. In both objects he was doomed to disappointment. The physicians whom he consulted, failed to give him any relief, or but little encouragement, while the publishers to whom he applied would only agree to issue his work on the payment by him of a considerable sum. Believing that some of his friends in Minnesota, who had always expressed an interest in the work, might advance such aid, Mr. Warren resolved to return home and lay the case before them. There is little doubt that had he lived to do so, he would have promptly secured the means required. He reached St. Paul on his way home, in the latter part of May, 1853, very much exhausted. He went to the residence of his sister Charlotte, (Mrs. E. B. Price) and was intending to start for Two Rivers on the morning of June 1. Early on the morning of that day, however, he was attacked with a violent hemorrhage, and in a short time expired. His funeral took place the following day, Rev. E. D. Neill officiating, and the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at St. Paul.

Thus was untimely cut off, at the early age of 28 years, one who, had his life and health been spared, would have made important contributions to the knowledge which we possess regarding the history, customs, and religion of the aboriginal inhabitants of Minnesota. He had projected at least two other works, as noted in his preface, and it is believed that he had the material, and the familiarity with the

subject, to have completed them in a thorough manner.

The news of Mr. Warren's death was received with much sorrow by a large circle of friends, and especially by the Ojibways, to whom he was much endeared, and whom he had always so unselfishly befriended. They had always placed the most implicit confidence in him, and knew that he could be relied on. His generosity in sharing with them anything that he had, was one cause of his straitened cir-

His death was noticed by the press with just and appropriate eulogies. A memoir in the Democrat, July 6, 1853, written by the late Wm. H. Wood, Esq., of

Sauk Rapids, says: -

"From his kindly and generous nature, he has ever been a favorite, especially with chiefs and old men. He spoke their language with a facility unknown even to themselves, and permitted no opportunity to pass, of learning from the old men of the nation, its history, customs and beliefs. He delighted to listen to their words. Often has the writer of this tribute found him seated at the foot of an old oak, with Flat Mouth, the Pillager chief, noting down upon paper the incidents of the old man's eventful life, as he related them. Having, by his steadfast friendship to the Indians, won their confidence, they fully communicated to him, not only the true history of their wars, as seen by themselves, and as learned from tradition, but also that of their peculiar religious beliefs, rites, and ceremonies. Perhaps no man in the United States was so well acquainted with the interior life of the Indian, as was Mr. Warren. He studied it long and thoroughly. Investing Indian life with a romance perhaps too little appreciated by less imaginative minds, he devoted himself to the work of preparing and unfolding it, with a poet's enthusiasm.

"Thus animated, he could not be otherwise than enthusiastically attached to the Indians and their interests, and so he was. He was their true friend. While from the treachery of some and the cupidity of others, the Indians were often left with apparently no prospect but sudden destruction, in Mr. Warren they never failed of finding a brother, by whose kind words of encouragement and sympathy, their hearts were ever gladdened. In his endeavors to contribute to their happiness, he sacrificed all personal interests and convenience, he, with his wife and children, often dividing with them their last morsel of subsistence. With a true philanthropist's

heart, he literally went about among them doing good."

Of the four children born to Mr. Warren and his wife, two survive, a son, William Tyler Warren, and a daughter, Mrs. Madeline Uran, both residing on White Earth Reservation, Minn.

He was a firm believer in the truths of the Christian faith, and was a regular and interested student of the sacred Scriptures. He was accustomed, in his intercourse with the Indians, to enjoin upon them the duty and advantage of accepting the religion taught them by the missionaries, and it is believed that his advice had good effect upon them.

I must not close this imperfectly performed task, without acknowledging my obligations to Hon. H. M. Rice, Col. D. A. Robertson, Mrs.. Elizabeth Ayer, Rev. W. T. Boutwell, and especially to Truman A. Warren, of White Earth, and Mrs. Mary C. (Warren) English, of Red Lake, for material and aid kindly furnished me in its

preparation.

"AS EARLY AS AT 20 YEARS OF AGE"

MICHEL CADOTTE (July 22, 1764 - July 8, 1837), French-Canadian fur trader and early resident of Madeline Island, Wisconsin, was born at Sault Ste. Marie, the younger son of Jean Baptiste Cadotte. His mother, Anastasia, (or Athanasie) was an influential and intelligent Ojibway woman, whose marriage to Cadotte was solemnized at the Michilimackinac Parish house on October 28, 1756. His father, Jean Baptiste Cadotte, was an important member of the Indian trade, had settled at Sault Ste. Marie before 1751, and in 1758 was in charge of the French fort there. After 1760, when the English gained control of Canada and the Northwest, he entered into a trading partnership with Alexander Henry, one of the earliest English traders in Canada. During Pontiac's conspiracy, Cadotte managed to save Henry's life, at a time when the life of every Englishman was in jeopardy. In 1765 Cadotte and Henry were given permission by the English commander at Mackinac to trade in the Lake Superior region, and they established a trading post at La Pointe in Chequamegon Bay. Cadotte, however, lived the greater part of his life at Sault Ste. Marie, where he had a spacious home with 60 arpents of land in cultivation. In May 1796 he signed over all his goods and trade to his two sons, Jean Baptiste and Michel, with the understanding that they should provide for him for the rest of his life.

The two sons had been given good educations, at Montreal, and had then entered the fur trade as independent traders. As early as 1792 the elder son, Jean Baptiste, penetrated to the headwaters of the Mississippi and gained the distinction of opening that vast region to the fur trade. In 1798 he entered the service of the Northwest Fur Company as a senior clerk in the Fond du Lac Department, and in 1801 became a partner. In 1803, however, he was expelled from the company for intemperance, but because of the valuable work he had done the company granted him an annual pension of 100 pounds until 1813. That same year he received an appointment as interpreter in the Indian department of Upper Canada. He died about 1818.

Although Michel Cadotte never became a partner in the North West Fur Company, he was closely connected with that important trading concern, and maintained his eminent position in the fur trade longer than his brother. In 1784, when he was only twenty years old, he was trading on the Namekagon River, a branch of the St. Croix River, near the present village of Hayward, Wisconsin. Two years later he penetrated farther into Wisconsin and wintered on the Chippewa River, a short distance above the mouth of the Flambeau River.

(The WPA reference made here states — Warren's Account in "History of the Ojibway Nation". A reading of the account on page 26, Chapter 2 indicates that Michel penetrated the Chippewa much farher than stated; in fact, to the area of the lower Falls. It is very probable that the "log shanty" he built for privacy and protection was in the place later known as "Cadotte Falls". Michel Jr. was born during this time; the recorded date was Sept. 6, 1787. It appears that the family affinity for this location begins with these events. — Ed. note)

In the winter of 1788-1789 he had a post on Lac Court Oreilles and it was from this post that he sent a letter to Jean Baptiste Perrault, a French-Canadian trader wintering at Red Cedar River (near the present city of Menomonie, Wisconsin). The letter warned Perrault that a band of Chippewa intended to take vengence upon him for his supposed treacherous part in the killing of one of their numbers. The letter saved Perrault's life, for he was aple to explain to the Indians and to pay ransom for the dead Chippewa.

In 1792 Michel Cadotte accompanied his brother on the expedition into northern Minnesota, traveling up the Mississippi River to Cass lake, then to Red lake, then up the Red river, and wintering at Prairie Portage. Sometime after this journey Michel Cadotte established a post on St. Michel (now Madeline Island), the largest of the Apostle Islands in Chequamegon Bay. His post was located at La Pointe, on the southwestern extremity of the island, near the site of the French fort which had been built there in 1718. From this advantageous position, Cadotte had access to the region south of Lake Superior and to the rich fur-bearing lands of northern Wiscon-

sin. While he maintained a permanent residence on the island, he spent much of his time during these years in Minnesota. In 1798 he was in charge of the North West Company post on the Turtle River; in January, 1801, he was stationed at Rainy Lake; and in 1804 he was superintendent of the commerce on the Montreal River.

Since the North West Fur Company had an almost complete monopoly of the trade in the Lake Superior, northern Wisconsin, and Minnesota regions, it was virtually impossible for a trader to carry on his commerce with the Indians without being in some way associated with the company. Cadotte's position was that of an independent trader under contract to the North West. He was not an employee, nor yet a partner. He simply agreed to trade in a certain region and to buy his goods from, and sell his furs to, the company at fixed prices. One of his contracts, made to cover the three years from 1803 through 1805, has been preserved. Cadotte agreed to confint his trade to Chequamegon Point, the St. Croix River and Lac Court Oreilles. The company was to furnish goods and men at a percent of the prevailing Montreal prices; Cadotte was to sell his furs at a set price - beaver at eleven cents a pound, otter at twenty cents a pound, bear skin at 60 cents a pound. At the end of each trading season, by this agreement, he and the Company would share equally in the losses or profits of the venture. On July 5, 1805 Cadotte made another contract with the North West Company for the next three years. In 1806 the North West Company and its rival, the Michilimackinac Company, agreed to divide the trading regions of the northwest - the Michilimackinac Company to have control of the area south of the present international boundary line, the North West Company the area north of the boundary. In this agreement Michel Cadotte's contract with the North West Company was taken over by the Michilimackinac Company.

Cadotte seems to have prospered under these arrangements. Through his marriage to Equaysayway, the daughter of White Crane, hereditary chief of the La Point village, and through his kindness and intelligence, he was able to gain considerable influence over the Chippewa Indians. He aided them in their movement westward into the rich hunting grounds of the Sioux and the Dakotas, and was always affectionately known among the Indians by the name of Ke-che-me-shane (Great Michel). He had almost exclusive monopoly of their trade and usually distributed forty thou-

sand dollars worth of goods among the Indians of his region annually.

The life on Madeline Island was comfortable; there were two log houses, lathed and plastered, outbuildings, chickens, a few cows and horses, twenty acres of fields planted to oats and corn, and a vegetable garden with peas, squashes, garlic and potatoes. Wild strawberry and sand cherry grew in abundance. When the Indian Commissioner McKenney arrived at Cadotte's post in 1826, after an arduous journey along Lake Superior, he wrote enthusiastically in his journal: "We were received by this worthy French trader with great cordiality. His houses were thrown open for us, and all he had was put freely at our disposal This is the only spot that has brought gladness to my heart It looks like a fairy scene, and every thing about it is enchantment." (T. L. McKenney, "Sketches of a Tour to the Lakes, Baltimore, 1827, p. 262.)

During the early 1800's Cadotte was a fairly well-to-do trader, but as the Americans began to invade the Northwest Territory, and the United States government to limit the commercial activities of foreign traders, Cadotte, like the rest of the French-Canadians in Wisconsin, began to suffer from the competition and the restrictions. He might have been able to weather these conditions better if a band of Ojibway Indians, excited by the gospel of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, had not in 1808 raided his storehouse of valuable goods at Lac Court Oreille. Although the rest of the Ojibway tribe, which had been influenced by Cadotte not to join in an alliance with Tecumseh, regretted the raid, Cadotte was never able to recoup his losses.

When John Jacob Astor, in 1811, gained control of the trade in the Great Lakes region, most of the Wisconsin traders were reduced to the status of agents for his company. Cadotte managed to maintain his independence, and as late as 1823 he is listed as an independent trader for Astor's American Fur Company. In that year he bought nine hundred dollars worth of goods from the company, but had to pay for the goods at the usual advances on the London and New York prices, plus a profit of 33½ per cent for the Company. Under such a handicap it was impossible for a trader to reap any profit from his year's trading, since the American Fur Company bought the furs from the traded as the lowest prices prevailing in Mackinac.

Discouraged by such practices, Cadotte sold all his interests in the trade with the Oiibway Indians to his two sons-in-law, Lyman M. and Truman A. Warren (q. v.). Cadotte continued to live at La Point, where he died in 1837. The Island, sometime after 1800, was renamed Madeline Island after Cadotte's wife, who had received

her christian name, Madeline, when she was baptized.

(Taken from an unpublished sketch. A WPA project, 1940. Printed with the permission of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.)

"A SINGULAR STORY" - (Cadot Acts The Part)

We know little of the two sons of Cadott, Jean Baptiste and Michel; we only know that the first died around 1818. Both married Sauteuses and we see by the treaty between the United States and the Sauteux, at Fond-du-Lac, the 5th of August 1826, that a section of land was accorded to Saugemanqua, widow of Jean Baptiste Cadot, and to each of his children: Louison, Sophie, Archangel and Polly; another section of land was given, by the same treaty, to Equaysayouay, wife of Michel Cadot, and to each of his children who lived in the limits of the United States. A daughter of Michel Cadot married a Canadien, by name of Leion St. Germain, and the land that formerly belonged to Jean Baptiste Cadot, at Saut-Sainte-Marie, was given to her, but she kept it only up to about 1806.

Colonel Thomas L. McKenny speaks in his Sketches of a Tour To The Lakes (1820) of one named Cadott who lived on St. Michel Island for about 25 years; this was probably one of the sons of Jean Baptiste Cadot. — "We were received, he said, by this excellent French trader with the greatest cordiality. His houses were generously opened to us and all that he possessed was put at out disposition. He married an Indian, a worthy and good woman, who gave him several sons and two daughters. His daughters married traders. (pg. 118) It is the only place that made my heart rejoice and which recalled for me the charms of the hearth and of civilized life, during a trip of 400 miles since our departure from Saut.

"St. Michel was 100 years ago the headquarters of a Jesuit mission and was for a long time occupied as a trading post. One hardly finds a single trace of a spot where the cross was raised, and where they tried to explain the mysteries (of the cross) to the natives. One time, two years in a row, a priest left Montreal for Fond-

du-Lac to visit the scattered groups of traders and some savages."

M. William Kingston tells a singular story in his Western Wanderings, about a

descendent of Jean Baptiste Cadot.

M. Catlin, exposing American curiosities, conceived, around 1840, the project of returning to London, accompanied by a certain number of Sauteux, to give to the public the strange spectacle of a band of savages, dressed in their primitive costumes, executing their war-dance, the war-song, and showing the way to use the tomahawk, to raise a scalp, to torture a prisoner, to smoke the peace pipe, etc.

Catlin soon found the necessary redskins for this type of exposition. He lacked, yet, a chief, who, by his height and his proud appearance, could give a good idea

of the high rank he occupied in his tribe.

At that time, a carpenter of French origin named Louis Cadot lived at Saut, whose (pg. 119) mother, or grandmother was a Sauvagesse. He was solidly built and his heit was truly striking. Cadott spoke not only English and French, but several savage dialects, because he had acted more than once as interpreter at the time of the distribution of government present to the Sauteux. He could express himself (with a lot of facility) easily and adorn, if needed, his story with flowers and images, proper to the type of eloquence of Indian orators.

Cadot was not a savage, but couldn't he easily pass for one? Didn't he speak like a pure-blooded Sauteux? Didn't he have something of the red tint of the Indian? Wasn't he a formidable warrier? Couldn't he tattoe himself and paint himself like the natives, cover himself with deer-skins, decorate his head with eagle feathers, which made the transformation complete? His knowledge of English, couldn't it prove useful to explain to his astonished listeners the habits and customs of his

claimed brothers, the children of the forest?

Catlin believed he could not find better for a chief of the group and he made to Cadot some propositions which were accepted with eagerness. The latter therefore left the hammer and the saw to go to fill the new role was destined for him in London, on Regent Street, with Catlin and his savage companions.

The exhibitor announced, at the sound of the trumpet, the arrival of his troup and this news created much excitement among the population of the English city. Also, thousands of persons came to see the strange spectacle that was offered to

them.

Louis Cadot filled his role to perfection and (pg. 120) no one suspected the deceit. He used his pompous language, his most brilliant metaphors to depict the charms of the life in the woods, without any of the checks or unreasonable demands of civilization; to exalt the power of a chief who, like himself, could have thousands of warriors come at his call, ready to defend him; to tell the feats he had accomplished, the perilous combats he had survived, and to enumerate the number of scalps which decorated his tent.

Among the tide of visitors that Cadott astonished by his fantastic stories, was a young lady, the daughter of a rich and respectable citizen of London. She was beautiful, virtuous, likeable, knew a lot about music, had read a lot, especially the incomparable novels of Fennimore Cooper. But she had a live and romantic imagination and the enthusiastic stories of Cadot impressed her so much that she believed in the happiness of that independent and adventurous life that he painted under

(with) such beautiful colors.

Overcome little by little by the ardent words of Cadot, the charming English girl became his most attentive listener. Jean Jacques Rousseau with his famous thesis of the superiority of the noble savage over the civilized world, had probably produced less of an effect on her than the fantasy-like picture imagined by the redskin who

was only pretending.

Cadott perceived the influence of his words and he doubled the eloquence to give complete fascination. The thing was easy. From one thing to another, they did not delay in exchanging love words and soon the young and brilliant lady had given her heart to Cadot. She even promised that she would follow him (pg. 121) to the

depths of the forest on the other side of the Atlantic.

Great was the grief of her parents when the pretty Londoner announced to them her never-ending attachment for the savage chief, and her next departure for the forests of America. But neither the promises, nor the threats could bend her determination. She believed she was marrying a powerful chief, commander of thousands, and she wanted to partake in the charms and the dangers of such an existance outside the ordinary conditions of life. She wanted the strange, the new; where

could she do better?

Soon it was in London, in a great number of circles, only talk of the planned marriage between the savage chief and a charming English lady. This news brought to Mr. Catlin thousands of spectators eager to see the red man who had succeeded at such an extraordinary conquest.

After having used, uselessly, all his means of influence, the father of the unfortunate girl finally consented to this union; then she set sail with Cadott for foreign countries where her imagination foresaw so many marvels. Her piano, her books, several elegant pieces of furniture, a lot of rich toiletry articles, followed her in her

long trip to the other side of the ocean.

Was her disenchantment huge!! Were her dreams of happiness cruelly dissipated? Instead of leading her to his supposed kingdoms, Cadot took her to the shore of a large lake where they spent two long years in isolation that was complete. Broken by sadness, prey to the most somber thoughts, Cadot's wife accepted courageously (pg. 122) the laborious situation that was hers, and she refused to return to her family. She used the help her parents sent her to provide for her most pressing needs.

Cadott returned then to Saut-Sainte-Marie where he lived in a poor cabin. His unfortunate wife had not been given up to that time deliberate attentions but the good care he gave her had the effect of alleviating the harshness of his character. Later she met the local missionary and, thanks to his pious teachings, she embraced the Catholic religion, which her husband professed. Several years later, she died peacefully, completely submissive, strengthened by all the teachings of the Church,

but after having drank the cup to the dregs.

Cadot became inconsolable and he raised a grave (marker) with his own hands to the memory of the angel of sweetness and of virtue, who had been linked to his existence by a disastrous adventure. From that day he became a different man. Aware of all the wrongs toward his wife, of the immensity of the sacrifice she had made for him, he turned to solitude, spending his nights reading, praying, meditating, watering his bed with his tears.

When Kingston visited Saut-Sainte-Marie, in the month of September, 1853, Cadot was continuing this type of severe life, always mourning that he had broken the

future by such a strange manner.

Taken from Les Canadiens De L'ouest pary Joseph Tasse (The Canadians of The West — Montreal, 1882). The account follows the story of Jean Baptiste Cadot who died in 1803 or perhaps 1812 according to another account. (Translated from the French by The Chicago Historical Society).

"BURNHAM WRITES TO ANNIE ERMATINGER"

Ashland, Wisconsin Sept. 19, 1932

Miss Annie J. Ermatinger Jim Falls, Wisconsin Dear Miss Ermatinger:

Michael Gorman, who with Mrs. Gorman are among our nearest friends told me about you last fall some time, and also about your 84 year old father, and I was greatly interested. I wonder if you are not a granddaughter of James Ermatinger and his wife Charlotte (Cadotte) Warren.

I have written so much about the Ermatingers, Warrens, and Cadottes, that I am always interested in any member of either of these families. On the 25th of October 1931, Lucile Buffalo and a daughter of Joe Cadotte (Dorothy) unveiled our Radisson-Groseilliers Marker for us at the mouth of Fish Creek, on the site of the

first house built by a white man in Wisconsin, (1658), and I have written about 20 stories about the Cadottes which I will run this fall. By the way I wrote a booklet last fall about this "first white man's house in Wisconsin", two copies of which went to the Milwaukee Public Library, and to such libraries and historical societies as wanted it. I would be glad to give you a copy if you want it.

I write a story every day, in what I call the Chequamegon column, and have written 1,500 stories during the past four years, 600 of which appear in my book,

"The Lake Superior Country in History and in Story."

Mr. Gorman, who speaks very highly of you and your family, suggests that you might be able to answer many of my questions about some of the historic families of LaPointe.

I assume you are a granddaughter of James and Charlotte Ermatinger. Who is your father?

A month ago, we celebrated the 100th anniversary of the Old Mission at La-Pointe, and I was also lucky enough through the Minnesota Historical Society records, and E. W. Butterfield, Commissioner of Education of New Hampshire, to establish the truth of what William Whipple Warren wrote, that the birth of Sherman Hall's daughter, took place at LaPointe April 1, 1832. This is the child that William Whipple Warren says, was the first pure blood white child born on Lake Superior, of which we have any record.

The Cadotte family is the oldest family on Lake Superior now, that is, it is the

only family here now, that was here as far back as about 1780.

By the way I was at LaPointe the other day, and ran across the name of Julia Mary Warren, who was the daughter of Lyman Warren, and I presume his wife Mary Cadotte, this child born May 6, 1824, and dying at the age of 5 months, and 24 days. I also ran across a DuFault child who is a descendant of Joseph DuFault, "the boss carpenter", of the American Fur Co. who built the old churches and old houses at LaPointe. He married Josette Cadotte, who was a sister of Charlotte Cadotte and Mary Cadotte, who married the Warren brothers.

I have seen the name of Antoine Cadotte on the Chippewa River. Was he a brother of your grandmother Charlotte? What became of him? Also, who was the village of Cadotte named after. Was it Antoine Cadotte or Michel Cadotte. I have

seen Mr. Gorman's interesting little book, which you sold him.

I would be glad to hear from you, and perhaps some time I can be of some help to you about your family history.

Very truly,

Guy M. Burnham, Ashland, Wisconsin

(We have quoted from Burnham's book (Chapple Co.) in other chapters. It has been reprinted; available from Browzer Book Shop, Ashland, Wis. — Ed. note)

"CHIPPEWA SERVICE TO COUNTRY"

served in the Union army. Casualty records show that 1018, or almost one-third of these Indians, lost their lives. There are no complete Civil War records of Wisconsin Chippewa soldiers. Extant letters reveal that four grandsons of Michael Cadotte, sons of Charlotte Cadotte Warren Ermatinger, served in the Union army. Charles and Isaac Ermatinger paid the supreme price. Elisha Ermatinger, after his return from the army, settled at Lac du Flambeau. George Warren served as ordergly sergeant in Co. K, 36th Wisconsin Volunteers. Warren was seriously wounded at the battle

of Cold Harbor - the same conflict in which his half-brother, Charles Ermatinger, was killed.

(Taken from; Hr. Levi, Carolissa; Chippewa Indians - 1956) (Also listed among the ranks of Co. K. are the names of William Cadotte and Francis La Rush (the husband of Geneva Cadotte). Our notes indicate that La Rush lost his life in the War. William Cadotte my be the same who shows baptisms of children in the Notre Dame Church records, 1870-72. Records show that he and his wife Julia lived in the Flambeau area, above Holcombe. - Ed. note)

"AND STILL THEY COME"

. . . Veterans, on the whole, were reluctant to speak about their war experiences. The Evening Telegram secured one story from Alex Cadotte. Two gold chevrons signified that he had distinguished himself in the army. In a quiet and unassuming manner, the young Chippewa reported his experiences while serving in the 127th Infantry. Cadotte was in all the battles fought by the 32nd. At Soissons, he was not wearing his mask when the Germans shot over sneezing gas. After he had donned his mask, he sneezed it off. Then he received a dose of chlorine gas which still caused him trouble. But he was soon back into the fray. At Argonne, a bursting shell sent shrapnel into his scalp. Six months of hospitalization followed. Cadotte also reported the following incidents:

Up in the Argonne, I was a battalion runner between the lines. I hadn't had my shoes off for over two weeks and my feet were blistered and as sore as a boil, and I was just about exhausted all of the time. One night while running back from the front line, I fell exhausted into a huge shell hole, and after I hit the bottom, fell asleep immediately. In the morning, I woke up and in a half-dazed condition looked around in the hole. When I turned around, I saw a Hun who had been dead for about two weeks. Don't think for a minute I lost

any time in getting back to my outfit.

The 93rd division relieved us in the Argonne and they immediately started to press the Boches back. The Hun general in charge wired back to headquarters that the Yanks were punching him hard, and that they had used everything to stop their onrush but to no avail. The general at headquarters told the field general to gas the Yanks. "Gas 'em Hell! We've gassed them until they are black in the face and still they come," retorted the field general. The 93rd, you know, was composed of some Negroes from the South!"

(Taken from Sr. Levi, Carolissa; Chippewa Indians - 1956)

MRS. JAMES ERMATINGER

(From a Chippewa Paper, 1887 - Obituary)

Derserving of more than a passing obituary notice is Mrs. Charlotte Ermatinger, nee Miss Charlotte Cadotte, who died at her home near the Nine Mile House last Monday morning. Of the Indian race (her grandfather, a French Canadian) skilled in all bead and ornamental work known to her people, she was remarkably neat in her personal appearance as well as in everything pertaining to household affairs, never adopting the English tongue, although understanding both French and English. She wore a modified Indian costume of black broadcloth with blanket of the same material trimmed with black silk, and her moccasined feet moved as sprightly, her bearing was as erect and free, despite her more than four score years, as in the days of her girlhood at Michilimackinac, her birthplace. Ever a devoted Christian,

she frequently walked to the Notre Dame Church in this city before Father Cassimer held regular services nearer her own abode. She was first married to a Mr. Truman Warren of New York State, who held the post of Indian agent at Mackinaw, but later they moved to the Chippewa agency at La Pointe, where her husband was killed by the Indians. Later she was married again to Jim Ermatinger, after whom Jim Falls is named and who was the first Justice of the Peace in Chippewa County. In their own sphere, some of her family were persons of note. Her nephew, Whipple Warren, is a historian of Minnesota. Her first husband's brother was one of the editors of the *Pioneer Press* at St. Paul, in its earlier days. The city of Cadott is called after her brother and the pioneer names, Corbin, Gauthier, Gordon, Brunet and Dousman appear among those related to her by marriage or consanguinity. Her son, George P. Warren, who died three years ago, was well known in this vicinity, as are also her two surviving sons, Charles and Fred Ermatinger.

Years ago, when a beaver dam on her lands near the Nine Mile House was destroyed, copper arrowheads were found in the mud, though it is well known that the Chippewas used only flint for such purposes, a proof that the mound builders first opened our copper mines and knew how to use it long before the Chippewas drove them out of this country The Chippewas only knew the use of flint arrows. Mrs. Charlotte Ermatinger was buried from Notre Dame Church on this Wednesday morning. Rev. Fr. Goldsmith, assisted by Rev. Reinhart and Rev. Kramer, sang the requiem Mass and preached. The dear old lady died, aged ninety years.

May she rest in peace.

Another landmark as well as a pioneer and a civilizer of our western home is gone, who, in her humble way, did more for it than a score of famous names of our

(Taken from Notre Dame Diamond Jubilee" - 1931)

FRED ERMATINGER

Mr. Ermatinger, who has been a resident of Jim Falls all his life, with the exception of six years spent on a farm eight miles southeast of Bloomer, at Eagle Point, Wis., is one of the pioneers of the county, having been born at Jim Falls in 1847. His father, James Ermatinger, was a native of Canada and, on crossing the border into the United States, made his way to Wisconsin, locating near Jim Falls, where he engaged in Indian trading and in logging. He was one of the first settlers of the county and was closely identified with its early development as well as later progress. He continued to engage in logging until his death, which occurred at an advanced age. It was after coming to Chippewa County that he married a Miss Charlotte Cadotte, who belonged to the family after whom the town of Cadott is named.

They, too, were pioneeer residents of the county.

Fred Ermatinger was the youngest of a large family and, like his brothers and sisters, was a pupil in the county schools. The experiences of his youth were those which usually fall to the farm lad who is reared upon the frontier. He can remember a period when the log cabin was no uncommon sight in the county, when there were great stretches of timber land from which the trees had not yet been cut and when considerable wild game was to be found in the forest. When his school days were over he sought employment in the neighborhood, and worked at various places, but after the death of his brother, he came to the farm upon which his mother lived. He had three brothers in the army and also a half-brother. Fred Ermatinger is now the oldest settler in this section of the county. His mother located upon the farm in 1861, at which time the place was all covered with brush. Mr. Ermatinger cleared the entire tract himself, and put up all the buildings on the place. His has been a useful and busy life, in which he has accomplished a substantial measure of success.

Mr. Ermatinger was united in marriage to Miss Rose Trepanier, and they became the parents of six children: Isaac, William, Charles, Annie, James and Sophie. (Taken from Notre Dame Diamond Jubilee, 1931.)

REMINESCENCE OF A GALLANT SOLDIER AND PIONEER'S LIFE

Taken from a Chippewa Falls Paper, January, 1884

The subject of this sketch is Mr. George P. Warren, who died at his residence on Monday evening, the 14th, at half past seven o'clock. He was buried January 17th. Mr. Warren was born at La Pointe, Madeline Island, Lake Superior, in the year 1819, therefore being sixty-five years old at the time of his death. He was one of a pair of twins. At the age of five he was sent to a school at Mackinaw, Michigan, where he pursued his studies for three years. He then went to school at La Pointe for three years. In 1837, he went to Clarkson, New York, where he attended college and learned the printers' trade. In 1843 he came to Chippewa County and made his home with James Ermatinger, his step-father, living with him three years. He then went to Ontoangon, Michigan, where he did a successful mining business for three years. Returning to Chippewa he formed a co-partnership with J. H. Duncan and Dan Mc-Nabb in the sawmill business. Their mill stood on the present site of Glen Mills, Glen Loch. Here they transacted business for several years. The hard times of 1857, when so many banks of the country went down, made prospects for Mr. Warren very critical in his enterprise and nearly broke him up in business, but, with his indomitable courage, he survived all. He then started a trading post on what was known in after years as the Hoover farm, now owned by Mr. Able Sellers, at which place he transacted business for about four years. He enlisted in Company "K," 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, with whom he served as orderly sergeant, March, 1864, and had he not been dangerously wounded at the battle of Coal Harbor, undoubtedly he would have been promoted to some of the higher positions in the army. A few minutes after being wounded, his half-brother, Charles Ermatinger, received a fatal wound from the effects of which he soon died. Mr. Warren was discharged from the Army Hospital, March 11th, 1865. At the close of the war he returned to a quiet life and a comfortable home, where he owned considerable land. Before and after the war, he made different trips to Washington, D. C., as interpreter for the Chippewa Indians. During one of his interviews with President Lincoln, he was pronounced by that high official, as the most clever and best informed man of Indian blood that he had ever met. His wife was a Mrs. Rosalie Demarais Truckey (a sister of Mrs. H. S. Allen and Mrs. Joseph Trepannier). They were married December 15, 1862. Mrs. James Ermatinger, Mr. Warren's mother, still lives and enjoys good health. She sent four sons to the war, two returned and two died in the South, where they were buried. Mr. Warren, our subject, was a member of the G.A.R. and his Obsequies were held under their charge. The above sketch was furnished the writer by the mother of the deceased.

(Taken from Notre Dame Diamond Jubilee, 1931.)

GEORGE P. WARREN

George P. Warren, who was a farmer of Chippewa Falls, was born on Madeline Island, Lake Superior, at the old fort of La Pointe, August 10, 1823. His father died when he was about two years of age and he was left at Mackinec Mission, Michigan, with three brothers. He remained there about two years, when, with his

brothers, he was returned to La Pointe. In the summer of 1837, with his twin brother, he was taken by lake and canal to Brockport, and thence to Clarkson, New York, and in the fall of that year they were taken to Whitesboro, Oneida county, New York, and were placed in the Oneida Institute or manual labor school. There he entered the printing office connected with the institute and remained until March. 1841. He then found employment on the Rochester Democrat, Thomas H. Hvatt, editor. His eyesight becoming much impaired, he left the Democrat on the 13th of July of that year, much disgusted with the world, without any destination in view, nor caring where he went. He went to Cleveland and entered a printing office, but was soon obliged to quit it on account of his eyesight. He then enlisted as a canal driver on a boat plying between Cleveland and Portsmouth, Ohio, continuing until the close of navigation. He then went to St. Louis and shipped as second steward on the steamer "Preemption," making regular trips between St. Louis and New Orleans, where he remained until April, 1842. He then went by boat up the Mississippi and Chippewa rivers, arriving at Chippewa Falls on the first day of May, He had contracted malarial fever and was suffering from ague. The magnificent falls of Chippewa river were there, but there was no Chippewa Falls. He soon joined a party on a trip to Lake Superior, their outfit consisting of a few blankets, a small stock of provisions and three birch-bark canoes. They poled up the Chippewa river, portaging around the several falls until they reached the junction of the Lac Corte Ouriells (Lake Coter Ray), when they ascended that river to Lac Courte Ouriells, through Grindstone lake, till they reached the Na-ma-ka-gan river, making several portages from lake to lake, up the Na-ma-ka-gan river to Long lake by portage, and then by portage over the highland dividing the waters of the Mississippi and Lake Superior. On the divide he got a magical divorce from the ague, without the use of medicine, and he never had a return of the disease after that time. They descended the river then known as the Little Pike, and at the outlet of Bad river they were upon the borders of the great lake near the scene of his chidhood and youth, and after an absence of five years. George P. Warren's father, Truman Warren, was born in Vermont March 12, 1800, and as seen by the genealogy of the Warren family, was a descendant of Gen. Joseph Warren, of Revolutionary fame. His mother, Charlotte (Cadott) Warren, was the daughter of Michael Cadott, a learned Frenchman, who was fitted for the priesthood, but his health failing, he was sent on a voyage from Montreal to Lake Superior for his health, in company with a party of the old French voyagers. He regained his health and became fascinated with the life, and never returned home, but married an Indian woman. In his old age he planted a mission on the beautiful Madeline Island, and there peacefully passed away in 1785, loved and honored by both whites and Indians, and a prominent figure in early history of the northwestern territory.

George P. Warren was married December 16, 1862, to Mrs. Rosalie Truckey. Her parents, Lovison and Angelique Desmaris, were both of mixed French and Indian blood, who came to Chippewa Falls in 1821 and opened a trading post with the Indians. Their early lives were spent around Lake Superior, Selkirk settlement

and Yellowstone river, trading with the Indians and Mormons.

Mr. Warren enlisted in the United States service at Chippewa Falls in March, 1864, entering Company K, Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Regiment. The regiment reached Washington on the 14th of May, proceeded down the Potomac and disembarked at Bellplaine, and the next day marched to Spottsylvania, via Fredericksburg, and on the 19th joined the First Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps, commanded by General Hancock. On the 30th they crossed the Pamunkey, where the rebels were drawn up in a line of battle in a dense wood in front of an open field. On the 1st of June they had a severe engagement along the whole line, and it was found necessary to make vigorous charges in front of the First Brigade, to prevent the enemy

from reinforcing their left. Companies B, E, F and G were ordered forward as skirmishers, forming a part of the line which was to advance. The flank line, composed of veterans, advanced a few rods, fired, and retreated behind the works, leaving these four companies to advance without support. The result was that out of the raw, but brave 240 who advanced, more than one-half were killed and wounded or taken prisoners. During the night the regiment advanced to Cold Harbor, and at 8 in the morning on the 3rd, advanced on the enemy by brigades and massed by regiments. The Thirty-sixth took the lead in the brigade and lost sixty-four killed and 126 in wounded, many of them severely. George Warren was shot through the left lung, terribly shattering the left shoulder blade. He went to the rear and was helped to the field hospital and for a time abandoned to die, as it was supposed he could not live, but he subsequently recovered, and was discharged from Emory United States General Hospital on the 11th of March, 1865.

(Taken from "The Honor List" - names of men who came early and did things, History of Chippewa County Wis., Vol. 1, 1913.)

"THE MELTING POT -"

(Starts With The Cadotte Family - Ed. note)

. . . "Michel Cadotte built a post near the site of Fort La Pointe about 1800 and strengthened his influence as a trader with the Indians by marrying the daughter of the local Chippewa chief. First an agent of the North West Fur Company and later of Astor's American Fur Company, Cadotte was joined in 1818 by two Warren brothers, (From English Ancestry — their family came on the Mayflower) who married his half-breed daughters and remained as agents until La Pointe lost its commercial significance.

"Cadott, 77.6 m. (979 alt., 631 pop.), has a curious conglomeration of racial strains. It was perhaps named for the father of Michel Cadotte (see Tour 14A), Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a French-Indian trapper who settled here on the Yellow River in 1838. Later other Frenchmen came from Canada; Germans, Irish, English, and Norwegians arrived after the passage of the Homestead Law of 1862; and many Czechs and a few Slovaks came about 1900. This mixture of nationalities created a problem in the churches. In the local Roman Catholic church a single service was conducted in French, English, and German, and later even in Czech, so that on Sundays the devout spent four hours in kneeling, standing, and sitting until the polyglot devotions were ended."

(Source: Wisconsin, A Guide to the Badger State, a WPA project, 1941)

"WHO IS AN INDIAN?"

By Sr. M. Raphael, S.S.J.

(Submitted by David Dugal)

Who is an Indian?

The question arose spontaneously in Mrs. Charlotte Rabideau's kitchen in Bay-field. She was seated at her kitchen table, braiding a rug, and reminiscing. Adroitly she was avoiding, as she has through most of her 72 years being photographed.

Then her brother's children came tumbling in, with end-of-school report cards

. . . eager to show her . . . happy to follow the suggestion that their cards ought

to be photographed.

So Mrs. Francis Rabideau, nee Charlotte Cadotte, and the three young Cadottes who are all of the same blood, posed for the picture. They presented contrasts. Beautiful sixth-grade Patty with her golden brown rose-tinted Indian skin and black curly hair has no greater claim to her Chippewa heritage than fourth-grade Colleen with her straight brown pig tails and fair skin or first-grade Francis with his still fairer skin and hair.

What then is the answer? Who is an Indian? There is a whole range of techni-

cal answers, from the ethnic to the political and the social.

Mrs. Rabideau reconed it is anyone who has one-quarter Indian ancestry because that was the required amount when her folks and her husband's folks signed the Wooster Roll back in 1914 — three years before she and Francis were married. Lands were allotted to Indians under this Roll. Moreover, the enrolled members were guaranteed by act of Congress hunting and fishing privileges on the reservation where they hold land. (Any and every Indian is not permitted unrestricted hunting and fishing on every reservation.)

"I know we're more than a quarter Indian, though," Mrs. Rabideau added.

One-fourth or more of Indian blood was the blood-quantum set by Congress for admission to Federal Indian boarding schools. Money appropriated by Congress for loans can be used only for Indians of that amount — or more — of Indian blood, according to the United States Indian Service booklet, "The Indian and the Law."

"A realization of the greater need for protection of many dark-skinned Indians has caused Congress to limit the recipients of certain benefits to those with a certain

quantum of Indian blood," is the explanation given in the booklet.

Whether the problem involves enrollment for government purposes, tribal membership, or something else, can make a difference, however, in the answer to the basic question of who is an Indian. A person may be legally an Indian for some purposes and not for others. Many statutes just refer to Indian without defining the term, which brings us to the fundamental requirements to claim to be an Indian:

First requirement - some of his ancestors lived in America before it was dis-

covered by the white race.

Second requirement - the community in which he lives regards him as an Indian.

At times a person is identified as an "Indian" merely on the basis of his membership in a tribe or band of Indians. One of Mrs. Rabideau's most heart-warming reminiscences is of such a situation. Then, too, an Indian can terminate or abandon his tribal membership and thereby cease to be an Indian, for all legal purposes, whenever he wants to do so. That would seem to be the case with Mrs. Rabideau's daughter who is now Sister Grace Ann, of the Franciscan Sisters of Joliet, Ill. Ethnically Sister Grace Ann is Indian and proudly claims her Chippewa heritage on all appropriate occasions, her mother pointed out.

Legislators, when they use the term "Indian" to establish special rules of law are generally trying to deal with a specific group distinguished from "non-Indian" groups by public opinion, and this public opinion varies so widely that on certain reservations it has been common to refer to a person as an Indian although 15 of his 16 ancestors, four generations back, were non-Indians; while in other parts of the country a person may be considered Spanish American rather than Indian although

his blood is predominantly Indian.

Adopted Indians may have no Indian blood at all. That covers quite a number in the Red Cliff reservation and around Bayfield. Mrs. Rabideau named a number of white persons who truly count as Indians in the Bayfield area because of Indian kindness long ago. The story is more fully told in *The Annals of the Franciscan Sis*-

ters of Joliet for the year 1902. This religious community had been sending Sisters to Bayfield to conduct Holy Family school from the year 1879 -and still does in 1968!

"In the year 1902, June 18, a band of 35 little orphans not any over four years of age arrived in Bayfield," the chronicle reads. They were arriving under the auspices of the Joliet Franciscans from their orphanage in the east. The Sisters had requested the local pastor, Father Norbert, O.F.M., to seek homes for these children.

New to the area, the chronicle continued, Father read the Sisters' petition from the pulpit and handed out the circulars on which applications were to be made. He was pleased with the list of applicants with French and Irish names which he was aple to send east.

On the day the adopting parent were asked to be at the railway station to receive their new children, the whole of Bayfield turned out, the chronicle states. "Simply out of curiosity not from compassion, for many expected to see waifs of Ethiopian or Chinese parentage or of some other race than the Caucasian — children in some way undesirable . . . To the great surprise of the throng a band of beautiful little children made their appearance and were given over to the adopting parents . . . as each little one had a tag of white muslin on which was written the child's name, age, and the name of the person to whom it was going.

"And behold not a single white family had sent in its name for adoption. These beautiful little ones were all handed to Indian squaws who were more than delighted over their little treasures . . . This affecting scene, seeing children of their own race given over to be reared in Indian homes, naturally aroused the indignation of the white people and "The Orphan Affair' did not end there. The Indians were not to have those beautiful white children, everybody in town was declaring. And every charge that could be brought against the Indians was brought up," the chronicle states.

By July 15, 1902, the harrassment reached a pitch that caused 15 of the Indian families to bring their little adopted children to the Sisters for replacement in white homes, but the rest remained with their Indian adopted parents. Many of them are still a part of the Bayfield and Red Cliff Indian communities, without a drop of Indian blood in their veins.

Their children now grown, like many of the children of the tribal families of the area have gone out into the world of skilled and unskilled and professional workers simply as Americans. They are Indians at heart, proudly aware of a heritage that is uniquely theirs among their fellow Americans, and Indians when they come home to the reservation, but legally no longer Indians for they are not so labled publicly where they live and work.

Who, then, IS an Indian? The answer depends on your reason for asking.

(Taken from the Aug. 29, 1968 issue of "The Times Review.")

"STEPPING STONES

Isn't it strange
That princes and kings,
And clowns that caper
In sawdust rings,
And common people
Like you and me
Are builders for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass,
A book of rules;
And each must make —
Ere life is flown —
A stumbling block
Or a steppingstone.

R. L. Sharpe

Time erases everything and everyone. In the two hundred years since the birth of this country only a few great leaders stand out, etched in history, carved in stone, giants such as Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson, and Roosevelt. These will always remain our nation's greats, even in this iconoclastic age.

In truth, however, the real backbone of the nation is the ordinary people who helped settle it, leaving their names and deeds not on a mountain top, but imprinted in history's pages like steppingstones to pave the way for the rest of us common peo-

ple

Few families nowadays can trace their members in an unbroken line back to the Revolution as is the case with the family for which the city of Cadotte is named. There are so many books and stories written about the descendants of this family that most students of Wisconsin history, and early American history are familiar with their names. First to come to America was a Frenchman named Cadeau who came in the train of the French envoy Sieur de St. Lusson in 1671. His grandson Jean Baptiste Cadotte was a man held in high regard by both the French and Indians. As students of history know, the Cadottes were peace makers, mediatore, interpreter. Jean Baptiste was married on Oct. 28, 1756 to Anastasia Euawaisie, the marriage being performed by Father Le Franc, S. J. at Michillemakinak, or Mackinac Island as it is now known.

Students of early history know too that Michel Cadotte, son of Jean Baptiste, and born in 1764 became known as "Che Mechane", the Great Trader, and that the woman he married was an Ojibwa Indian girl, the daughter of Chief Waubijijauk, or "White Crane." Her Indian name of "Equaysayway" was changed to Madeline when he was baptized in the Catholic faith. At this time her father decreed that the largest of the Apostle Islands should be named "Madeline Island", and so it is still called. Michel is buried there and by his side his granddaughter, Julia Marie Warren, daughter of Lyman Warren who was born in Berkshire County, Mass., a member of the same family as Col. Jos. Warren of Bunker Hill fame.

Two sons of Michel served in the War of 1812, siding with the British. Their

names were Jean B. Cadotte and Michel, Jr., called Gross and Petit Cadotte. Both

were wounded at the battle of Thames, Little Cadotte losing one arm.

Michel married and Indian girl, the daughter of Chief Keeshkekum. His daughter Geneva Cadotte married Francis LaRush who was killed in the Civil War. Another son of Michel, Jr. went in the Union army during this time and was never heard from afterwads.

The daughter of Geneva and Francis LaRush married Myron W. Martin, a "blue bellied Yankee" from Binghamton, N. Y. This couple had eight children.

Phena Anderson, the oldest girl was a Postmistress and teacher, and lived at Bonners Farry, Idaho.

Winfield Martin, known as "Windy" was a barber in Leferia, Texas.

Milo, another son was a railroad engineer and was killed in a train wreck on the Nemadji bridge in Superior.

Mabel was a secretary in Chippewa Falls to the Hon. Jenkins, a Congressman. Ira Martin was for many years the Chief of Police in Spokane, Wash., and is still living.

Susie was Mrs. Art King, who lived in the state of Washington where the Mar-

tin family moved, and where Sophie died in 1938, and Myron in 1932.

Edward Martin was the only survivor of the Holcombe drownings. Now deceased, he was a minister of the Church of the Nazarene in Washington. He also served in Canada, and at Northwestern University. (Some say he was 17 at the time of the tragedy at Holcombe which took eleven men's lives. My family says he was 15 at the time. I do know that maturity came early in those hard days for Edward's brother, Frank, my father, drove a four horse sleigh in the woods, for Bruno Vinette at the age of twelve.) Frank, who died in 1945 was a river pig during the days of the seige of Cameron Dam. He was considered the best boatman and teamster around in those days of the heydey of lumber jacks, and the logging business.

Frank's children are:

Roy - Editor of the Sawyer County Gazette at Winter.

Jerome - Lives at Winter, (Clerked at the Fair Store) and has ten children, including two sets of twins.

Marion - Married Otto Merchert and was mother of six boys and one girl.

Frank - "Chick" - Worked for many years for the Sawyer County Highway office, Hayward, Wis. He was town clerk of the town of Winter for many years before moving to Hayward.

Rose - Secretary and reporter for the Sawyer Co. Gazette, Winter.

Mabel - Died of burns in a gas explosion in 1944.

Caroline (That's me) Married Kermit Benson who sailed for eight years as an engineer on the Great Lakes, and is now anchored at Chippewa Falls, Senior Inspector for the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. when he isn't fishing muskies.

Henry - Served overseas in the 48th Combat Engineers during World War II,

now rural mail carrier at Winter.

One of our modern day family members should be mentioned who surely leaves steppingstones for others to follow, is Sister M. Sirilla, O.S.F. or Fabiola, daughter of Charles and Catherine LaRush. Sister spent a dedicated lifetime in helping her people, as well as many, many others whom she taught and inspired.

Sister helped revive the little mission at Reserve and can tell endless stories of early mission days. She speaks five languages, and in this way is comparable to the early missionaries who learned the language of the Indians in order to tell them in their own tongue the story of Jesus. Appropriately her order, the Franciscans also

celebrates it's 100th Anniversary this year.

Sister tells her own story so eloquently that one can picture her as a young nun rowing a boat across the lake taking blankets, food and medicine to a needy and very sick man, and being repaid with a bucket of blueberries from his grateful wife. One pictures her enticing the little Indian children into the schoolroom by scattering peanuts in the grass, gaining their confidence and then spending many years teaching and guiding them.

Now retired, Sister lives at: 3920 N. Lawdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

She keeps busy doing Indian beadwork.

To please Sister Sirilla, I would like to mention Father Goldsmith, a man who became a legend in Chippewa Falls, and who was so much admired by Sister's mother, and my own mother, too. I have heard about him all my life, even though I did not live at Chippewa but at Winter, Wis. I like especially this paragraph from his writings, which is completely up to date these times.

"We believe in one common origin of mankind; an objection to this belief taken from the different shades of color man exhibits in different zones seems as absurd as to trace back the brown, black, white or spotted kind to as many different ori-

gins."

The last two hundred years has seen the United States grow from uncharted wilderness to one of the world's greatest nations. Though we owe much to it's founders, it is it's little people, the unknowns who shared the burden of settlement, enduring hardships and privations who have made this country great. The imprint of the loggers corked shoes, the missionaries sandals, the moccasins too of the Indians, form the steppingstones the rest of us now follow.

Caroline (Martin) Benson Chippewa Falls, Wis.

(Sister Sirilla celebrated her 82nd birthday on May 24, 1974. She is now living at La Farge Convent Center in Chicago. Mrs. Caroline Benson, her cousin, (see family tree on page 73) says she spends some of her spare time doing Indian bead work. Her story, taken from her notes, follows. — Ed. note)

LOLA - LATER, SISTER M. SIRILLA, OSF.

My Indian name was "way-johnie-ma-son"; which means "busy-body". A little Indian girl who was born on the Lac Courte Oreilles Indian Reservation; whose parents were Charlie La Rush and Catherine Tasier.

Charlie's father was a Frenchman. He was also a fur trader. He went to the Civil War, and died in it. His mother was a descendent of Michael Cadotte, part Indian, and Wabajeeab, her Indian name. She was baptized Geneveave, in French Jenyeave.

After my grandfather had died my grandmother was left with ten children. Those war days were hard and gruesome. They lived in a place called Eagleton, somewhere near Chippewa Falls. There were many Indians living around there. Also along the Chippewa River up and down. There was also quite a village called Flambeau Farm around at that time. So at that time our Chippewa Indians were still scattered. I sometimes am told by some white folks that they are also part Indian, but not from a Reservation like me.

My Grandmother Wabageab had a very hard time. The oldest boy, Francis, was drafted. He ran away into the woods toward Minnesota. He was never found. Two little girls died from hardships, Susie and Maggie. Sophie, the oldest girl, tried to keep house after the mother had died. She finally got married. Then the others scattered. My Uncle Edward went toward Flambeau Farm and got married to an Indian lady there. My Uncle John went up north and also found himself an Indian wife. Some of his descendents are living in New Post at the present time. My Aunt Julie found a Sioux Indian. They lived in what is now Stanley. They gradually moved to Reserve. I also had an Aunt Jane who married a man named Pete Robb. I never heard where they lived.

So my father Charlie and my Uncle Mitchel were left as waifs with no home. George Warren, a distant cousin, took them under his care on his farm near Chippewa Falls. That is the place where my father and my Uncle Mitchel grew up. That is the story of my father. There were no orphan homes at that time for homeless children.

Now my mother's story, Catherine Tasier: She was a descendent of the Acadians of Nova Scotia. The English came to Nova Scotia and burned their little mission Church. They also placed the menfolks in boats and sent them down to Louisiana. The women with their children fled across the St. Lawrence River to Canada and started over again, pioneer living, with absolutely nothing. That was the lot of my mother's ancestors. The town of Sorril near Montreal was the place of their beginning and the place where my mother grew up. There were six children, three boys and three girls, in their family. The father, my grandfather, was killed by a team of run-away horses while he was driving a load of hay. Her mother, my grandmother, lived to be quite old in Canada.

My mother would often speak of her brothers and sisters. As they grew older they

also dispersed and some came to the States. She would speak about my Aunt Igserill who had come to Eau Claire and had become sick. She then had sent for my mother, then a young lady, to come to take care of her. My mother did just that. My dear Aunt Igserill recovered and became well again. Then Catherine, my mother, went out to look for a job for herself. She found a job on George Warren's farm. The same place on which my father had been brought up and was still there. So there young Charlie and Miss Catherine became acquainted.

The following is how that came out: Charlie would often come to the table with a very torn coat. Catherine got so that she couldn't see that any more. So she asked Charlie if he would mind if she would mend his coat. He said nothing but handed it over to her. She mended it nicely and washed it so that it was again spick and span. That started their courtship. No nationality was considered. It was plain true love between the two, which was brought about through Catherine's charity. How the Hand of the good Lord will bring things about.

Some time after, they were married in the first mission Notre Dame Church in Chippewa Falls. After a while George Warren, the man that took care of Charlie as a boy and young man, got the young couple a small farm that had been deserted, near a small town called Drywood, which was not very far from Chippewa Falls. So the young couple started their own housekeeping. George also helped them get stock for their farm. They had a very good start on their farm. They must have lived there ten, twelve, or more years for three children were born to them there being that we children were about three or four years apart. The first child was a boy who was named Francis after his Grandfather's name who had lost his life in the Civil War. Little Francis lived about four years. He was buried in the Drywood cemetery. The next child was Henry, another boy who lived to be eighty-three years old. The next one was a girl whose name was Agnes. Those three children were born on that farm.

Some time after, my Uncle John, my father's older brother, sent an invitation to my father to come to northern Wisconsin where logging had taken place and good salaries were given. He invited my father and family to go up there. So the farm was sold and up north they went. They took what they could along and even their stock. My mother used to say that it took them a whole week to move up there.

My Uncle John had a house, a barn and a hen house ready for them. My mother used to say that she had quite a time with the two little ones, Henry and Agnes. So that was how my family got to the Reservation. That land was already a Reservation where they went to.

My mother became the cook for the loggers and my father helped her by being chore boy. They did that just one winter. It was too hard for my mother having the two little children.

After that my father went to work in the woods like other men with his team of horses. My mother stayed home and took care of her household. She missed her farm home very much. Even many years afterwards when I was a growing girl she would still speak about their nice little farm where they even had apple trees on it. I never realized how heart sore she must have been over leaving that farm.

The next story is about a bear: My mother had gone to her home to stay which was located near the logging camp. One nice day in spring, she spread a blanket on the ground in front of her home and placed Agnes on it. Agnes might have been about a year old then. Henry was about five years old then. Mother told Henry to take care of Agnes while she went to the hen house. In a little while Henry yelled real loud in French, "There is a big dog coming." She looked out of the door of the chicken house when she saw a big bear coming down the road. She yelled back, "Pull Agnes into the house quick and close the door." He had hardly closed the door when the bear came snooping around the house and walked on. You may be sure my mother wasn't very slow in going back to the house to hug and kiss her little ones. She often told us that

story. Henry also remembered that occasion quite well.

When Henry was old enough to go to school, they moved into a house near the Sister's school. The Sister's were then there already. The house that my parents moved into had also belonged to George Warren who sold it to my parents. That house was a log house like all other houses around here. It had three rooms and an upstairs, also a cellar. Then there was a shed attached to it for the stove wood and utilities. There were tubs, wash board, boiler for washing clothes, a grindstone, saws, axes, etc., etc. for the men and garden tools as hoes, rakes, shovels and a plow for garden work.

Little Agnes passed away in that house. She was buried in the cemetery there in Reserve. She was the first of the family to be buried there. The rest of the family are all buried there except me and Francis, the oldest, who was buried in the Drywood cemetery.

SO I WENT BY THE NAME OF LOLA

Some time after little Agnes had died, the good Lord gave my parents another little girl. She was named Rose from Rose Lynch. After Rose became a Sister, her new name was Sr. Concepta I. Rose, my sister, was born on New Years Day, 1888. Four years later, the good Lord gave them another little girl who received the name Fabiola in Baptism. She was born tongue tied so bad that she could not nurse or make a noise. So the Doctor was called in order to clip the string that was holding the tongue down. But my mother wanted me Baptized before that would be done. So I was carried to Church and Sr. Fabiola, who was there at the time, held me for Baptism in proxy for Mary De Brot. So I was named Mary Fabiola. The Doctor then clipped the string that held my tongue down. I then could nurse and squeal. It did not effect my speech in any way.

Fabiola was very hard to say in French. So they began to shorten the name to Lola. So then I went by the name Lola. So I grew as a normal baby. I learned to walk, talk and also to get into mischief as any child does.

In summer my mother had the habit of doing her washing by the lake. We lived on little Couderay Lake near the Sisters. My father set up a triangle affair for which my mother would heat water hanging in a large kettle from it. In that way it spared her from carrying water up to the house. One time when this was in process my mother left the shore and went to the house for some purpose. While she was gone, I went onto the little pier that extended a little way into the water. I went too far out on it and fell into the water. We had a dog named Rover who was there with me. When I fell in, he plunged into the water and dragged me out of the water by the dress. Sr. Hugaline was there then; she came running down to the lake and helped Rover to get me out of the water. At that point, mother came to the show. She certainly was grateful that I had been saved.

Rover also saved my sister Rosie when she was little. She had followed my father when he was on his way to work with his team. He chased her back until he couldn't see her anymore. She sat down along the roadside and went to sleep. Mother was looking for her. So was Rover. Rover must have smelt her footsteps for he knew where to go. He went where she was. He went back and pulled mother's dress. She went along with him. There she found Rosie on the side of the road in the weeds sleeping. She picked her up and carried her home.

One time father had company at our place, a man was having a meal with my father. They were having fried eggs. When the platter was passed to the man he emptied it. I stood at the other end of the table and watched that. I yelled out in French, "That old dog man is eating up all the eggs." My father said nothing but got up and pulled me by the ear and shoved me behind the door. There I sobbed for a while. When the men had gone out, mother gave me something to eat but said nothing. When father came back in, he sat me on his knee and gave me a good talk. I was about four years old at

that time. I remember that real well.

I remember how the people would come to Church on All Saint's Day and All Soul's Day. In those days, they had great devotion for their dead. On the Eve of All Soul's Day, they would come to Church and toll the bell for their dead. They would go in Church and pray some for their dead, then go to the cemetery and place a burning lantern on the grave of some relative. I remember when I was small, my father held me in one arm and tolled the bell with the other hand. During the day a dinner was given in honor of the dead person who had passed away during the past year of the family. They also took very much pride in those past times in keeping their graves in good order.

When I was small and my father would come from camp, he would not shave the whole week at camp on account of the cold and also the time. Some times I would run and meet him. He would pick me up and want to kiss me. Well, those bristles on his face would pick me and I would push his face away from me. That would make him

laugh so heartily.

When I was getting old enough to go to school, I had a very hard time my first year. I am left handed, so my teacher tied my left hand behind my back so that I was made to write with my right hand. I surely didn't like that. So when writing time came, I would say that I had a stomach ache and want to go home. Sometimes I just went. My mother knew that, so she would bring me back the next morning. She also helped me with it. I am now very grateful that I can use my right hand for writing since I have trouble with my left arm in my old age.

Our school was not graded in those years. But we did learn. When we finished one reader, we were given the next that followed. We also learned arithmetic, adding, subtracting, multiplying, short division and long division. We also drilled the tables as those subjects were called in those days. We also had some geography, some history, also spelling, also phonics to a certain extent. We also had a hot lunch at dinner time. I

don't know where the Sisters got the food then.

In winter we would have loads of fun sliding down the hill east of the school or from the road that was then west of the Church, that is, the first little mission Church that was there. Sometimes we had a bobsled where a number of children could get on, or we would have small sleds where two or three would get on and slide down the bank of the lake way out on the ice. We also used a stave of a broken barrel. We would cut a little nitch on one end, tie a string on it then, hold the string and slide down the hill standing one foot ahead of the other. They must have got the idea of skiing from that sport of ours.

My brother Henry had a team of dogs, Rover and Prince. He had made a set of harnesses for those dogs, somewhat like horses have. Sometimes he would place a box on his homemade sled and place me in that box. My mother would put a shawl or blanket around me and Henry would give me a ride around the lake with his team of dogs. That surely was fun.

When I got somewhat older, I also learned to skate. However, I didn't like it too well. In those years when I was a child we had to hook our skates onto our shoes with a sort of a key. Sometimes that would loosen up and the skate would dangle. I never liked that. So I would sooner go without skating. The young folks would make themselves a bonfire across the lake and have a jolly good time in winter. They would then skate near the fire.

Another winter sport was to snare rabbits. I snared many a one. We fixed the snare wire so that the rabbit would go through to get the bait placed on the other side. We would have to place that bait in a rabbit's trail. We would sometimes go early in the morning before school would start to see if our snare had a rabbit caught in it. I one time caught a cat in a snare. Another time I caught a pheasant that had flown away up in a tree with the snare dangling by that snare. A man had to get up in the tree and get that pheasant. I feathered it and had it for the next meal. We had a celebration

over that pheasant. That was Indian style when youth got its first prey.

We had another little house east of the village. It was there, near an opening or clearing in the woods, where there was hay. There was also a nice spring there. My father and brother would go there in the summer to cut the hay for our stock. Sometimes my mother would go there to cook for them. It was as furnished a house as much as was needed. If my mother didn't go she would send me with some lunch for them. One time it happened to be strawberry time. I took the lunch to them. And on my way back I picked strawberries along the way. I had taken a little pail along for that purpose. I had picked quite a bit. So I went home. I washed and cleaned my strawberries and took the cream off the one jar of milk. I also placed maple sugar on that. Oh, was that ever tasty. Just as I was finished, who comes along but my big brother, ten years older than I. He says, "May I eat with you?" I said, "Sure." He took a big spoon. I had a small spoon. With his big spoon, he ate about four fifths of it. I was slow with my small spoon. We had to laugh over it. I didn't care.

Sometimes we were back there after school started in the fall. The Gouges also had a home back up there. So the Gouges and I went to school together from back of the woods. We followed a trail. We enjoyed that. Sometimes in fall, we would scare a partridge up. It would make a noise like thunder with its wings when it started up to fly.

One time my mother was alone up there in the woods. Rosie and I were in school and my father and Henry were at work somewhere. A forest fire began to rage. There was a strong wind blowing. The fire was coming towards the house in which my mother was in. She took the holy water bottle and went outside and sprinkled the holy water all around the house. The wind turned and went the opposite way. My mother was sitting on the bed crying out of joy that the good Lord heard her prayer in gratitude to Him. When Rosie and I came home from school, she told us what had happened.

When we were in Reserve in that house, Rosie and I, some mornings real early we would go fishing for panfry fish right in front of our house. Rosie could row and so could I. The day before we would catch a frog or dig for a few crawlers. When we would have a dozen panfish we would go home, clean the fish, scale them, put them in the frying pan on the stove and have them for breakfast. We had them from fresh water to the pan and for breakfast. No store is as good as that was!

When the year turned from 1899 to 1900, a big celebration took place in our little village and every other place, I believe. I was eight years old then. However, I remember that real well. Long ago they used to have celebrations of different kinds on our Church grounds for the 4th of July. Then there were Indian dances off the Church grounds. There were Indian dances that we children would dance to. They were to the sound of the drum down on the lake shore. At that time there was a nice sandy beach along the lake front. Since then it has grown up in brush and weeds.

In 1900 the new Hayward Indian School was built. When it was completed, some people came out to the Reservation and loaded the children in a big red vehicle and took them to that school. My sister Rosie and I didn't go until a couple of years later. The Sisters left about two or three years after the Hayward Indian School was built. Most of the children had gone there. Also the Sisters didn't get salary after that. They did get some help from the lumber men. Around that time, lumbering was also ceasing. After our Sisters left for good, the St. Joseph Sisters of Superior took charge. They were there just a short time and also left. They also couldn't make a go of it.

When the Sisters had gone from Reserve, I was also taken to Hayward Indian School. I didn't like it one bit out there away from home and that home freedom. We did have a kind Matron. We had classes in the forenoon. In the afternoon, we had some other little jobs to do. I had to mend stockings. I had known that from my mother.

One day in November, my father came to visit my Sister and I. I wanted to go back home with him. He wouldn't take me because there wasn't any school out there at that time. So he left me to go to town to buy groceries. I knew where he would stop.

So I ran away from there and found our horse, Mc Ginty, in front of the store where my father was inside shopping. Mc Ginty made a noise to show that he was happy and so was I that I was that far on my way. I climbed into the back of the sled and covered myself with the hay that was there. I might have been about ten years old then. When my father came out of the store with bundles of groceries, he threw them in the back on top of me. I screamed, "Ouch." He came back there and found me. He asked how I got there. I had run around the little lake that was back of the school and into the woods until I got to town and found what I was looking for. My father pulled me out of the sled and put me on the snow. He said he was going to take me back again to school. Oh, I threw myself on the ground and cried very much. I just wouldn't go. He was going to put me in the seat with him and take me back. I just wouldn't go for him. I never acted like that before. So he put his overcoat over me and placed me with him on the seat and took me home. I was happy then to be home and with mother. When we got home, he said he would take me back in a week. However, my brother, Henry, proposed that they build a house in Eddy Creek where they were working and I could go to school in Couderay. So that was it. They started right off to do that. They built a log house, barn and a hen house that November. They had worked so hard that by January, we were able to move there. Then I went to Couderay school. There were thirteen children going to Couderay school from Eddy Creek.

At Eddy Creek, a kind of a little village grew up around the logging camp. One side was called French Hill which was across the creek. On the other side of the creek was Indian Hill. There was also a spring not too far away where we lived. We were near that nice fresh water that was bubbling out of the ground continually which formed

the creek. Around the camp and near it, there were different nationalities.

We children had a gay time. We would sometimes loiter along the way and not get to school at all. One time we followed a turtle track. The boys finally came to it and found the eggs. We were then satisfied but it was too late for school. So we ate our lunch and still played around until we saw the sun going down in the west. We then went back home again. Some time we would fasten our little sleds to the big logging sled as it would go down the hills. We also scampered around in the woods having a glorious time. That was our gym, climbing trees and what not. In summer and fall, it was berry picking, starting with strawberries in June and ending up with cranberries in October.

We had a horse named Mc Ginty on which Rosie and I would go on horseback. When it was milking time, we would listen to what direction the ting-a-ling of the bell would come from that the cows would have around their neck. That is the direction we would go to find them. To get on the horse's back, I would climb the fence, lead it there and toss myself onto his back.

One time when Rosie and I were following a trail, we were going past some cherry trees. She thought that she could reach up and pick some. She fell right in front of Mc Ginty. He nicely stepped back and let her get up. He didn't want to hurt her. He was such a gentle horse.

When we went to Church on Sundays, I would sometimes sit behind Henry, my brother, on the horse. I would put my hands in his coatpockets to hang on. Then we would go galloping. When there would be too much snow, we would walk it. Sometimes we would go with the heavy team. We had to go eight miles through the woods. Sometimes my father would carry a lighted lantern along to keep the wolves away. They are afraid of fire. At night we could sometimes hear the wolves howl.

When we lived in Eddy Creek, I would sometimes go down to the camp to visit. The lady there had a tiny baby, perhaps about a year old or so. I would like to play with that baby. The mother of that baby was the cook there and the father was the chore boy. The chore boy was jack of all trades around there who also helped his wife in the kitchen part. The kitchen part was at one end of a long building. From the

kitchen part there were great long tables where the lumberjacks ate. The chore boy would also take a lunch to the men when they were at work in the woods. He had sort of a cart to haul it.

Now this is the story that I want to relate: One day I was down in the kitchen part playing with the baby. It was in a highchair. The grown folks were having a hilarious time. I wasn't paying attention to them at all. I was playing with the baby. When all of a sudden there was a scream. The lady had thrown the dish towel onto the rack that was above the stove and knocked the hanging lamp down which started a blaze on her dress which spread very quickly. She ran out of the door into the snow. She ran so fast that no one could catch her. Everyone was chasing after her. Finally her husband caught her.

Now that baby had been left inside alone with me. Near the highchair that the baby was in, on the floor the fire had also started. There was a cot along the wall near by with some bedding on it. I took a quilt and threw it on that fire on the floor. It smothered the fire there. Then I took the baby out of the highchair and wrapped it in an old coat that I found. I then went to my home with it while the others were still chasing after the lady. When I got home with the baby, I told my mother what had happened. She took the baby from my arms, changed it and gave it some warm milk and laid it on the bed. It then went to sleep.

After the husband caught the lady, he rolled her in the snow and got the fire out on her. They took her to her room and got the Doctor. I can still hear her moan. After everything was quiet again, they began to look for the baby. Finally someone found it fast asleep in our house.

The camp had to get another cook there quickly for the men. A family that had three school girls came there to cook. The three girls then went along with us to school.

I have another story I will relate about a baby: There was a family who lived across the creek from us who had two little girls. One may have been about five. The other might have been around a year old. The mother came to our place and asked my mother if either Rosie or I could go to her house to take care of her little baby. The mother hadn't slept for three days and three nights taking care of her baby. My mother sent me along with the woman. When I got there, we found the baby choking with whooping cough. I took the baby in my arms. I sat down in a rocker. I placed the baby on my knees with its little stomach down. I then patted it on its little back between the shoulders. In a little while, a long string of phlegm was coming out of her mouth. I stuck my fingers in her little mouth and pulled the rest of the phlegm out. I then gave her a little warm water to drink with a spoon. How that baby looked at me with such grateful eyes. I never forgot that. I then rocked her to sleep. I also fell asleep. I don't remember the rest. This little girl's name was Amanda. She writes to me to this day. Her mother says that I saved the baby's life and also hers. I paid that mother a visit last summer. She is in her high 80's or even 90, but she is just as clear as anyone could be. We certainly did speak of olden times when we were together last summer. Eddy Creek is a dead village now, with no one living there but bears roaming around eating the raspberries that are on the bushes in summer time.

When logging was completed at certain places, the camps, sawmills and other buildings in connection with it would be set afire until nothing was left of them. They could have been left for others to use, or left as old land marks. But they were not.

During Lent a certain lady named Mrs. Nelson would gather the people of Eddy Creek and invite them to come to her home during Lent to say the Stations of the Cross.

At our house when we were together in the evenings, we said the Rosary in French. My mother led it. They would kneel by a chair, placing their elbows on the chair, as a support. I liked to kneel by my father. When I would get tired, I would put my head on his heels. The next thing I knew, I was in bed.

We tried sometimes to go to Church to Couderay. But by the time the Eddy Creek

people would get there, the Holy Mass would just about be finished. That Priest would finish and go away. So we gave it up as a bad job. You see no one knew of cars in those days even though it was only a mile, but bad roads to go on. So then we would go to Reserve through the woods if we could make it. That was eight miles away. Sometimes we would go on Saturday afternoons. Someone had to stay back to take care of the stock. Those were hard days compared to the present time. But people were happy. There was no turmoil like now.

I remember when the men at camp would have dances. Those that represented men wore hats. Then there was a fiddler that played some way. I don't know if it was always right. Then there was a caller. He would say, "Handmen left, salute your

partner," etc. They would all stamp around and just have a gay time.

In summer some of us girls used to like to run on the lumber piles near the saw mill, also play hide and go seek there. Other times we would scamper around in the woods. The good Lord surely took good care of us because there were many wild animals around at that time.

I remember when bears would come to the garbage barrels by the camp. Some men had a sort of a platform up in the trees where they would watch for bears and shoot them when they came around. Also, they would shoot any other wild animals, too.

On Sundays we would have Holy Mass in the forenoon. In the afternoon, I believe it must have been about perhaps two o'clock, the Church bell would ring and tap once. A while after, the bell would tap twice. That meant Catechism for the children. We also went for it, that was in English. The bell would ring again a third time. That would be for vespers. People were all waiting outside for that. They then came in to their pews. The vespers were sung in Chippewa. We seemed to like it. That was a place to go for them. They also had a very strong Faith then. The old Franciscan Fathers gave it to them which meant something to them. Things don't seem to sink into the heart now as it did then. Those people were very devout. They would come miles and miles for their devotions. When I came back after I was a Sister, I found such a difference. The devotion in the religion and the love for the dead in the graveyard had changed. I believe in olden days people would vie to have the nicest graves. They would go and cut sod and place it around their dead one's grave in the shape of a coffin, fill that in and place flowers there. They would also place markers at the head of the graves. My sister Agnes was buried there. My mother had planted a tiny lilac twig by the head of my sister's grave. That grew to be a mighty big bush. After I was stationed there a while, I had Henry, my brother, chop it away. It took too much room after two uncles and great grandmother were there, also a great aunt, my father, my sister and her little ones, also my mother. That bush was in the way, and it kept on spreading. So I was very glad to have Henry chop it down. Henry is also there. There is only one place on that lot yet. Perhaps it will be for me. Who knows but the good Lord.

When we were children, we would often visit the graves and read the names that would be on the markers. We also like to pray and read the words at the Crucifix in the cemetery. They mean something like this: You my friends kindly ask the good Lord to have pity on us. I did know exactly the words, but I don't any more. Perhaps if I get well enough to go back some day I may recall the exact meaning of those words. They do have a great meaning.

John Baptist Corbine, 99 years old, is buried in that cemetery. He was the man that brought the strong Catholic Faith to that band of Chippewa Indians. Many of his descendants are still living there. I was told that the Chief was buried by the gate of that cemetery. He was the Chief of the Tribe at the time.

By that time the Soo Line train came to Reserve. We children would walk down on the railroad track to Sigmors which was about three miles. We would wait there for the train to come. When it would come around noon time we would get on and ride back to Reserve for five cents. I always asked my father for a nickel to pay for this train ride. We children found great joy in getting on this train ride. That train would go just as far as Reserve. There was a "Y" there where it could go up that "Y" and come back so it could again go back where it came from. That railroad was to go to Ashland, but by that time, cars began to be in use. So the railroad track was never completed, for the train to go on farther.

Another joy that we had was to take our shoes and stockings off and run across the lake on the logs when a boom of logs were in the lake. That was great fun to have those logs go bobbing under the water and up again. We must have had a very good Guardian Angel that protected us. That was a very dangerous sport. But nothing ever

happened to any of us.

There were four big Norway pine trees in the school yard forming a sort of a square where we would often play "Pussy in the corner." They were cut down when the old Mission Church burnt down. We also played house under the pine trees that are along the lake. One time I tore the whole side of my red dress swinging on a limb of a pine tree

that is along the lake.

One night there was a terrific storm. Our little old house just shook. We went downstairs and prayed. The dear Lord surely protected us. The wind storm passed between our house and the Church. It picked up the little shed that was fastened to the little school. It was carried a few yards away, not damaged at all. That wind went through the swamp east of the Church and felled a few of the nice trees down. It had a regular path. Days after, we could just follow that path.

We used to go down in that swamp and pick blueberries and raspberries in season. After that storm, we couldn't any more. That swamp was never as beautiful after that

storm as it had been before.

When I was a child, there was a big pine tree by the swamp that had a strong limb that had grown quite straight out. Someone hung a rope on it so that we could swing there. It was there quite a long time. After a while, brush grew around there which was in the way for us to swing.

One time Esther and I were picking strawberries near a field that used to be somewhere around where Millers now live. All of a sudden, a bull came out of the woods tramping his front feet. We were very quick to crawl under the wire of that field and hide in the tall grass and brush. I never was so scared in all my life. We were real quiet there flat on the ground. By and by, that bull went back into the woods again. Did we ever run fast back home again. In my childhood days, strawberries were quite plentiful. Those berries were so tasty and sweet. After I went back there as a Sister, I found that strawberries had quite disappeared compared to when I was a child there. We also had a garden near our house where we had vegetables. The Sisters also had a garden just across the fence from ours. Our space wasn't big enough for potatoes, so my father had cleared a piece of land on the Point where we had a potato patch for several years. By and by, the Point was sold and made into lots. That patch that we had for potatoes was sold to Mashers. So Mashers built a log house where they came to live every summer. They had a daughter whose name was Laura. She and I got to be real friends. She would row their boat across Little Couderay Lake and come to our place to buy milk, butter, eggs and bread. We had cows and chickens and my mother made bread. The store in Reserve didn't carry those things, and cars were not in use then yet.

Well, when Laura would come to our place, I would sometimes go back with her to stay for the day. We would play house, go swimming, fishing and whatnot. When the sun began to go down in the west, Laura would again take me home. Then she would let me row back. Sometimes she would come and stay with me all day.

One time my father, Rosie and I went across Big Couderay Lake to pick blueberries. In the meantime, a big wind arose and when we had our pails full, we could hardly row back in our little rowboat. Mr. Masher saw us tossing in our little boat. He came to meet us. He hooked our boat onto his and took us out of the danger that we were in and led us home. How thankful we were to the dear Lord Who sent us Mr. Masher to save us from that danger that we were in.

This little story will be of our Corpus Christi celebration of long ago when I was a little girl: We little girls were dressed in white with a nice wreath of flowers in the hair. We also carried a little basket of flowers that we strew on the ground along the way in front of the Blessed Sacrament which was carried by a Priest. There were also many Priests and many people that followed who were mostly Indians. Hymns were sung in Indian. People had such strong faith then. They were just about all our own people.

The layout of the roads that we followed then were very much different than the way it is now. The men would be busy getting little trees on each side of the road where we walked which was very pretty. The women would be busy gathering wreath garlands of princes pine vines to decorate the inside of our dear little Mission Church. How beautiful that all was for our dear Lord.

Up on the hill was a Belille home where there was a poor lady that was not able to get out of bed. So they would move her bed outside with her in it for her to see the procession go by. Sometimes a couple of ladies would hold umbrellas over her when the sun would be so hot for her. When I would pass her, I would throw some flowers toward her. She would then laugh. She and I were very good friends.

Sometimes when my mother had some good soup and dumplings, she would send me to take some of it to the dear old lady. Sometimes I would wash the dishes that were on the table and also sweep the floor and make order for her around. She would be so happy. That is how we happened to be friends. She would watch for me in the Corpus Christi Procession on that day. I would always watch for her.

Her name was Philomene, but they called her Polomen in Indian. Her husband's name was Deserie, a French name. He would go back in the woods to get a pole to make wood for the stove.

I would then be very glad to go to her then. I would call her Grandmother then. She would also teach me Indian words. She would sometimes tell me some stories. She once told me that when I get to be a lady, I would see wagons going without horses in front of them. I would laugh, it seemed so funny to me to see a wagon going without being drawn by horses. I now see the cars going like that.

Another time she told me that someday I would turn a knob on the wall and water would come out just like Moses did in the Bible. I used to think that she was just making up those stories for fun, but now I do see those things are happening. She told me some other stories but I have forgotten them.

One time after Corpus Christi, my father moved one of the wagons that had been erected for the Corpus Christi Procession and placed it down the hill from our house where we children would play house in it. Children of our neighbors would also come. One morning when Rosie and I went down to play, we saw that a drunken man was lying in our playhouse. Did we ever run home. We never went back there any more. We children used to play house very much. We would put on a long dress of my mother's and dress up like a woman. We had two trunks in our upstairs. We played that those trunks were our pews in church. We would go there very piously as though we were going to church. We would genuflect before we went behind the pew. We carried our dolls and also had a little dog named Molly. We would also take it along and hold it by the paw and had it walk with us. This was real fun.

Another time when I had my seventh birthday, a lady whose name was Carrie Corbine had made me a rag doll as large as a real baby. We had a place under our house where we could get in from the outside in summertime. There we would also play house. That was a great sport for us. We got a hold of an old trunk cover that we used as a cradle for my big doll to put it to sleep like a baby. Many of our neighbor

girls would also come to play with us. I also had another doll, but I liked my rag doll best.

By that time the Sisters had gone and we had gone to Eddy Creek as I had written before. But for Sunday and times between, we would come back again. That was a travel of eight miles. By the time I was eleven years old, we came back to stay for a while for me to get ready for my First Holy Communion in the following Spring. The Sisters had again come back for a time.

By this time I got to be a bigger girl. I would help in the garden. When the potatoes grew big enough to have leaves, Rosie and I would go out very often to pick off the bugs and eggs. My father would give us a penny for each bug and also the eggs. We would put them in a can, pour kerosene over them and set them aftre. We had no

Paris green in those days. However, we did save our potatoes.

I would also go fire hunting with my father in spring as soon as the ice had melted from the lake. My father fastened a pole at the stern of the boat. At the top of this pole was a wire basket, and in that basket, he had fire made of pitchwood. I sat in the rear with a paddle. I would paddle very slow. He stowed in the front part of the boat to watch where he would spear with his spear. The fire attracted the fish. If there was a fish that he would see that the fire had attracted, it remained still and he could spear it. That was called fire hunting for fish.

By this time I was getting to be eleven years old. So the next year I would be making my First Holy Communion. We had been living in Eddy Creek for some time for me to go to Couderay school. However, the Sisters had again come back to Reserve for some time. So we again moved back there. June 25th, 1905, I made my First Holy Communion with many of my school chums.

"SHE ASKED ME IF I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A SISTER"

Fr. Agatha Anklin, O.F.M. had charge of the St. Francis Mission at that time. Sr. Augustine I was Fr. Agatha's Aunt. She was there visiting him at that time. On that day, she met me in the yard and began to talk to me. In the conversation, she asked me if I would like to be a Sister like she was. Well, that was a thought for me. I was then twelve years old.

That surely was the Lord's path for me. First when I was Baptized, Sr. Fabiola was my Godmother in proxy. When I was in Hayward Indian School, I didn't like it there. Once when I was crying because I was lonesome for home, Fr. Chrysostom told me to go home to my mother. Third, I now am asked if I would like to be a Sister like Sister Augustine I. I surely thought of that even though I was only twelve years old. I begged my parents to let me go with the Sisters to Milwaukee. So in August of that year, the Sisters took me along.

I was also very lonesome there. Those big, long, dark halls and big rooms frightened me. Going to bed and getting up by a bell ringing was very odd to me. Even some foods were different for this little Indian girl. However, there were many girls there. But those girls just about all knew German and I didn't. The prayers were all German or Latin. So I couldn't join in.

There was one thing that fascinated me. I was walking along a long hall alone when I heard the most beautiful music. I went toward the sound. I came to the little room from where the sound came from. The door was partly open. I went in quietly. There was a Sister sitting on a stool in front of a big long box with her fingers flying backwards and forward on that long box from which the music came. I sat on the floor behind her until she was finished. I then learned from her that that big long box was a piano. I had never seen or heard any before. Then I took a liking to the place, but I still wanted to go back home. I guess the Sisters had made retreat and took me back home again.

But my thoughts were at the Convent, though, where I had been. I thought of

how I could get an education and serve the good Lord and become a Sister in time. That was my fourth step. I followed it. In two years, I went back. I had it in my mind always. Other things didn't attract me so much. Henry, my brother, wanted to take me to the circus in Hayward. I did not want to go. I only wanted to go back to

the Convent, again.

On October 4th, 1905, I was Confirmed there in Reserve by Bishop Shinner. We were the first class that was confirmed in Reserve. Superior had now become a Diocese. Before that, we Indians had to go to Hayward for Confirmation. I remember when my sister Rosie was Confirmed in Hayward. She was four years older than I. Whatever Indian family who had some member in it to be confirmed would have to go out there. We would then pack up our tents and things and pitch them under the little jackpines that were then near the Namekagon River. That was quite an Indian tent village there for a couple of days.

I remember seeing the first train "puff puff" out there. I first thought it was a big

animal coming. I soon found out that it was called a train.

Sometime after our First Holy Communion Day, Fr. Agatha gave the children a little outing or picnic as it is now called. He took us to Mr. Dick Phallon's farm. We had a real good time there. There was a wind mill there which we children had never seen before. On one side of it was a ladder that went quite high. I said to my friend Esther, "Let's go up there. Then we can see far away, like in the woods." So I started and she behind me. We only went up a few rungs when Fr. Agatha spied us. He came quickly. He said, "Will you girls hurry up and get down here." We surely did. He gave us a little spanking with his cincture. He said to me, "How could you ever be a Sister if you climb like that? You better not go for that." I did not know that Sr. Augustine had asked me that. I didn't think of that when I was climbing anyway. Well, I did go, climb or no climb. And here I am, 64 years in the Convent. I also hope and pray to die as a Sister and nothing else but one.

When I was a growing girl, my mother used to go to a certain old couple's farm near Springbrook and do the canning, making sauerkraut and putting up their vegetables for winter. I would sometimes help her with some of those things. Sometimes Grandfather Whitefeather, as we called him, would set me on his knee and tell me Indian

stories. That is the way I learned to speak Indian.

After we had our own vegetables to put up for winter, and my father had to go out for Indian rice and we also had to pick the different kinds of berries and have them canned and dried. Fall had now set in. We then would go back to Eddy Creek for the men folks to go lumbering again. I then went back to Couderay school. However, I still had the Convent in mind. I thought of the education that I could receive if I would again go back. So in two years, I again asked the Sisters if they would take me back. So I then went when I was fourteen years old. I did very well in school there.

After I was there a while, I again got lonesome and got a notion to go home again in the middle of the school year. I started to cry. My teacher asked me the reason that I was crying. I told her I wanted to go home. She perked me up some and told me to go to Fr. Michael's, our Chaplain. I went to him. He asked me my name. I told him, Fabiola La Rush. "La Rush," he repeated. "Do you know what La Rush means?" I answered, "Yes, Father." "Tell me what it means," he said. I said, "It means 'The Rock' in French." "And that is your name?" He asked again. He then said, "You have that name for a purpose. Almighty God gave you that name so that you would be as firm as a rock here in the Convent. He doesn't want you to want to go home for every little thing that happens. He has made you to be here, to go to school here." Then he asked, "Where would you go to school if you did go back to the Reservation again?" I said, "I don't know." "Well, then you just better stay here where the Lord wants you to be. Do you understand? Be as hard as a rock and stay here where you belong. God wants you here to learn. Will you promise me?" He said. I said, "Yes, Father." He put his hand out for a shake and said, "Be a rock all the rest of your life."

I UNDERSTOOD WHAT MY PATH IN LIFE WAS TO BE

I have often thought of that during my life. I again had trouble with myself before I made Final Vows. Sister Alexander was my salvation there. I had other ups and downs during the course of my life. But I got more mature as I got older and understood what my path was to be in life as the good Lord had designed it.

When I was in school, German was the main language that was in use. So sometimes during free time when the girls were talking German, there were four of us that couldn't join in. So we would go downstairs somewhere and play jacks. One girl was Bohemian. Another was Italian. Another was French and I. That is what us four would do when the others were speaking German in the Study Hall during that time. I guess we were not even missed. We would come up to the Study Hall in time to study and prepare our work for the next day. I worked very hard with my studies and made good. I was promoted from Sr. Ambrose's room to Sr. Cherabim's room for some time. Then I was again promoted to Sr. Josepha's room for a bit. So I guess I must have made it pretty good. I liked Sr. Cherabim's teaching the best. She seemed to have understood this little Indian coming from the backwoods better than the other two teachers. However, I had had Sr. Augustine years after as teacher. She reminds me of Sr. Cherabim of past years. Her teaching went straight to the heart. So I went on to high school, college and to Creighton Univeristy, Omaha, Nebraska. The Jesuit Fathers were teachers there.

I was sent to a school in Nebraska where there were little German children that could only speak German. Well I had taken book German for two years. But I learned the Mother tongue German from those little children. I got to know the German language from those children very much better than from the books. They were boarding with us from Sunday afternoon or Monday morning until Saturday. I taught them English. They taught me how to speak German.

I was in Nebraska fourteen years. I liked it very well there in the open country. On Sunday afternoon or during vacations, we would sometimes visit the children's home. I would see the Western farms which I liked very much. We would also have picnics on some of these places. Some Sunday afternoons, Sr. Gemma and I would take a lunch along and go out walking. Every time we went, we would go some other direction. That was fun in our youth. By that we learned the surroundings and learned where the homes of our pupils were.

Those people at that mission were very generous to us. On Monday mornings when the children were brought to school, they would bring very many things along with them from the farm. For example: vegetables, fruit, fresh meat, homemade sausage, butter and also good German bread. Those people and children were very nice people, very easy to get along with. I just love them.

My dear Mother had passed away January 25th, 1916. That was a very hard blow for me. It was during the first World War. It was a very hard winter. Then I wanted to go home to her, there were no trains moving. There had been such terrible storms and floods that winter. So I didn't get to go. I just thought I would never be able to go there without seeing my dear Mother. I mourned for her a long time.

From Pierce I was sent to Osmond, the next neighboring Mission. I was there just six weeks when three of us Sisters were in a car on the way to visit one of our sick pupils when a car with two drunken men bumped into us and turned our car upside down. One Sister had a broken neck and other injuries. The other Sister was not injured but she went into a terrible shock. I was injured internally. But that injury never was found until years later. I then went through surgery. I have been suffering from that injury all my life time. The Sister with the broken neck died the next morning. The other Sister was taken to Campbellsport. I remained in Osmond six years after that.

HOW I WENT BACK TO RESERVE

Now comes the story of how I went back to Reserve, my old home place, seventeen years after I had gone to become a Sister: When I was in Osmond, I received word of my sick father. In February, 1925, I received a letter from my Aunt Julia, my father's sister, which stated that if I wanted my father to receive The Last Sacraments, he is very sick and calling for a Priest. I wrote to the neighboring Priest and asked him to kindly go to my sick father. He answered that he was not able to go. I then wrote to another town and asked for a Priest that I had known there years past, a Franciscan, to go to my sick father. He also answered that he was unable to go. I thought he could have asked for another Priest to go since he could not go. So I wrote to Bishop Reverman and asked him for a Priest from Superior to go to my sick father. Fr. Kinney was then sent for my father and to take over the St. Francis Mission as its Pastor. Then my dear father was cared for. After my father had received the Sacraments, he recovered.

I asked for permission to visit my father in the beginning of June, 1925. I received permission to go to visit him for three days. After that, I was to go to Milwaukee for Retreat, then back to Nebraska again for the summer. It did not turn out that way. First of all, I went on the Soo Line to Stone Lake which was then in service on that line. I knew no one in Stone Lake at the time. When I got off the train, I went into the depot. In there was a man who asked me if I wanted to go to the Rectory. "Yes, if there is one here," I said. I hadn't known that there was one there. The man told his son, Jack, to take me there. Jack picked up my suitcase and I followed in the rain. It was pouring rain. The housekeeper let me in. Fr. Kinney was not in just then. After a while, he came. I introduced myself to him. He at once wanted to know details about me. He went and got the Baptismal Register to see if I was telling the truth concerning myself. He found my report was exactly as I mentioned, where I was Baptized, made my First Holy Communion and Confirmed right there in St. Francis Mission Church. My father was Charlie La Rush who was still living at that time. So I was no fake but a real Religious person from Reserve. He hadn't known that a little Indian girl had gone to the Convent from Reserve and I was she. Then we had a little supper together. After supper, we knelt down and said the Rosary. After that, the lady took me upstairs to a bedroom. Was I ever happy to get my wet clothes off. I hung them wherever I could in the room. I said a short night prayer and thanked the good Lord for bringing me so far. I had a good night's sleep in the care of the good Lord.

The next morning, I got up for Holy Mass, had breakfast and was on my way through the woods. Stone Lake is ten miles from Reserve. Father had hired someone of Stone Lake to take me there. How I enjoyed that ride going through the woods along three lake fronts. We could see a glimpse of Stone Lake from a distance. Then we were along the shores of Sand Lake where ducks were swimming around in the water, also muskrat dens that were visible above the water near the shore. Those things reminded me of my childhood days. We then came to Whitefish Lake. That Lake has a beautiful peninsula that extends out into the water just across from Schultz's house. Just to the left of that was Jesrang's former summer cottage, the people who were so kind to us in later years. They are now both in heaven, I believe, looking down with joy. Then we came to Little Couderay Lake where we came to the bridge on which we crossed the Couderay River. When on the bridge, I could view and see the old schoolhouse where I went to school as a child. Memories came back to me. As we went along, many old homes were passed. Finally, we were on the way while I was looking for the old Church Steeple. Later, I found out that the old Mission Church had been struck by lightning in the summer of 1918 and burned to the ground. That was news to me. Now I was on my way. I really didn't know where. Just as I was thinking about where I should go, I knew the old home had been sold, now where I should stop. Just as I was thinking that, my dear old father was coming down the road to meet me. What a joy! I got off

and he led me to my Aunt Julie's place. It was just a little way off. She had a little cottage prepared for me on the side of her own house. A very nice little cottage but very small. There was a cot, a chair and a washstand in it. It was just big enough for me. I liked it real well. My father and brother batched it a little ways off. They had a little house of their own there. I thought of St. Francis when I stayed in that little cottage.

I came to Reserve on a Friday morning. During that day, I visited with my people and friends. The next day, Saturday, I was sitting with my father talking of olden times when I heard a church bell ringing. I asked my father where that sound came from. He told me that it came from a big bell that was standing outside near the new Church. I asked, "What is that bell ringing for now?" He said, "Father is ringing that bell so that the children would come to Church for Catechism instructions." I said, "Let's go down to Church. I will then meet some of the children." The distance was about a mile. So we walked down to the Church. That was some sight to see. What an abandonment and what a neglect. It brought tears to my eyes.

Fr. Kinney was sent there to take the St. Francis Mission over as Pastor. He came there in April. He had had little time to have done anything during those few weeks that he had come there. There was no place for him to stay there. So he stayed in the Rectory in Stone Lake for the time being until he would become acquainted in Stone Lake and also Reserve. He was just starting a Catechism class when I came there to Church with my father. When my father and I had walked down to the Church, that

was the most pitiful sight that a person could witness.

I was told that the Franciscan Fathers were not there anymore and an Indian Priest named Fr. Philip Gordon had taken over some time past. After the little Mission Church had burned down by being struck by lightning and the Indians had no Church. In time, they made up their mind to build themselves a stone church. So they got rocks from the back woods. They had a little fund to start with. There were two Indians and a White man that were masons that could work with the stones. They had made a good start. They advanced as far as putting up the frame and the roof beams. On the beams was tarpaper, and canvas was tacked over the window holes. Since their funds had been depleted, the continuation of the building was abandoned.

This was the condition of the Church when I came there with my father. The yard was a big mess. I went into the Church. There was Fr. Kinney with a group of children. He was trying to give them instructions. They were very unruly. When I saw the conditions there, I could not go back to Milwaukee in three days. I felt that I could be of some help there in doing missionary work. The inside of the Church was also a mess. Father dismissed this class. I asked him if I could clear off the altar, it was so terrible. Things were so neglected in there and so abandoned. There is no other word for it. Father was there about four weeks, therefore, was not able to do much as yet. I went back to my little cottage and cried to think that that was my own parish Church and the place where I had received my own youthful Sacraments in the old Mission Church that burned. I just had to cry. No one saw what I saw there. It surely was a pity that that place was in that condition when I went there. I just heard the voice of the Lord telling me that I had a job there. I wrote to Mother Alfons stating what I found there. I asked her if I would be allowed to remain there and help Fr. Kinney do that missionary work. I wrote that I would not leave here until I would receive a reply. She soon answered. She wrote that I would be allowed to remain there. If I would need another Sister to help me, she would send one. The trouble was that there wasn't a place for another Sister. As I wrote before, my dear Aunt Julia gave me that little cottage to stay in where I could hardly turn around in it. There wasn't room for another person there. I wrote back to her and stated that. I then remained there six weeks. I had a group of men make order in the yard. I also had women help me clean the inside of the church as best as we could. Those men and women had been classmates of mine years before, so they were right happy to help me with this big job.

When the church and the grounds were somewhat in order, I started to help Fr. Kinney with the Catechism Class. I took the larger children in the forenoon, the smaller ones in the afternoon for class.

I was there with only \$8.00 in my pocket. That was my train fare. I didn't want to spend it for fear that I wouldn't get back to the Convent. So I made a novena to St. Joseph for help. The eighth day of my novena, there was a car that came into the yard with five young ladies in it. They came into the Church while I was teaching Catechism. They wanted to talk to me. So I dismissed my class. They asked very many questions. We then ended up by them giving me \$80.00 in my hands. I felt that I was rich then. That money came in very handy then in my living alone. I remained there six weeks alone. After that, I went back to the Convent for retreat. Then I again went back to Nebraska. In 1926 I returned to Reserve with Sr. Angelina. Sr. Angelina had been there when our Sisters had been there in the 1880's. Now she came back with me again. She was so happy to be my companion since she had been there years back. The ladies had cleaned up the old Sister's House of long ago. We then had a place to stay. I also had some of that \$80.00 of the summer before that those kind ladies had given to me.

We continued to visit homes as I had done the summer before. In that way we became acquainted with more people and children. The middle age and older people still remembered Sr. Angelina and were so happy to see her again. We remained there that summer eight weeks. We also had a First Communion group. There were eight of the older children in that class. We then went back to the Convent for Retreat. After that I again went back to Nebraska for another year.

In February of 1927, I received a letter from Mother Stanislaus stating that Reserve was to be opened as a Mission and I was the one to go there to work. Shortly after that, I received a letter from Fr. Kinney asking what had to be done there for us before we came there. I wrote back to him that the old Sister's house and school would need repairing, also the ladies could make a little vegetable garden for us. Then a letter could be sent to the Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington for help. There wasn't a thing here. We could use kitchen utinsels, bedding, toweling and anything that is useful for housekeeping. Also clothing for the children and people. They were all very poor.

In the beginning of June, 1927, Sr. Suso and I went to Reserve to open up the Mission. However, the Sister's House was in progress but not near ready. We then had to stay in the Rectory in Stone Lake for some weeks until that house in Reserve became livable. In the meantime, we taught Catechism there in Stone Lake and visited homes and became acquainted. We also had a Communion Class there. We were there about four weeks. Then we went to Reserve to live in the old Sister's House of long ago. The ladies had cleaned, after it had been repaired but nevertheless, there was a lot that had to be done. We had to sort out things from the boxes that had been sent in through the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions. We also started Catechism classes in Reserve.

August 15th, we had a bazaar with many of the things that had been sent to us that I knew our poor Indians could use. Our good Indians made a wigwam near the graveyard fence in which men's clothing was sold by Jack Mc Neil and others. Another wigwam was made by the little old school house. Francis Trepania and others sold Indian craft there. My partner and I went from door to door of our Indians far and near to beg for the purpose of the bazaar. We received a great amount of it. No one refused us. Our souvenir room in which Indian craft is sold has been continued every summer from then on to the present time.

Another wigwam was built between the little school house and the Sister's house in which was sold confections. Emma Cummings and others had charge. On Father's porch, shoes were sold by Mrs. Schultz and others. That porch was open at that time. In the Sister's House, there was also a classroom where ladies and children's clothing were sold. Sr. Suso, some White ladies, Katie La Ronge and Mary Mc Neil had charge there. In the little schoolhouse, a meal was served. Lizzie, Gagie, Mrs. Quadens and others

had charge.

We made \$300.00 that afternoon. What a great help that was to us. Now we had something to start with. The Priests of Victory Heights had helped us a lot in getting crowds to come to our bazaar to help us make good. It was a grand success. Everyone helped wherever they could. I still can thank everyone for it. That was the hope of our future. The Reserve Mission is still going strong. I hope and pray for my dear Reserve Mission every day. Many of the helpers are gone to their eternal reward looking down with joy on St. Francis Mission and its accomplishments after starting in such poverty and hardships.

"STORIES IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEPRESSION"

I could write a lot more sad stories in connection with the depression of 1929-1930-1931. But I will end up that period by writing that when people began to get on their feet again and could start to live once more in an agreeable manner, there were seventeen new graves in our cemetery. Perhaps some of you remember that. Those were certainly hard years.

We Sisters also had it very hard then, with our eight stoves, with the wood, the ashes, the candles for light, the kerosene, the roof leaking on our beds when it rained, also other things. In winter, the high snow drifts that piled up in our yard from the lake. I sometimes would watch that snow coming across the lake and land right in our yard. The boys would like to make Eskimo huts from it. They would find a great deal of pleasure in doing that. Those were certainly very hard years for us. I was told several times to give up. But I just wouldn't for the sake of my people. I knew what that would mean. So I just kept on from one thing to the other. I am very happy that I did now. See what the place is now with perseverance.

We Sisters also had it hard in not having milk then. We missed it very much. Sr. Witta was here with us then. One day she said to Fr. Kinney, "I wonder if there would be a way for we Sisters to have a cow here so that we could have milk." Fr. Kinney said, "We will see." In a few days, Fr. Kinney's brother was standing in our yard with a cow in his truck. Fr. Kinney had asked his brother for a cow for us. His brother came right away with one. Sr. Witta was a farmer girl from Minnesota. She knew at once what to do with the cow.

Fr. Kinney had Mr. John Gordon fix the old barn that stood just about there where Fallier's car now stands. My brother got the hay. Fr. Kinney got oats for it from town. The boys helped Sr. Witta water the cow and clean the barn. Sr. Witta was in her glee. We now had milk, cream, butter and cottage cheese. What a joy. How good the Lord was to us in our need. We also helped others with it.

The following will state how we got started with chickens. One day Rachael, Jack's mother, Esther, came to our place in November having a gunny sack that had eight pullets in it. They were just about half grown. She had received them from Cap. Meisner who had given them to her. She didn't know what to do with them. She then brought them to us. For the moment we didn't know either what to do with them. Sr. Witta thought of a large drygoods box that we had in the garret that had come to us from our Convent. It had been filled with bedding for our poor. We emptied it and placed the pullets in it. Sr. Witta also took care of them.

One morning in spring when Fr. Kinney came over for his breakfast, he scratched his head and said, "Am I hearing things? I hear a rooster crowing." I had to laugh. I told him our story. He told me to put them in the old barn. The first night they were there, a weasel killed two of them. We then placed them back into our garret again. Then Fr. Kinney had John Gordon make a good substantial chicken house with a cement floor and sides some distance up. Then we had no more trouble. After that we raised chickens and had eggs to our hearts' content. We knew now how

happy we were to have a cow and chickens. That meant a great deal for us.

Then Fr. Kinney had his Uncle Ned come here to take care of the garden and cow. How thankful we were to the good Lord for helping us in our need that way.

"WHAT WE DID IN OUR SUMMERS"

This is to make known what we did in our summers. First of all we had to have a saleswoman in our souvenir room. Sr. Evengalista was that when we were gone. We would go to different places to Catechize. We taught our Faith to children and also to grown people at some places. Some summers, I taught with Sr. Nathan. Some summers with Sr. Elia. Also other Sisters came from the Convent for that purpose. We would start about the first week of June until the middle of July for that

purpose.

The different places that we went to for that purpose were as follows: Winter, Radisson, Couderay, Belille Falls, Signor, Barber Town, Up the Chippewa River, Exeland, New Post, Stone Lake, and Lac du Flambeau. We also went to Stone Lake and New Post during the year on Saturdays. We would go to a place for two or three weeks and at the end of that summer school, most of the time we would have a First Holy Communion Class. We went to the different places at different summers for that purpose. We also had a Confirmation Class at a few places. When Bishop Reverman came to Winter where the Confirments had assembled to be Confirmed, there were sixty-six members to be Confirmed then. We also had Confirmation classes from other places who came to Reserve for instructions to be Confirmed at different times.

When Catechism Classes were over for the summer, we would then get ready to go berry picking. The first kind would be blueberries. We would go to Misanana-quad's swamp for that purpose. Another place was at Vincent Oshoga's place along Chief Lake. After blueberry picking season was over, we would start raspberry picking. For that we went to Maringo Falls, and also toward Eddy Creek where I lived when I was a child. Once when we were picking there, Sr. Conrada went a little bit too far. She got lost. She then followed a fence when she wasn't able to get back to the rest of us. She went on until she came to a house where the innkeeper brought her home. How we did yell and call. But no answer. How we did worry about her in that land of bears. I thought we should go home and round up some men to go and look for her. But the good Lord took good care of her. She got home before we did. I believe that was Mr. Valish that had taken her home. My! Was that ever some relief to find her home when we got there.

Another time Corufels had taken us there for that same purpose when all of a sudden, the Mother called real loud, "Annie, come here quick." Annie said, "Oh! There are such nice berries here." The Mother said again, "I smell something." Then Annie came. Just then a big fat bear came around the bush eating berries. We were so glad that we were then in the car and on our way. I then learned that a bear can be detected by their odor by an Indian. That was really something to witness.

Later we went blackberry picking. We went to Mrs. White's farm on Whitefish Lake. She allowed us to pick in her woods there, for that purpose. We became real good friends with Mrs. White. We also got cranberries from Mr. Jonkak for the winter.

We were then kept busy canning nice fresh berries for our winter use.

"OUR PEOPLE WERE HAPPY TO HAVE THE SISTERS BACK"

After that every summer we had Indian souvenirs on which to make a living, with donations. Our people were so happy again to have the Sisters back. They came

back to again live in Reserve. Many had moved away, but were gradually coming back.

When we started school which was about the middle of September, we had first to have the old seats and the blackboard repaired. But we finally made a start. Sr. Tessa was with me then. Then Sr. Lucy came and stayed a short time. Then Sr. Eveline; then Sr. Matheia, who died suddenly, a short time after she was there.

When we started school, I threw peanuts out to win the children to come. We also did that with sections of oranges to win them over. Then after school did start we could have only a half a day on Fridays to those that had come a whole week to school. We had a walk somewhere, and a sort of picnic with some things that had been sent to us. At that time Sr. Dodigna had charge of the girls at Alvernia. Those girls would send us a box of candy that they had saved for the purpose. Then there was a baker that would send us doughnuts. The Red Cross furnished us with flour at first. In a year or two a nurse was placed on our Reservation for the sick. Miss Teresa Gardner was her name. She worked it so we had hot lunches for the children. When Sr. Witta was with me there, she taught some women how to bake bread. They in turn taught others. Every day I filled a gallon of flour and yeast cake and some salt for a mother to bake the bread for the children. It worked out very nicely. The children then had bread with the hot lunch that was prepared for them. We also had a lady help cook and prepare meals for the children.

One time, when we were on our Friday afternoon stroll, I was sitting on a log, when little Loretta came running to me and said, "Sister, Philip has some logs in his foot." I told her to tell Philip to come to me. He came limping. I looked at his foot. He had a couple of little slivers on the side of his foot. I washed his foot, took the slivers out, and tied my handkerchief around his foot. We then went back to school. I had larger boys carry Philip. I fixed his foot right, when we got back. The next day he was back in school and as good as ever.

They soon learned that school consisted of five full days. Every once in a while we could take off to learn the premises of our school, which I thought was good for the children to know.

When we opened school, there would be a few more children every day. We tried them out and placed them in groups that were about the same level. Gradually we got them sort of graded.

On Jan 2, 1931, my father was found dead across the lake. He was on his way to visit a sick friend. That was such a shock for me that I got very sick. I was taken to the Ashland Hospital. When Dr. Tacker saw me, he said that I had liver trouble. He removed my gall bladder, appendix, and a part of my liver was decayed. That was the cause of my being so sick. It was because of that car wreck that I had been in ten years before.

When I went back to the Mission, I went to the Convent in Milwaukee. I was in the infirmary eight weeks, as sick as I could be. One day I went to the office to speak to Mother Stanislaus. Sr. Bernadette happened to be in there. When I saw her I said, "Sister, please take me along." She said, "I can't, ask Mother." I turned to Mother Stanislaus and asked her. She asked Sr. Bernadette if there would be room for me out there. Sr. Bernadette said, "We will make room". So in a few days I was out there on our farm. Sr. Bernadette got a goat for me and I began to pick up. I was out there eight years; and got my health pretty well back again.

I took care of 100 pair of pigeons, 8 bee hives and bees, the grape vines, and three goats. The goat milk saved my life.

"AFTER MORE THAN 30 YEARS"

In 1941 I was called to go back to Reserve on Jan. 17th. I stayed there until I was 70 years old. After more than 30 years at the Mission Reserve, I thought my mission work was over; but the next year I was sent to Mississippi. I was there a year. I didn't like to be so far away from my brother, who was now very sick in a rest home, in Northern Wisconsin. The next year I was sent to St. Martins in Chicago. I was there 2½ years when my heart began to bother me on account of the steps there.

I then was sent to Santa Maria Adolorate, also in Chicago. I was there about two years and a half. I then went to the La Farge, a rest home for the elderly, on

the third floor of the Alvernia High School in Chicago.

I was there about three years, when one day a Dominican Sister, by the name of Sr. Joyce, came to pay me a visit, and asked me if I could teach her the Chippewa Indian language. I said I would. She came about six Saturdays for lessons. At the same time I had been going with Sr. Nathan to Skid Row on Saturday evenings, to Holy Mass, and to speak to some of the poor forsaken men and the Indians there.

Then one Saturday, Sr. Joyce asked me to come with her to Watersmeet, Michigan for two weeks. Those two weeks have not come to its end yet. We are still here. We had quite a time to find a home. We first lived in summer cabins. We were invited to go to Hannaville to help there to prepare a class for Confirmation for the 13th of August. We were there two weeks. We then went back to Water-

smeet to a cabin.

A Third Dominican Sister joined us in the latter part of August. Sr. Joyce and Sr. Gretchem, that is her name, went about looking for a place to live in for the winter. I was in our cabin alone one day, when I heard the phone ring. I answered; the party stated that there was a trailer for sale in Chrystal Falls. When the Sisters came back, they were not slow in contacting the party that owned the trailer. We got it. But it had to be moved to this place. An Indian gave us a piece of land on which this trailer could be moved. The Indians love us and we love them. They are very happy that we are here with them. Our work varies from day to day according to the needs of the people and children. Sr. Joyce and Sr. Gretchen teach C.C.D. at school. I had the pre-school little ones for a while, but it now turned out that I go to the homes and teach Religion and prepare some for Baptism and marriage and Religion in general. I may remain here until summer. I am quite far along in age; but my health is pretty good up here in the fresh air and woods.

Now the plan is for me to go to the Lafarge again in Chicago. Perhaps my

next move will be in Eternity.

I am now expecting to go to Campbellsport when there will be an opening for me.

"A LETTER RECEIVED BY SR. SIRILLA"

Watersmeet, Michigan, Jan. 9, 1973

Dear Sisiter Sirilla:

How are you? Must tell you the good news, that your visits brought us. We both, my sister and myelf, went and received on the last day of March. And oh, are we ever happy. We miss you going about. God Bless You, Sister.

Sincerely,

"I CHOSE YOU"

(The Congregation of the School Sisters of St. Francis was founded in Campbellsport, Wisc., in 1874, thus this 1974 is their Centennial year. The Mother House is now in Milwaukee. Sister's story is handwritten on the blank side of school instruction bulletins. On one of these sheets is the following entry. — Ed. note) John, Chapter 15, verse 16: "You did not choose me, no, I chose you; and, I commissioned you to go out and bear fruit, fruit that will last."

N. B. God chooses thru man: the Son of Man Man responds thru man: the Son of Man

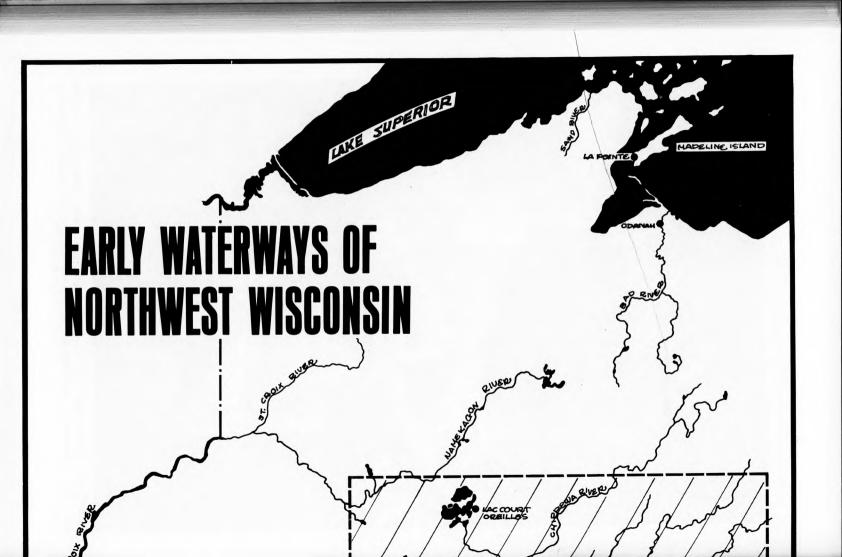
CHOSEN - the word itself connotes both aspects - God chooses and you are chosen. He chooses and you repond. "You did not choose me" - so the choosing in the sense of the active calling is something that only God can do. You can never say: "I am choosing God." There is no possibility of you being YOU in any sense of the word unless there is a dependency on God. You choose to breathe? Well, choose not to once! You really don't choose to breathe, you're breathing all the time, So the same thing here that God wants to emphasize is that He freely chooses us. The only reason we come to be and that we are able to identify ourselves is because He does the choosing. Christ, as Son of Man or perfect man, is able to do this choosing because of His perfect response. You become chosen on the condition that you respond according to the choosing of God. What's the response? He goes on: "I chose you and I COMMISSIONED you." not "sent", but commissioned. I SEND one individual person to do something. If I commission I "with-send". This is the important point. You are not sent as an individual, but as this member of community. What community? It depends what community is there and where you are. In His choosing us, He commissions us to a particular community and it's there that you are to go out, bear fruit, and bear a fruit that remains. So, two points are the evidence of your response: that there is REAL fruit and that the fruit remains.

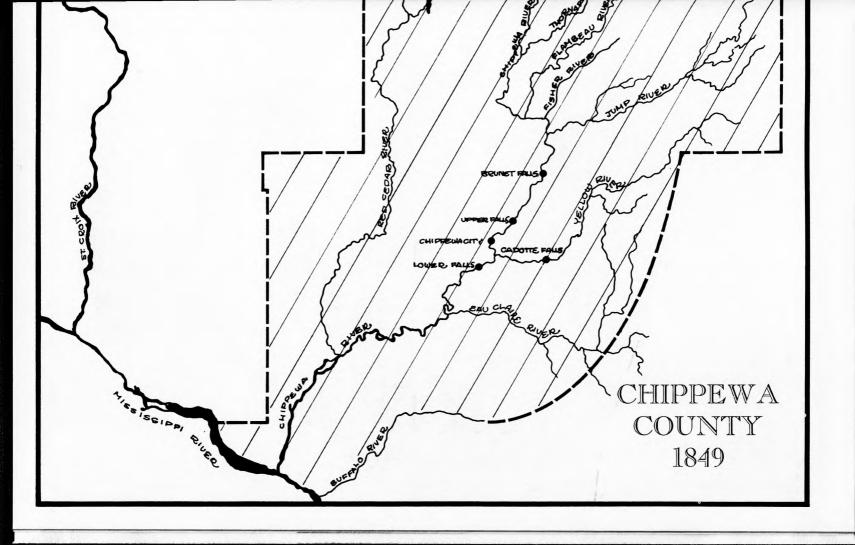
What is the opposite of that in Sacred Scripture? Genesis 3/19 when we're told that man was expelled, not sent, and this is what he was told: "In the sweat of your brow you shall earn your bread. Thorns and thistles the ground will bring forth until you return to the dust from which you were made, because dust you are and into dust you shall return." The exact opposite! We've got a description of the Old Adam who was expelled, not sent, and he will produce nothing. He's going to end up in complete frustration by being just a little handful of dust on this whole dust bowl which is the earth, and so no identity whatsoever. So what Christ is emphasizing is His choosing us, as the perfect man or Son of Man, and that therefore, He is able to commission us; not to send us out as all these individuals completely at odds with each other which is the first Adam again, but rather to go out as community and then to produce, to produce fruit which is tremendous, but also to produce fruit that remains, that never ends! And there are no weeds found at all. So this well be the central notion of choosing or being chosen.

(Thank You, Sister Sirilla. And Amen. - Ed. note)



Sister Sirilla LaRush visits with an Indian family in Chicago. The picture is taken from "New Dimensions" published by the School Sisters of St. Francis, Milwaukee, 1972.





... Cadotte could gaze . . . at the play of shadows . . . on the opposite hills . . . watch the ever-changing colors of the lakes . . . and dream of the days when he roamed them all in the line of duty.

- Ross

CADOTT CENTENNIAL 1865 - 1965

In 1865, Robert Marriner settled in this vicinity, built a dam and sawmill below the present Main Street bridge, and subsequently platted the Village of Cadott. The falls of the river here had been called "Cadotte Falls" for a member of the famed French-Indian fur trading family. According to tradition, "Baptiste" Cadotte had a Trading Post about three-quarters of a mile down stream, and upon his death, was buried near the falls. This Statue, memorializing Cadotte, is a project of the Cadott Community Centennial, held on July 10 and 11, 1965.

Dedicated July 14, 1974

THE CADOTTE FUR TRADERS

Among the fur traders who attained prominence in the Lake Superior region were Jean Baptiste Cadotte (Cadeau) and his sons, Jean Baptiste, Jr. and Michel. Each married daughters of prominent Ojibway Indians; became influential as merchants, interpreters and mediators; and were considered by the Ojibways as "Chiefs". Michel Cadotte established the permanent trading post at La Pointe on Madelaine Island and with his family traded on the Chippewa River and tributaries, as early as 1787, at various places including Chippewa City, Jim Falls, and Cadotte Falls on the Yellow River.

Dedicated July 14, 1974

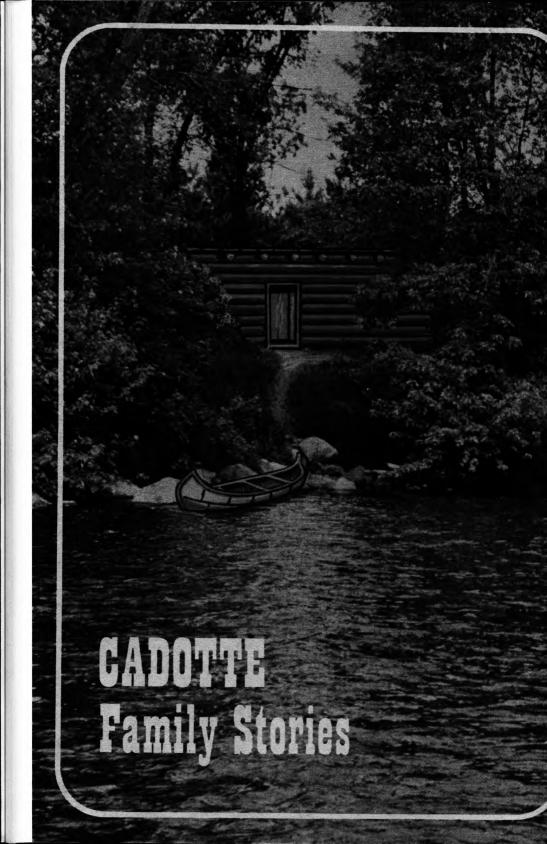
THE GREAT NORTHERN PINE OF WISCONSIN

This statue is a conception of the "Cadotte" fur trader. Sculptor Jerry Holter of Clam Lake, Wis., was commissioned to carve the figure from a solid section of native Northern White Pine, symbolic of the great lumbering industry of which the founder of Cadott Village, Robert Marriner, was a part. In its history the village had a succession of wood industries including sawmills, an oak tannery, a barrel heading mill, shingle mill, a cheese box factory and a hub and spoke factory which employed many men. The cutting of the Great Pines was followed by the present Agricultural era.

Dedicated July 14, 1974



These plaques appear on the base of the Cadotte statue



89063110365

b89063110365a